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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OR

CRITICAL JOURNAL:

FOR

JANUARY, 1905 . . . . APRIL, 1905.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

JUDEX DAMNATUR CUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR.
PUBLIUS SYRUS.

VOL. CCI.

80656
17/10/06

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO., LONDON AND BOMBAY.
LEONARD SCOTT PUBLICATION COMPANY, NEW YORK.

1905.

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JANUARY, 1905.

No. CCCCXI.

ART. I.—THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND.

The Cambridge Modern History. Vol. II. The Reformation (Chapters XIII.–XVI.). Cambridge University Press. 1903.

In returning * to the 'Cambridge Modern History,' and taking up the story of the English Reformation, our first feeling is one of sorrow that the master mind is removed which should have watched over this volume. The editors regret 'the chapter on the Council of Trent which 'Lord Acton had intended to write. No living historian 'could hope to bring to this task the wealth of accumulated 'knowledge that Lord Acton commanded, or his special 'opportunities of insight.' That chapter will never be written; and an event which in the eyes of the Roman Catholic world is the most important of the sixteenth century is recorded here, though with much ability and knowledge, yet without the sanction of his high authority to explain its relation to the rest of the history.

Indeed the editors and contributors have done their work thoroughly and well; we have here a clear and thoughtful account of the great movement which fills the period with ideas and events unknown before in the history of the world. What we miss is neither clearness of presentation, nor completeness of knowledge, nor balance of judgement; all that is wanting is the mind and the man to whom all the history was present at once, and whose sympathy was as great as his knowledge. Those who knew Lord Acton best knew how the friend of Gladstone and Döllinger was a warm assertor of authority and at the same time a friend of

* 'Edinburgh Review,' July, 1904.

liberty, whose European training did not lessen his love for his own country, and whose interest in the English Church was only second, if second, to his interest in his own. There could be no fear of his not doing justice to England in her stormy passage from mediævalism to that position which, call it Protestant or Anglo-Catholic, is unique in Europe.

To Lord Acton the treatment of the English Reformation would have been specially interesting, for he knew, as no one now does, the relations of our insular Reformation with Rome and with Protestant Europe, and he could, better than anyone else, have kept clear of overstating, or of understating, the influence of enthusiasm upon the course of secular events, the responsible and irresponsible elements of action.

It is almost unavoidable, when history is written by several contributors, that some loss of continuity should be incurred. In the present instance, the change of sovereigns brought in capital changes in policy; but even so, many of the actors were the same men and women, and external conditions did not change with the demise of the Crown. Ecclesiastical history is done justice to, because the lines of division here coincide with the succession of princes; but such subjects as the agrarian revolution (well handled by Professor Pollard, but only slightly touched by Mr. Gairdner), and the relations with France and Spain, which involve a sequence of events, call for continuous treatment. In the first case, more prominence might have been given in this history to the dislocation of rural economy caused by the substitution of competition for custom, through capitalist tillage; which, complicated by the system of enclosures and the confiscation of abbey lands, broke up the foundations of English society, and came to a head in the time of Edward VI. In the second case, the partition of Burgundy is important as one of the dividing lines between mediæval and modern, feudal and national history. The lands are thrown together, and the armies pass into the hands of great sovereigns; and the problem of Italy is no longer a quarrel of princely houses, but a lengthened national contest between France and Spain, in which France is worsted, first at Pavia, which loses her the north, and thirty years later at St. Quentin, which was the cause of her final retirement from Naples.

Mr. Gairdner, in his account of the reign of Henry VIII., tells a story with which he has long been familiar, and we miss the newer touch which gives freshness to Professor

Pollard's 'Edward VI.' and Professor Maitland's 'Elizabeth.' We want to hear more about Wolsey's policy, his place in Europe, his relation to the King, the reason of his fall. What was his policy? In the early part of Henry's reign, we can see little but the desire to shine; the conceit of *cui adhaereo præst* made the King pose as universal arbiter; and an arbiter who has no friends or enemies except for the moment, and little solid strength to rest upon, is too much of a weathercock to be respected. Henry, with Wolsey as his minister, had played this game for ten years before it was forced upon him that Germany did not regard him as a serious candidate for the Empire, and that Charles V. did not value highly an alliance which brought him little gold and few soldiers; and he learnt only by degrees that in balancing the Valois and Hapsburg interests his object should be, not to make France or Spain his vassal, but to keep clear of European complications as far as possible. He was more cautious after the election of Charles V. than before; Spain with the Netherlands *plus* the Empire was enough to sober him, and Pavia (1525) convinced him of Charles V.'s power.

What are the grounds of the statement, so often made, and repeated here, that Wolsey in his fourteen years of power 'raised England from the rank of a second-rate 'power among the nations'? It is difficult to separate Wolsey from his master. Which was responsible for the traditional alliance with Spain in 1522, and the fantastic idea of partitioning France in 1526, recalling the Plantagenet wars? The grand design came to nothing, since Charles V. did not see his own advantage in it. Did Henry himself, did Wolsey believe in it? It is hardly credible. The shifting alliances and wars until 1529 point to a want of clear counsels, rather than an adjustment of the European balance, or a settled preference of Flemings or French as commercial neighbours. England had indeed little to do with the main movements of European history, which centred in the person of Charles V. Diplomacy, except that of Rome, was a new thing; the division of Europe into nations was incomplete, and nations knew less of each than Europe now knows of the East. England's true policy was that of Henry VII. and of Elizabeth, an insular policy, aiming at no conquests, building up the strength of the nation by economy, commerce, and a strong navy. Wolsey's 'spirited' foreign policy did not strengthen England in proportion to its expense and its showy appearance. No doubt he kept England before the world,

and personally played a splendid part among the statesmen of Europe. He knew the value of a cardinal's trappings and a stately presence; and even now he imposes by his magnificence. He was a man of imagination, capacity and quickness; at home he did well as Chancellor, without much experience; he was a good organiser and administrator, economical in finance, a patron of learning. He had some large designs of Church reform; he protected the Church from the storm which fell upon her when he was gone; but he was an enemy of Parliaments, and flattered Henry's absolutism. He created nothing durable, whereas Cromwell has left his mark on the country to this day. That he fell is no more than to say that he served Henry VIII., who when he was tired of a minister, always listened to his enemies. He was too brilliant—*urit fulgore suo*—and he did not, after all, keep the peace, or make his master the arbiter of Europe.

After the European settlement of Cambray (1529) Henry reverted to his father's policy of peace abroad, unification at home, and consolidation of the royal power. Wales was organised, Ireland taken in hand, approaches made towards union with Scotland; the Church was humbled, the royal power was strengthened in every direction; a process which, after the disintegration produced by the Wars of the Roses, no doubt made for unity; for if the King was now King more completely than ever, England was also more completely England.

The steps of Henry's anti-papal action are marked by the phases of the divorce affair. They may be regarded as moves in the game answering moves from the other side, or as part of a larger game the plan of which was already laid. We believe that if there had been no dispute about the divorce, there would still have been a quarrel with the Church. Every powerful King of England had scores to settle with the Church, and Henry's quarrel, once begun, was sure to be carried through to the end. Cromwell pointed out to him what could be done, and he knew how to do it. We must not deny to Henry VIII., able statesman as he was, a design beyond passion and obstinacy in separating his kingdom from Rome. Whether he acted as a tyrant and a libertine, or as a man of stricken conscience and the kindly father of his people, or as a secular politician, he was a statesman and did not often act without a meaning. All with him was clear and complete for the moment: his impulses, though furious, were never blind; he was a man not

only of imperious will, but of strong intellect; and he had spent twenty years of his life in a practical study of the politics of Europe. Original in action, he was not original in thought; but he learnt something from each of the heads which he set one after another rolling; and it is to be noted that he was served at the critical period by Cranmer, the most versatile and ingenious of churchmen, and that his statecraft was guided by Cromwell, than whom no more clear-sighted, if not far-sighted politician has ever borne rule in England.

In Thomas Cromwell, Henry had a minister as free from scruples as himself. Mr. Goldwin Smith's characterisation of him is admirable:

'Cromwell was exceedingly able, daring, and absolutely without scruple . . . His gospel was Machiavelli. Religious convictions he probably had none. Of conscience he was wholly devoid. But he saw that, in the King's present temper, Protestantism, or at least war on the Pope and clergy, was the winning game. He pricked the King onward and opened to him a vista not only of power, but of immense spoils.'*

When a tyrant conceives a thirst for blood, his most acceptable servant is the minister who will point out victims and prepare them for sacrifice. Cromwell wrote in his note-book, 'Item, the Abbot of Glaston to be tried at Glaston, 'and also to be executed there with his complices. Item, 'to see that the evidence be well sorted, and the indictments 'well drawn against the said abbots and their complices.' This is but one instance out of many. He who could write this in his private notes must have been a bad man and worthy of his fate. Henry must have despised the morality of his *âme damnée*, and we cannot be surprised at his contemptuous rejection and destruction of the tool that had served him, when it was blunted by use.

Cromwell was a very able administrator. But if we look for statesmanship, what do we find? No consistency in foreign politics; at home, naked despotism, degradation of Parliament, and exaltation of royal power in its place, arbitrary taxation, wholesale confiscations and executions, an uncertain balancing of old and new in religion; and finally the extinction of one estate of the realm in the assumption of supreme ecclesiastical power. The King's despotic power could be and was overthrown in the course

* Political History of England, i. 326.

of the following century, and, strange to say, by the very class whom Cromwell had raised to power: but the monasteries, once gone, could not be replaced, and Cromwell's ecclesiastical legislation has never been reversed. In this, and not in the dramatic story of the divorce, lies the serious interest of the reign.

At the outset it seemed likely that Henry would succeed and would carry the Pope with him. Royal power was everywhere in the ascendant. Henry VIII. had occasion to observe, in his dealings with Charles and Francis, what was the meaning of an Empire and an Imperial crown. Louis XI. had taken the French crown *hors de page*. Francis I. purchased of the Pope with the money of his clergy licence to disregard the rights of Chapters and take into his own hand the appointment to all great benefices. He acted as *Empereur en son royaume* as despotically as any Tudor. Charles V. was Emperor in Spain more than in the Empire itself: even in Germany, the most priestridden of countries, something was done to diminish the power of ecclesiastical potentates. Henry VIII. was well enough acquainted with English history to know that English kings had styled themselves *Basileus* and *Imperator*. The original, or at all events the expressed, intention of Henry VIII. went no further than to undo Papal usurpation and restore to the Crown its ancient imperial rights As early as 1399 an Act was passed in the English Parliament declaring that 'the crown and realm of England had been in all time past so free that neither Pope nor any other outside the realm had a right to meddle therewith.' Earlier still William I. had said 'nolui nec volo' to Gregory VII., and his son Henry had counselled moderation to the Pope, 'ne, quod invitus 'faciam, a vestra me cogatis recedere obedientia.' 'Clericis 'laicos,' 'præmunire,' 'circumspecte agatis' are similar mediæval amenities. No such plain language was used now. The points in dispute were to be arranged 'amicably, 'charitably, and reasonably,' and the Pope was to be moved to make 'some friendly, loving, and tolerable composition 'for their settlement.'

But when it appeared that the divorce was not to be had from Rome, the King determined to make an end and declare his own supremacy, thus taking away from the English clergy their power of obstruction. The clergy could not now combine with the baronage, which had gone down in the current of time, nor with the commons, whose day had not yet come. They were rich but not powerful;

numerous, but not influential or respectable, and their wealth and splendour only pointed them out as an easy prey to the spoiler. A consciousness of weakness and unpopularity helps to explain the submissive attitude of the clergy in the troubles that ensued. Circumstances had deprived them of political power; their own shortcomings had taken away spiritual power. They could make no answer to Colet's grievous denunciations in his 'Concio ad Clerum' preached before the Convocation of Canterbury in 1512, and when the storm came they went down before it.

The first act of the Reformation drama was to break the spirit of the clergy. It was soon done by the threat of *præmunire* penalties, followed by the declaration of the royal supremacy. Some among both clergy and laity must have smelled the battle afar off, and such men as More and Fisher may have had forebodings of the martyr's death in store for them; but Convocation bowed to the King's will, and after some demur agreed to the famous acknowledgement of the King as Supreme Head of the English Church and clergy, *quantum per Christi legem licet* (1531). 'Qui tacet consentire 'videtur,' said Archbishop Warham; and one replied, 'Itaque tacemus omnes.' Under which *tacet* what momentous issues were hidden! What silence was ever more eloquent?

It was a slight phrase, says Ranke,* but one of the weightiest import. The very existence of the clergy as an order had hitherto depended precisely on their claim to a legislative power independent of the temporal supremacy, as being their original right; on its universal maintenance rested the Papacy and its influence on the several countries.

The term 'Supreme Head' was ambiguous, and was probably intended to be so. The phrase was accepted with the less reluctance because it might be interpreted so as to save a tender conscience; it was imposed the more readily because it gave occasion for further developement as might be required.

Mr. Gairdner makes little mention of Convocation: but as Henry obtained Parliamentary sanction for his secular government, so in his ecclesiastical legislation he obtained the concurrence of Convocation, or at least of chosen divines nominated by himself. After the business of the *præmunire* this may very likely not represent the conscientious opinion of the clergy, for the clergy, like the Locrians, legislated

* History of England, ii. 4 (vol. i. p. 138, English translation).

with a rope round their necks; but a body like Convocation is bound by what it does, not by what it thinks. In the matter of the Ten Articles (1536) and of the Six Articles (1539) Convocation was certainly consulted; and the fact is worth noting, if only because it shows the depth of subservience to which the clergy had fallen. For the Ten Articles, the first Anglican Confession of Faith, were a concession to the Lutherans, with whom at this moment Henry was cultivating relations, and contain much matter taken *verbatim* from the Confession of Augsburg; the Six Articles were a return to Roman doctrine. Convocation passed them both, almost without debate. How could it be otherwise? The King became more violent and tyrannical year by year; the proceedings in Parliament are the best comment upon those of Convocation: and in both assemblies submission was the only means of avoiding punishment.

There was no intention of departing from the Roman Church; no thought of schism. The King of England was henceforth to be Emperor in his own realm, not High Priest or Pope, and so it was understood by clergy and laity alike. But Cromwell looked beyond the divorce question. He looked abroad, and saw in Germany Protestant princes supreme in their own dominions. He saw, moreover, in the resistance offered to Charles V. by the Lutheran States of Germany the promise of a power which should balance that of Spain, and at the head of which should stand not France, but England. To make the English power effective, it was necessary to make the King absolute and the clergy submissive; and by clearing away the supports of Roman authority as well as its name Cromwell created a more complete despotism in ecclesiastical affairs than that even which existed in secular affairs. For Cromwell, the oppressor of the Church, was also the restorer of Parliament: Parliament, it is true, almost as submissive as Convocation, but with a history of precedent and privilege at its back, of which the Church, cut off from Christendom, was now deprived.

Down to the year 1533 nothing was done which could not be justified to Rome, but in 1534 were passed the Act for the Submission of the Clergy and the Act of Supremacy, declaring the exercise of 'all manner of spiritual authority or jurisdiction' to be vested in the king as 'the only supreme head on earth of the Church of England, called Anglicana Ecclesia'; the saving clause, *quantum per Christi legem licet*, being now omitted; though, as a concession, the words 'on earth' were added.

Mr. Gairdner gives no account of the fall of Cromwell, as sudden as that of Wolsey and as difficult to account for. Not even Henry VIII. would have put Cromwell to death because Anne of Cleves was not a beauty. Moreover, he married Anne Boleyn in January, and made Cromwell an earl in April. The Cleves marriage was the occasion not the cause of the quarrel. It is probable that Norfolk and his party, by whom the law of the Six Articles was pressed upon the King, pointed out that Cromwell's intrigues with the Lutherans, his scheme of a Scandinavian and Lutheran league against Pope and Emperor, his protection of Protestants, the destruction of images and shrines, the purging out of 'superstitions,' perhaps the publication of the English Bible and introduction of English services—to all of which Henry, of course, had been a party—threw the imputation of heresy upon him. The Pilgrimage of Grace gave colour to this: the Cleves affair, marriage and alliance, was reason for displeasure, both personally, and as engaging Henry in a great Continental enterprise; and neither justice nor mercy was known to the tyrant.

Mr. Gairdner is scarcely satisfactory when he speaks of the dissolution of the monasteries. We will not dwell upon the results of this, the most high-handed measure that England had known since the Conquest. Till lately, historians held the Whig doctrine, enshrined by Hallam, that the monks on the whole deserved their fate, that monasticism was obsolete, and that the abbey lands were better in the hands of laymen. Now, in spite of Froude's advocacy of the same cause, those who write about it lament the spoliation and destruction.

'All over the country men beheld with sadness a host of deserted buildings with ruined walls, where formerly rich and poor used to receive hospitality on their travels; where gentlemen could obtain loans on easy terms or deposit precious documents, as in places more secure than their own homes; where the needy always found relief and shelter, and where spiritual wants were attended to no less than physical. The blank was felt particularly in solitary and mountainous districts, where the monks had assisted travellers, often commercial travellers and "baggers of corn," whose services were most useful to the country side, with men and horses to pursue their journeys in safety. "Also the abbeys," said Aske, "was one of the beauties of this realm to all men and strangers passing through the same; all gentlemen much succoured in their needs with money, their younger sons there succoured, and in nunneries their daughters brought up in virtue, and also their evidences (*i.e.* title-deeds) and money left to the uses of infants in abbeys' hands—always sure there. And such abbeys as

were near the danger of seabanks great maintainers of seawalls and dykes, maintainers and builders of bridges and highways [and] such other things for the commonwealth." . . .'

'The education of the people was largely due to the convent schools; and there is no doubt that it suffered very severely not only from the suppression of the monasteries, but perhaps even more from the confiscation of chantries which began at the end of the reign, for the chantry priest was often the local schoolmaster. Nor did the boasted educational foundations of Edward VI. do much to redress the wrong, for in truth his schools were old schools refounded with poorer endowments.' (P. 467.)

As to the justice of the suppression, Mr. Gairdner pronounces no judgement, though we may gather from his remarks that he thinks the charge against the monks insufficient.* It appears to us that anyone who will read impartially, not Froude, but Froude's authorities as set forth by Wright on one hand and by Gasquet and Dixon on the other, will be forced to conclude that the evidence against the monks (obtained we know how) proved a certain amount of laxity in discipline, a little scandal of a grave nature, wasteful but not fraudulent husbandry, a great deal of uncultured and superstitious simplicity and idleness: certainly nothing which could not have been reformed. The case is not unlike that of the Templars in the fourteenth century. There, as here, there were a few scandalous instances which put an engine of destruction into the hands of unscrupulous enemies; not only were the victims ruined, but the injustice done to their fame has never been fully redressed. Perhaps no more unjust and unwise action is recorded in English history.

During the last seventeen years of Henry VIII.'s reign the progress of religious reform in Christendom was very rapid. Foreign teachers, with their books and opinions, came over to England; frequent mention is made in Parliamentary proceedings of the prevalence of strange doctrines and the circulation of heretical books. Such men as Latimer, Foxe, Goodrich, and Ferrars were made bishops, and sat by the side of the men who were afterwards their judges, Gardiner and Tunstall. No man knew whether his brother might not smite him secretly, as Joab smote Abner. The country was full of heresy, and the clergy did not know how to act. It was not yet as in the days of Mary—then, the distinction between Catholic and heretic was clearly drawn; those who had doubted in Henry's reign, and made

* P. 441.

up their minds under Edward, had to recant or go to the fire. But in the days of the quarrel between Henry VIII. and Rome, the writings of the German reformers were new to the English, and the Bible was as yet little known. Men were still hesitating and making up their minds, not yet united by the tender yet dreadful bond of a common enthusiasm and danger. Not only the tailors and weavers of the towns and the young men at the Universities were attracted by the new doctrines, which were regarded by dignitaries of the Church and middle-aged men generally as no less vulgar than dangerous; those of the clergy themselves who were interested in the new learning, those who liked novelty and the excitement of unorthodoxy, those also who shared in the genuine feeling which caused the Reformation, love of truth and hatred of superstition, were unable to resist the temptation to eat of the tree of knowledge, soon to be thickly laden with fruit like that which hung *dans le verger du roi Louis*.

Cromwell kept a cool head in the midst of the turmoil. He protected Protestants where he could or thought it worth while; he let others suffer, as Frith, whose heresy was too notorious or outspoken to be endured. His own opinions he kept to himself; an easier task for him than for Cranmer, whose merciful heart must have ached for the sufferers, and whose subtle intellect must even now have threaded the labyrinths of reason by which men persuade themselves that false and true are one, and that what they wish to do is the same as what they ought.

It would have been strange if Henry's ecclesiastical action had not reflected this movement, influenced as it was by a man so sensitive to change as Cranmer. The common opinion, that he wished to retain the ancient form of religion but abolish the Pope's authority, is only partly true. He destroyed the Papal supremacy: the Royal supremacy which he put in its place extended further than the Papal power, though not over exactly the same ground. 'His ideal 'policy,' says Stubbs,* 'was that of an ecclesiastical despotism 'operating through the framework of the old Convocation 'system.' He asserted in practice the right of the King to interfere personally in all religious matters; he subjected the legislative power of Convocation to the royal prerogative, and imposed ritual and doctrine upon the Church by his personal authority; and he went several steps, and those important

* Report of Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, 1883, i. 117.

steps, in the direction of Protestantism. We have seen his advances towards Lutheranism. He drew back here; but if he had lived he must have gone further. His religious action was always coloured by politics, and the trend of politics was to set England on the Protestant side. Henry VIII.'s intention was to create an ecclesiastical polity different from the ancient constitution of the Church of England; and to make England independent of foreign princes and churches by giving her a form of confession of her own, cast into the mould, not of an agreement of divines, but of an Act of Uniformity, passed by the Estates in Parliament. Henry never reigned by means of Intendants or Major-Generals. He did not interfere with local machinery, circuits of judges, ecclesiastical courts. His Acts of Attainder were within the limits of the constitution, his wife-murders were transacted in legal form, his spoliation of the monasteries was carried out with the advice and consent of Parliament. He made the clergy and legislature of England parties to his crimes, and, though it may seem a paradox, he kept alive the idea of responsibility while he destroyed their liberty of action. But as Henry VIII. grew more despotic in State affairs, so in spiritual matters he transgressed the limits set by himself, and appeared as a teacher of religion, a critic of doctrine, a judge of heresy, a represser of superstition, an ordainer and corrector of service and ceremonial, and a compiler of creeds: a modern Constantine, combining, like him, the characters of Pope and King according as his lordly caprice suggested.

In spite of the Six Articles, the work of reform, destructive and constructive, did not stand still. The last monasteries and pilgrimage places were taken away. Shrines were broken down and abbots hanged. New editions of the English Primer or book of private devotion were brought out; some alteration was made in the public services, including the use of Cranmer's English litany and the abolition of certain 'superstitious' prayers, ceremonies, and observances; the English Bible was ordered to be set up and read in the churches; and progress was made in a statement of doctrine, the last form of which was the 'King's Book' of 1543.

These measures, though the King had no such intention, encouraged the Protestant sectaries; nor must we omit the influence in the same direction exercised by the new Bishops, many of whom favoured Protestantism; while the separation from Rome and setting up of the royal supremacy

broke down the ancient belief in the stability of the Church. The forces set in motion by Henry VIII. could not be held in check. A popular movement deepens and widens the channels of religious sentiment and directs their course; it does not alter the slope of the ground. Henry VIII. had let the upper waters out and then tried to dam the stream below. Cranmer was the ὀχετηγὸς ἀνήρ, who set his hand to guide the course of the stream. He found the water 'gathering fast at heel,' and was overtaken and borne away with the tide.

The most interesting part of Mr. Gairdner's work is his general survey of the reign. He says truly that 'Henry VIII. 'was really a monarch of consummate ability, who, if his 'course had not been misdirected by passion and selfishness, 'would have left a name behind him as the very founder of 'England's greatness.' Henry VIII. may not unfairly be called the founder of England's unity, completing in this his father's work, and crowning it by his victory over the Church: 'for in truth this great ecclesiastical revolution was 'that which completed and consolidated the fabric of Henry's despotism'; and, as things were, a despotic government was the best means to creating unity.

Professor Pollard's account of the reign of Edward VI. is interesting and full of life. The accredited view of the events with which the reign began is that Henry VIII., treating the kingdom as his own property, which under Act of Parliament he could bequeath like any other property, deliberately chose as his executors, and therefore administrators during his son's minority, a council composed in equal proportions of 'the dull and the rash,' Conservatives and Reformers, so as to keep affairs quiet till Edward came of age. But Henry could not have supposed that a Council of Government would remain in a state of equilibrium for nine years, taking no part in the politics of the world. We think it more reasonable to suppose, with Professor Pollard, that he looked forward to the progress of Protestantism.

This interpretation of the facts, however, agreeing as it does with some of Henry's latest acts, such as the attainder of Norfolk and Surrey and the introduction of the English Bible, leaves an inconsistency between the general tenor of his later government and that of the men whom he appointed to carry on his work after his death.* Henry was

* We may notice that Stubbs, in his 'Lectures on the Study of Mediæval and Modern History' (lect. xi. p. 299), thinks it unlikely

now broken in health, though not old in years; his wife had much influence with him, and Hertford's popularity was growing, as well as his favour with the King. May we conclude that Henry had found the new men better servants than the old, and that his object in nominating the executors was to surround his son with the ablest counsellors he could find, who would best be able to deal with circumstances as they should arise; in short, that knowing that he could not control events by the dead hand, he chose his most capable servants to succeed him? If these men proved unprincipled statesmen, it is the fate of tyrants to be less and less well served, and to leave no successor.

Professor Pollard puts the Protector Somerset as a statesman higher than the usual estimate of him, by giving him the credit of correct views, if his action was not strong enough to bring them into full effect.

'Few rulers of England have been more remarkable than the Protector into whose hands thus passed the despotic power of the Tudors. Many have been more successful, many more skilled in the arts of government; but it is doubtful whether any have seen further into the future, or have been more strongly possessed of ideas which they have been unable to carry out. He was born before his time, a seer of visions and a dreamer of dreams. He dreamt of the union of England and Scotland, each retaining its local autonomy, as one empire of Great Britain, "having the sea for a wall, mutual love for a defence, and no need in peace to be ashamed or in war to be afraid of any worldly power." Running himself the universal race for wealth, he yet held it to be his special office and duty to hear poor men's complaints, to redress their wrongs, and to relieve their oppression. He strove to stay the economic revolution which was accumulating vast estates in the hands of the few, and turning the many into landless labourers or homeless vagrants; but his only success was an Act of Parliament whereby he gave his tenants legal security against eviction by himself. Bred in an arbitrary Court and entrusted with despotic power, he cast aside the weapons wherewith the Tudors worked their will, and sought to govern on a basis of civil liberty and religious toleration. He abstained from interference in elections to Parliament or in its freedom of debate, and from all attempts to pack or intimidate juries. He believed that the strength of a King lay not in the severity of his laws or the rigour of his penalties, but in the affections of his people; and not one instance of death or torture for religion stains the brief and troubled annals of his rule.' (P. 478.)

Somerset was a man of ideas; and Englishmen have

that Henry would have 'developed more in the direction of Protestant doctrine.'

always been impatient of ideas. Security attracts them more than enterprise, and any attack upon institutions makes them suspicious. When Somerset confiscated the chantries on the ground that they were superstitious and useless, the people remembered the intentions of their founders, and noted that the money, which maintained many poor schoolmasters, went to enrich the King's ministers, not to found schools. When he tried to carry out his scheme of union with Scotland, they saw that the only immediate result of the battle of Pinkie was the removal of the little Queen of Scots to France. The appearance of his English Prayer Book led to insurrections in the West, the southern counties, and the Midlands. His attempt to deal with agrarian grievances encouraged the population of Norfolk to rise. His action in repressing this movement was half-hearted; the reactionary party overthrew him.

Professor Pollard finds in Somerset's Church reforms not a revolution, but a movement on lines laid down by Henry VIII.; 'the real break in religious policy came, not at the 'accession of Edward VI., but after the fall of Somerset 'and the expulsion of Catholics from the Council.'* But though the Book of Homilies and Udall's Erasmus might contain moderate doctrine, the outward action of Somerset's government, that which appeals to the people, was violent. Roods and images of the saints were removed from the churches, painted windows broken, and altars destroyed. In a short time the 'Order of Communion,' followed by the English Prayer Book, turned the Mass into the Communion. The whole outward appearance of religion was changed; and this affects men's minds more than statements of doctrine.

The question has been raised whether the framers of formularies in this reign intended the First Book to be a final settlement, but were gradually drawn on to a fuller formulation of doctrine in the Genevan or Zwinglian sense, or looked forward to such a developement and prepared the way for it by degrees. Cranmer was by position, learning, and ability so much the foremost of these that the Prayer Book may be called his work—we do not forget Froude's noble tribute to him †—and Cranmer's mind was always moving onward. He held much counsel with foreign divines, whom he always recognised as his brethren in the

* P. 479.

† History of England, v. 391.

work of reforming the Church both in doctrine and in discipline. With them he studied the Fathers in a new light, and the progress of his thought is reflected in the Second Book. His wish throughout his life was to comprehend, not to exclude, and the fault of the Prayer Book in the eyes of High Anglicans is not that it excludes Catholic doctrine, but that it includes Genevan doctrine. But comprehension is the very characteristic of the reformed Church of England.

Whether or not the First Prayer Book had any formal sanction from Convocation Mr. Gairdner does not decide, but inclines to the negative opinion. Since the submission of the clergy and the enactment of the royal supremacy, Convocation had lost its standing as an independent power; it was regarded as little more than a machine for voting supplies: it could only debate by leave; its canons were only valid by royal consent; it seemed to exist on sufferance. It is difficult to separate the executive, legislative, and consultative functions in a mixed constitution; and at this period of our history the first had almost swallowed up the other two. The advice of the clergy on doctrine could be obtained by a shorter method than debate in Convocation, namely, through a committee of divines appointed by the Crown and sitting with the Archbishop. Such a course was taken in the case of the 'Order of Communion' in 1548, and probably in that of the Prayer Book also.

Once settled in power, Northumberland and his friends, discarding the Catholic party, pressed extreme reforms in the direction of Protestantism; and in this it is not unlikely that the young theologian King had a hand.

Little or nothing is known of the proceedings of Convocation in the years 1550–1553, to which belong the XLII Articles, the Second Prayer Book, and other important documents. As Parliament was sitting, and as the work was done by committees of divines, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the consent of Convocation was obtained; but there is no proof of this and no records of its sessions exist. With or without Convocation, the work went on.

'The First Book of Common Prayer had scarcely received the sanction of Parliament in 1549, when it began to be attacked as a halting makeshift by the Reformers. The fact that Gardiner expressed a modified approval of it was enough to condemn it in their eyes, and in the Second Book those parts which had won Gardiner's approval were carefully eliminated or revised. The Prayer Book of 1549 was elaborately examined by Bucer and more superficially by Peter

Martyr; but the changes actually made were rather on lines indicated by Cranmer in his controversy with Gardiner than on those suggested by Bucer; and the actual revision was done by the Archbishop, assisted at times by Ridley. . . . The net result was to minimise the possibility of such Catholic interpretations as had been placed on the earlier book; in particular the Communion Office was radically altered until it approached very nearly to the Zwinglian idea of a commemorative rite.' (P. 508.)

The time was one of uprooting and disquieting, and men's hearts failed them for fear of what their rulers might demand of them, and distrust of the new secular jurisdiction which seemed likely to destroy and devour the ancient spiritualty. A short experience of such government is enough to create in the minds of Englishmen a sense of insecurity which makes them welcome any stable government, and to this, rather than to any warm affection for the ancient doctrines and ceremonies, is to be attributed the hearty greeting which met Mary on her accession.

We will not dwell upon the events of Mary's reign, more fertile in surprising reversals of ancient and recent history than in permanent results. The main result of her reign was to make Elizabeth's task easier. It is the fashion to praise Mary at the expense of her sister, as an honest woman who lived up to the light given her. But if the light was quenched in such deeds of darkness as she and her bishops wrought, the fewer such honest women, the better for the world. Mr. Mullinger does not emphasise the fact that, though Mary's 300 or 400 victims make up a pitiful sum compared with the thousands and tens of thousands whom Charles and Philip slew, such an outbreak of cruelty as marked this reign was unknown to English history. It was not only 'the social eminence, high character, and 'personal popularity of not a few of the English martyrs' that made the persecution hateful. The mob looked on with indifference, or as at a festival, at the beheadings and hangings of political criminals; the loudly-expressed sympathy with the martyrs shows that their creed was on the whole that of the common people.

When we are inclined to wonder at the despotic action of kings, protectors, and other persons in authority, and the tameness with which it was endured, we should remember that in those days every man had his master; personal rule prevailed, from the king on his throne to the master-craftsman in his workshop and the farmer in the field. The law was there, and prerogatives had limits; but rulers

expected to be obeyed, and servants to receive orders. Queen Mary could do safely much that the Jacks-in-office of the Regency could not; for public opinion was slow in forming, and slower of speech. The crowd wept over the martyrs and prayed for them at the stake; but none offered to pull away the faggots.

The dependence of England upon Spain during Mary's reign is an interesting historical point. No doubt Philip was suspected of designs against English independence; but though he expected to be consulted in the appointment of councillors, gave them his advice both as to measures and men, and saw, and marked, in his manner, with marginal notes all the proceedings of the council, his action does not seem to have gone beyond that of a king consort. He did not urge the Queen to unconstitutional courses; nor is there any reason to suppose that he went beyond the cautious counsel of his father, either in secular or religious affairs. But the strength of Spain brought into relief the weakness of England.

'By degrees the country whose King, a generation before, had hurled defiance at Rome and treated on equal terms with Spain and France, had come to be looked upon by these latter Powers as one whose government and people were alike fickle and untrustworthy, and whose policy vacillated and rulers changed so often as to render its alliance a matter scarcely deserving serious diplomatic effort, its annexation far from impracticable.' (P. 512.)

The result of the war with France into which England now entered was first the victory of St. Quentin, in which the English took little pride; and secondly, the loss of Calais, which turned all into mourning. Though the Queen felt the disgrace as bitterly as any of her subjects, the loss of Calais deepened the ill-will of Englishmen towards her, and prepared the way for the welcome of her sister.

Professor Maitland's touch brings life into the dim and dreary history of the sixteenth century in Scotland. Here is the summary: 'Faith may be changed; works are much 'what they were, especially the works of the magnates,' which include blood-feuds, kidnapping, murder; it is the custom of the country, slowly emerging from the Middle Ages. . . . 'It is picturesque; sometimes it is heroic; often it 'is pathetic; but it is never modern. Modern history sees 'it as a funeral procession burying a dead time, and we are 'silent while it passes.' It is enlightening to be told that the deliverance of Scotland from feudalism was the work not of 'the blighted and stunted conclave of the three

'Estates with its titular bishops and abbots commendatory,' but of the assembly of the Church, in which the people came at one step into a position painfully won in England, and never so completely realised. 'The people were to be 'orderers of things' (p. 577). It was a time when 'life 'was short and death was violent.' The priests were 'dumb dogs' and 'idle bellies,' or had that reputation. The Church was poor, for its revenues were gobbled up by the great lords, who in appropriating Church lands at the Reformation were doing little more than turning custom into legal possession. The Church organised itself slowly: its ecclesiastical policy is due to Melville, not to Knox, who gave it its doctrine, not diluted as in England, but hot and strong from Geneva. Professor Maitland does not tell us how the bloody rabbling populace of James V.'s day became the Scotland of the 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' Perhaps John Knox's gift of a national education had as much to do with the change as his other gift of an open Bible.

In 1560 it appeared as if England and Scotland thought alike. The two kingdoms went, not by the same road, but in the same direction. Elizabeth and Knox 'did not love 'each other; but she had saved his Scottish Reformation, 'and he had saved her Anglican settlement' by converting Scotland, 'an external buttress for her English Church' (p. 580). The two kingdoms were drifting together; it was not till later that the two churches were seen to be drifting apart (p. 590).

We are apt to forget that the ancient church had not been disestablished in Scotland, though the Mass was illegal. Bishops and abbots, some of them Protestants, still held lands and seats in Parliament. The Kirk, nay, Knox himself, had not settled whether *Episcopus* meant no more than *Presbyter*. Elizabeth may have thought like her successor, 'No bishop, no king.' At any rate, she was not likely to favour in her own realm the claim of Andrew Melville to 'a truly national independence' for the church.

Among the points brought out by Professor Maitland in his survey of Scotland these may be mentioned:—The weakness of Parliaments; the strength of prelates and nobles; the claim put forward by the great houses of equality with the royal family, which made its marriage alliances with them; and finally, the fact that representative national government was developed not by statesmen in Parliament and Council, but by 'the fresh and vigorous Assembly of the Presbyterian Church' (p. 552).

Professor Maitland's contribution to the History is not only learned and lively, but it is also the work of a man who endeavours to see events like a contemporary. With our fixed ideas of the Protestant Queen, the wiles of Jesuits and Spaniards, the cause of enlightenment, or else the mediæval Church and the Anglo-Catholic theology, it is difficult to picture to our minds the feelings of an Englishman who, with none of these ideas in his mind, saw England passing from the rule of Philip and Mary to that of Elizabeth. England had undergone a complete religious revolution under Henry VIII.; for though the creed and most of the uses of the old Church had been retained, the local customs, which count for much in the religion of a simple population, had been roughly interfered with, and the social condition destroyed with which the old system was bound up. Then she had been violently pushed in the direction of Protestantism, and as violently flung back into the Roman obedience. There was hardly a statesman who had not perjured himself on one side or the other. There was no security anywhere; and what line the new queen would take was only guessed at from the fact that she had shown Protestant leanings, and that she had borne herself very wisely since her father's death. All was uncertain. To take a wrong step might be the ruin of England. The Protestant world was divided. On the Catholic side, the kings of France and Spain had made peace in order to be at leisure for persecution. In the Low Countries all movement was crushed by the 'leaden foot' of Philip II. In handing over the government of the Netherlands in 1559 to his sister, Margaret of Parma, he had publicly declared his determination to abolish heresy. English soldiers had helped to secure Philip's power at St. Quentin; was England to put up with the loss of Calais and still be his friend and abet his crimes against humanity? The Low Countries were very near England, and brought nearer still both from commercial interest and by reason of the fugitives who now took up again their relations with friends in London and the Eastern Counties. Was Elizabeth to help the sovereign or his discontented subjects? The reign of Mary had wearied and disgusted her people. Bad times, unhealthy seasons, heavy taxation, were all put down to the score of the Spanish alliance, which was now as hateful as it had formerly been popular. The old community of interest between England and Burgundy was not the same thing as the identity with Spain which came with Philip II., and had led to the loss of Calais and Guisnes.

If Elizabeth alienated the Catholic part of her subjects, her rival was ready to assert her claims. Mary, Queen of Scotland and Dauphiness of France, had, in the eyes of many, a better right to the throne than Elizabeth; and Mary's accession to the English throne would have completed the long-desired national union of England and Scotland, the hope of which had been deferred by the unfortunate victory of Pinkie Cleugh. Elizabeth might have thrown herself into the scale of Spain; and proposals for a Spanish marriage were not wanting. What she chose was to take that line which was most likely to secure the independence of England; and by this choice she secured the loyalty of her subjects, whatever might be the religious opinions of the majority of them. She owed her crown, she said, neither to the King of Spain nor to the nobility, but to her people; and that clearness which could see through the storms of the present to a calm beyond never forsook her, and sometimes proved a safer guide than all the experience and the balanced alternatives of Cecil.

Though the nation submitted to Mary's religious reaction after Northumberland's revolutionary measures, the new opinions had captured the most vigorous part of the nation, and if Elizabeth had ignored them and made terms with the Pope, it is not certain that she could have held her own without foreign aid. 'She must have quelled plots and 'rebellions or herself been quelled' (p. 562). Was the Marian settlement worth what it had cost and was likely to cost, or was it better to do away with the old-new changes and abolish the Mass again? Mary, by making the Mass a crucial question, had converted her subjects; she had 'lost the 'hearts of 20,000 that were rank Papists'; and the 'open 'Bible' had taken hold of the people. No ruler has ever had more sagacity than Elizabeth in understanding English feeling. She, we may be sure, was not surprised when England pronounced for Mary and against the Dudleys; nor again had she now any doubt that the majority of the English nation, and certainly the ablest of them, had changed their mind and had become Protestant as regards the Pope and as regards the Mass. Probably her own religious convictions, so far as she had religious convictions, were of the same colour.

'She agreed with the Pope, except about some details; she cherished the Augsburg Confession, or something very like it; she was at one, or nearly at one, with the Huguenots. She may have promised her sister (but this is not proved) to make no change in religion; at any

rate she had gone to mass without much ado. Nevertheless it is not unlikely that at a critical time her conduct was swayed rather by her religious beliefs or disbeliefs than by any calculation of loss and gain. She had not her father's taste for theology; she was neither prig like her brother nor zealot like her sister; but she had been taught from the first to contemn the Pope, and during Edward's reign she had been highly educated in the newest doctrines. (Pp. 562–3.)

At any rate her first steps were unmistakable. She made Cecil her secretary, and Nicholas Bacon her chancellor. Both were Somerset's men. She allowed the refugees to come back. She would not allow the elevation of the Host in her presence. On two capital points, the Mass and the Pope, there was no indecision; and England took her place among the Protestant nations from the day of her accession. A Concordat would have given her as much ecclesiastical power as she could wish, but no Concordat was possible without the Mass, and 'the choice lay between Catholicism 'with its Pope, and the creed for which Cranmer and Ridley 'died.' Whatever Elizabeth's private opinions may have been, Professor Maitland lends no support to the fable that a little persuasion from the Pope would have made her return to the Roman fold. For all her crosses and candles, she knew which way the wind blew, and so did the Pope. As for such things as the retention of episcopacy, ornaments and ritual, and the ambiguity of definitions, the object of all such things was not to clear the way for a restoration or invention of mediæval Anglo-Catholicism such as is preached and practised by the Ritualists of to-day—of such a doctrine and practice neither Elizabeth, nor Parker, nor Hooker, nor even Andrewes ever dreamed—but to provide a framework, wide enough to allow a reasonable difference of opinion, and rigid enough to prevent all divergence from a prescribed uniformity.

Ten years earlier the country people would have been glad to keep the Mass, but the local shrines were now destroyed, the little Meccas of their pilgrimages; instead of the monasteries they had a poor law, instead of common rights, enclosures; the restoration of Popish bishops had meant Inquisition and burning, and the proscription of the Bible. The spirit which produced the Pilgrimage of Grace might not be extinct; but what might suit Devonshire and Yorkshire did not suit the more active and intelligent part of the nation. The strength of England lay in London, the home counties and eastern counties, those counties in which the persecution had been sharpest. There also was Elizabeth's

strength, and there the hatred of Popery was deepest; and 'by 'this time the core of the Popery that they hated was no 'longer the Papacy, but the idolatrous Mass. . . . The 'Henrican Anglo-Catholicism was dead and buried' (p. 563). 'The Papal system was, so far as England was concerned, 'practically extinct; six years of blood and fire, of tears and 'prayers, of cruel jealousies and heart-breaking divisions, 'wrought this.' *

Professor Maitland's account of the Prayer Book of 1559 is that an informal committee of Protestant divines seems to have been appointed by the Queen to prepare a book, which in their hands would probably have gone further in simplification of ceremonies than the second Edwardian Prayer Book. The work should have been done by Convocation; but Convocation was committed to the Mass, and the Tudors never treated Convocation with much ceremony. 'Our 'guess may be,' says Professor Maitland, 'that when men 'were weary of the prolonged debate over the Supremacy, 'and its continuance was becoming a national danger . . . 'the Queen's advisers took the short course of proposing the 'Book of 1552 with very few changes' (p. 569). The changes, as is well known, were the 'ornaments rubric' and the revised 'Injunctions' issued by the Queen; and, which was of great moment to High Churchmen, 'an addition from 'older sources to the words that accompany the delivery 'of bread and wine to the communicant, whereby a charge 'of the purest Zwinglianism might be obviated' (p. 569).

The Book of Common Prayer, such as it was, was accepted by the clergy of all opinions, not more than 200 being deprived under the Acts of Supremacy and Uniformity. 'The new service was introduced without exciting disturb-'ances; the altars and roods were pulled down, tables were 'purchased, and a coat of whitewash veiled the pictured 'saints from view' (p. 572). We are not surprised to read that 'among the laity there was much despondent indiffer-'ence.'

The English Reformation was thus completed and stood before the world. To the Romanists it was heresy and schism, but retaining some decency of ecclesiastical order and some hope of reconciliation. To the Lutherans it was a sister church, but remote in place and unorthodox in important matters. The Calvinists looked upon England

* Stubbs, 'Lectures on the Study of Mediæval and Modern History' (lecture xiv. p. 372).

as their own almost as much as Scotland; but the political action of the Queen and her bishops undeceived them. Her polity was built on obedient bishops, she would not endure any 'parity' among ministers; and to Hooker and all who follow episcopacy is essential.

It was a rough-and-ready expedient, without sanction of consecrated authority or consent of the congregation. The Church of England retained the Episcopate, the Apostolic Succession, the Creeds, the sacraments and ancient forms of ritual. On the other hand, if it did not become a department of the State, it was no longer the 'libera ecclesia' of the Great Charter. The bishops were appointed by 'that 'grotesque Henrican device, the compulsory election of a 'royal nominee'; a device, it may be remarked, which, though first legalised by Henry VIII., much resembled the immemorial practice of the English Church.

The settlement was secular in principle, subordinating Church law to Royal prerogative and Parliament, as in the reign of Edward VI.; and it exists to this day.

At a moment of strain and peril a wonderfully durable settlement had been made. There is cause for thinking that the Queen's advisers had been compelled to abandon considerable parts of a lengthy programme; but the great lines had been drawn and were permanent. For this reason they can hardly be described in words that are both just and few; but perhaps we may make a summary of those points which were the most important to the men of 1559. A radical change in doctrine, worship, and discipline has been made by Queen and Parliament against the will of prelates and ecclesiastical Councils. The legislative power of the Convocations is once more subjected to royal control. The derivation of episcopal from royal jurisdiction has been once more asserted in the words of Henry VIII. Appeal from the Courts of the Church lies to royal delegates who may be laymen.' (P. 570.)

The durability of the Elizabethan Church polity is greatly due to the fact that, being a moderate settlement, it suited the English character. The stamp of compromise and inconsistency which is upon it is the English stamp for good and evil. Nor was this accidental. Cranmer, who, more than anyone else, is the father of the Church of England, never lost sight of antiquity in his winding, downhill course towards Calvinism or Zwinglianism, as set forth by Bucer and Bullinger, Zwingli's son-in-law.

The theology of this settlement, which satisfied many generations of learned men, may be taken as summed up in Hooker on one side, and Jewell on the other. Both agree in Cranmer's principle, the Bible *plus* antiquity; fifteen

hundred years of tradition not ignored, but sifted and purged; a constructive settlement preserving doctrinal order and decent ceremony. The point unsettled and unsettleable is this: where does authority to interpret the Bible and antiquity reside? The Reformation repudiates the old authority in its new form, but cannot set up a new authority, to which all shall submit. The conclusion, though none of the Reformers drew it, is that an absolute, final, infallible authority does not exist upon earth.

For the Queen herself here was an ecclesiastical polity, comprehensive, workable, and, above all, national, allowing freedom within limits, but none at all beyond them. There was her mistake; a little more liberty and she would not have created Dissent, as Clarendon a century later re-created it, by unwise exclusion. The Church as she governed it was subject to the State; though she relinquished the power of deposing bishops, she appointed them. By this policy she gave to the Church the stability of the State, and bound clergy and laity into one under the only form of government then possible, a great thing in the midst of so much instability, and a valuable contribution to national unity. So, too, her subjects regarded it.

Comprehension may not be so high-minded a policy as exclusion. It implies that men may lawfully differ in their opinions on deep subjects, and yet may worship together. It is Erastian or secular in constitution, bounded by Acts of Parliament, and resting ultimately upon the legislative power—in those days the Sovereign and an obedient Parliament, in our own time a Parliament and Ministry, responsible to the nation; from the statesman's point of view the Church of England is a department of the State. On the other hand, the Elizabethan settlement, though confessedly imperfect, was defended by theologians on the ground that it upheld the *quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus*, cutting away excrescences and purifying corruptions, and that it gave the definition of doctrine to the clergy in their Convocation, whilst the interpretation of the wording of formularies was left to lawyers. The English do not drive things to logical conclusions, and it is always difficult for religion and logic to keep pace. Logically, the Elizabethan settlement may be an assertion of lay control in spiritual things; practically, it has preserved continuity in Church and State, fostered a learned clergy, and maintained a form of religion which has its roots in antiquity, while it does not fear the progress of knowledge.

At the present moment some members of the Church of England deny the Reformation as an historical fact. The Church, they say, put aside the unauthorised additions which had been made to the Papal power, but left the whole fabric of mediæval doctrine and ceremony untouched, and they go on to prove this in practice by taking the Use of Sarum or the Roman Use as their liturgical rule, instead of the Prayer Book. They do not prove their position in doing so; they only illustrate the weakness of ecclesiastical law and authority. Others, whilst admitting the Reformation as a fact, wish it undone and England restored to the Roman obedience, with such concessions as, it is presumed, Rome would make—which are, indeed, no more than what Rome was willing to concede three hundred years ago. Not by these means will England be recaptured. The Church may be disestablished and disendowed; a large number of clergy and laity may return to Rome; but it does not require much of the spirit of prophecy to assure us that the National Church holds by the Tudor settlement and its consequences, and is not on its way to Rome.

Though the Church of England may show signs of decay, and though its best friends may wish it reformed, it is in great measure the comprehensiveness of the Church, not only its simple and primitive doctrine and the beauty of its services, which has kept it in touch with the thought of the age, and never allowed it to become illiterate or fanatical. No Christian community has accepted the sure advances of physical and critical science with less shock to religious conviction than the Church of England, none has more walked hand in hand with freedom. The Roman Church discovers nothing and invents nothing in the intellectual sphere; free thought, in the mental as in the moral and political regions, is to her rebellion, for she holds autocratic traditions; and those who believe that God has given reason to mankind to be their guide in the search after truth must stand aloof from her, as upholding unwarranted authority. The movement which is variously styled Renaissance, Reformation, and Revolution proclaims the duty of men to think for themselves; and to this doctrine, whatever the Romanising party may say, the Church of England stands committed.

Art. II.—AUBREY DE VERE, POET.

1. *Poetical Works.* By Aubrey de Vere. 1842–1893.
2. *Essays.* By Aubrey de Vere. London: Macmillan. 1887–1889.
3. *Recollections of Aubrey de Vere.* London: Arnold. 1897.
4. *Aubrey de Vere: a Memoir.* By Wilfrid Ward. London: Longmans & Co. 1904.

'To-morrow Aubrey de Vere will be here; will you not 'be glad to see him?' Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, de Vere's early and lifelong friend, asked his seven-year-old little son. 'Thinking of Latin, and thinking of trouble, 'and thinking of God, I had quite forgotten Aubrey de Vere,' was the remorseful reply. And the world, albeit its thoughts are rarely so meritoriously occupied, will always be in danger, the cultivated few excepted, of falling into a like oblivion.

The reason is not far to seek. As a poet, a critic, or, more accurately, an essayist, his works, while possessing all the qualities which ensure a *succès d'estime*—and this was fully accorded to them—lack almost every element of popularity. The choice of themes and the treatment of the themes chosen were calculated to restrict the circle of sympathetic readers, and neither the enthusiastic eulogy of a Landor, nor the discriminative but deep admiration of many of the most distinguished literary men of his day, could lure the multitude to recognition of his poetic rank. His name amongst contemporary poets was widely known; his works, so far as the test of the book-market may be applied, were little read. As a personality, though few if any of the literary celebrities of his day inspired even casual associates with a more affectionate regard, it was still a personality unfitted to stamp any clear impress on the public mind at large. His special gift was the power to charm and captivate, not to dominate or influence, the men and women, lettered or unlettered, with whom he came into contact. Hence it came to pass that, personal charm being, unlike influence, incommunicable at second-hand, those and only those who were brought face to face with him could fully appreciate the rare nature of an individuality essentially original, combining in itself the courtesy of a Bayard, the culture of a scholar, the gaiety of a child, and the devotion of a monk. Nor is it easy for those

who knew him with the knowledge of long years to convey to a younger generation a full understanding of those endowments of race, nature, and grace which made him, of all the memorable group of his contemporaries, perhaps the most distinctively loveable.

To few men has been accorded in equal measure and in more positive form what Southey once called 'a genius 'for friendship.' Reading the memoirs of de Vere's early associates, it sometimes would appear as though friendships constituted a more prominent feature of the times he survived than of later days. One after another their record has been written. Wordsworth's friendship with Coleridge and in later years with Miss Isabella Fenwick. Southey's friendship with Coleridge, its extent epitomised in his own words: 'Time and absence make strange work 'with our affections, but mine are ever returning to rest 'upon you—I have other and dear friends, but none with 'whom the whole of my being is intimate.' The story of Henry Taylor's devotion to Southey, a devotion to which the elder poet's whole heart responded, Taylor has told in his 'Autobiography.' It found its last melancholy utterance when, after an evening passed in Southey's company, the younger man realised the coming change, the darkening of those brilliant faculties, the overclouding of the brave strong spirit. 'I came away,' Taylor wrote to his future wife on the eve of their marriage, as he sat alone in sleepless sadness, 'with a troubled heart, and 'I could only allay its troubles by trusting I should soon 'have you to help me to hope . . . in this deep solicitude you 'must help me to hope' (the sentence repeats itself thrice). 'I could not bear to think of the decay of that great mind 'and noble nature.'* These examples are but instances, which could be almost indefinitely multiplied. Nor were the affections binding de Vere to his friends less close or lasting. In friendship he gave his whole heart, and in friendship he received again what he gave, if not always in equal, at least in full measure. 'His friendship for 'Henry Taylor,' says his biographer, 'was the deepest of 'his life.' Its occasion was Henry Taylor's marriage to de Vere's cousin and friend, when de Vere's affection was not transferred but extended to her husband. 'A. had 'a cousin,' Taylor writes shortly after his marriage, 'a 'brother in everything except the one remove in blood,

* Dowden, 'Life of Southey' (quoted in part).

'Aubrey, a younger son of Sir A. de Vere. . . . My 'wife had no other very intimate friend, but that one was 'worth a thousand. . . . I was not long in finding out how 'rich a dower of friendship my wife had brought me in 'Aubrey.' And, wholly dissimilar as the two men were in nature and temperament, no jar or fret, no divergences of opinion or faith, during the almost half-century of their companionship, lessened or dimmed affection's first keen edge. Each followed the other's literary fortunes with an eagerness of interest and a candour of criticism disclosed in their long and frequent correspondence. Every new or projected literary venture was chronicled and discussed. 'James Spedding' (who with de Vere paid annual summer visits to H. Taylor's house) 'has just arrived with the MS. 'of his last volume under his arm, A. de Vere with his.' 'A. de Vere's book is out at last,' H. Taylor writes on another occasion to his Oxford son, de Vere's godson. 'I 'received it this afternoon with joy and exaltation—I have 'read more than half of it since it came.' De Vere's enthusiasm for Taylor's dramas is as ardently expressed. It might be said with truth that he held his friend's work dearer than his own. What the intimacy was to him in his own estimation is recorded at length in a letter to Mrs. E. Villiers, quoted by Mr. Ward. It is summed up in one brief sentence when, on H. Taylor's death, he wrote to a friend of the younger generation, using unconsciously the words of Goethe's lament for Schiller, 'with him half my life has passed away.'

Mr. Ward has indicated the rare moral quality of the untroubled atmosphere in which the friendships of these three flourished — H. Taylor, grave, just and true; Aubrey de Vere, gay, light-hearted, with enthusiasm and faith no years could age; Spedding, speculative and calm, under whose mournful serenity ran slow currents of strong feeling. 'Spedding,'* is Mr. Ward's commentary, 'had 'refused an Under-Secretaryship with 2,000*l.* a year to 'devote himself to the study and vindication of Bacon. 'Taylor had also refused the Under-Secretaryship for the 'Colonies.' Both were men of small fortunes. De Vere, it should be added, was equally devoid of the desire for acquisitions of wealth or place. He was accustomed,

* Of whom Professor Jowett wrote in 1882: 'He was one of a 'very small class who had had a very great and deserved private 'reputation, but never made themselves public.'

without so much exaggeration as might be attributed to the jest, to state that 'no one can call me a poor man 'when I could always double my income by laying down 'my pen.' Spedding expressed his attitude also in characteristic fashion. 'My own small experience . . . makes me 'rejoice in thinking that the whole round world does not 'contain a single clod or two stones one on the top of 'another that belongs to me. Six feet by two, allowing two 'inches for the woodwork, is as much as I shall want, and 'as I shall occupy it all myself I shall have no trouble 'about furniture or rent.'* In the absolute and untrammelled freedom of mind implied by such indifference to worldly aims and earthly possessions, affections and sympathies become prodigal in growth; they cover the ground common ambitions, necessarily egoistic, are apt to sterilise. With de Vere friendships were, conjointly with home affections, the greatest of life's treasures, and what men prize they seek, and what they seek for the most part, when the object of search is spiritual and not material, they find. Thus de Vere's friends were not only many, but they were mostly of the intellectual and moral standard corresponding to his own ideal of human worth. He owed to Taylor and shared with him his intimacy with Miss Fenwick, the centre, or, as de Vere significantly expresses it, 'the connecting link' of so many affections, who, in her grey old age no less than when 'the most beautiful brown 'hair I ever saw,'† was hers, retained the charm with which her clear penetrating heart, her wise and generous spirit, drew men and women, old and young, to her feet. Sara Coleridge, Mrs. Edward Villiers, again were friends belonging primarily to Henry Taylor's circle. Intersecting it, de Vere's own circle of friendships or associates, included the names of Mrs. Cameron (the artist-photographer), of Mr. G. F. Watts—who, alas! has left us without any portrayal of the refined intellectuality of the face, of the spirited uprightness of the tall spare figure—of Cardinal Newman, Mr. Hutton, Cardinal Manning, Lord Tennyson, Mr. Patmore, names which indicate the breadth and extension of his human and intellectual sympathies.

Nor was his gift of attraction confined to the region of his intellectual companions. The universal goodwill he bore to all men evoked its counterpart: all men would appear

* Letter from J. Spedding, dated 1861.

† Letter of H. Taylor's.

to have borne towards him goodwill. Animosities he had none, save those theoretical animosities a man of strongly and authoritatively defined opinions, theological, moral, and political, contracts for opponents whose principles, in his eyes, implied perverse wills and whose heresies appeared in the light of a wanton and intentional distortion of sacred truths or an infringement of scarcely less sacred human laws. With these reservations it was hardly possible for any who sought him to come amiss, never possible for the veriest stranger to feel that the ready welcome accorded was not as sincere as it was solicitously cordial. The punctilious courtesy which marked all his dealings with his fellow-men was but one manifestation of the boundless hospitality of his heart. All comers, poor and rich, learned or unlearned, the brilliant and the dull, the happy or the sad, had place—an immediate place—in his sympathies, so far as it lay in his power to realise what lay beyond the bounds of his, perhaps somewhat limited, experience. His belief in humanity in its individual aspect was infinite; he clothed every duckling with the white plumage of the proverbial swan, nor, as he phrased it, would he be 'bullied into 'believing every man has his own infirmities.' * The half excuses he would advance in extenuation of any moral or mental delinquencies in the men of genius who constituted his intellectual pantheon had a tinge of personal anxiety. His advocacy was palpably that of the worshipper who feels himself responsible for failings inherent to the indweller of the shrine. Most especially was it so where the delinquent happened to be a poet. Shelley, he would allow, did not acknowledge the divine truths of religion or conform to the sacred standard of moral law; but, his apologist would plead with a whimsical and furtive smile, perhaps some infantile accident, a fall from his nurse's arms or some such catastrophe, had permanently deranged the organs of thought and thus induced those deflections which in after life laid him open to the just censure of the orthodox.

Indeed, next to the kindly spirit of goodwill, veneration for the great poets and thinkers who had gone before, a veneration approaching to a spiritual passion, counted as amongst de Vere's cardinal virtues. The capacity for reverence is no common gift of mind. When its conventions are no longer inculcated as a universal rule, when, moreover, the imaginative faculties it involves are in their

* 'Recollections.'

decadence, it survives only as an isolated instinct or an inherited tradition. It is not a question of faith or unfaith, the reverence of a Faber, the reverence of a Clough, to take two representatives of belief and doubt, was identical in essence, albeit lavished on apparently diverse objects. Nor is it a sentiment confined to the sphere of religion; with de Vere it extended itself over the whole plane of life. To womanhood, childhood, to the scientist (whose pursuits and inventions de Vere followed with an interest hardly to have been anticipated in a man of his habits of belief), above all to the poets, past and present, he paid homage with a sincerity every action and word attested. And the temper of mind induced by long months of seclusion in his lonely and beautiful Irish home, his solitary wanderings in surrounding woods where legends of the red deer lingered, would seem to those whose memory is of his later years, to have accentuated the impulse, frictions of real life being removed, to ascribe perfectibility if not perfection to the elect. He saw them as we may believe they saw themselves in rare visions of the might-have-been, the vision of what, for the most part, is not. So towards Coleridge, Wordsworth, towards the Cardinal of the great heart and the Cardinal of the wide intellect, and towards many another with them, his attitude was that of a disciple whose love is distilled from humility. 'The sense of unworthiness seems to me 'the greatest alloy in all our friendships,' he once wrote, and the phrase was absolutely sincere. Thus criticism with him became interpretation; his business, as his essays witness, was not to analyse and discuss, but to spread the evangel of truth or the evangel of beauty, proclaimed by a Wordsworth, a Shelley, a Spenser, a Keats, a Coleridge, over the world, to illuminate the darkness of men's spirits by communicating to them the inspired radiance of poets and thinkers.

How much this disposition to worship, this gift, for gift it is, of reverence, adds to the richness, the joys, and the sympathies of life we, of a generation from whom in some measure such gifts have been withdrawn, may only dimly guess. With those on whom they have been lavished the balance may be false, but the overweight hangs sunward. Moreover, men and women of our pliant human clay have a trick of justifying over-estimates of their worth, and their natures re-adjust themselves, though but in a transitory and unsubstantial fashion, to vindicate the too favourable judgements. It is not wholly an illusion when a man, though

a poet, finds what he has expected to see. One man goes forth—according to the gospel of the most eloquent of modern mystics—expectant to meet a Judas, and he encounters Judas on the threshold of his door. Another goes forth with other expectancies, and it is the Christ who awaits his coming at the corner of the street. It is one manner of stating the fact that a betrayer and a redeemer of men abide in each single soul, and that what we bring with us to our life-mates we elicit from them again in responsive sympathy. To witness de Vere's intercourse with both friend and passer-by was so far a confirmation of Maeterlinck's transcendental axiom, that it amounted to the 'evi-'dence of things not seen,' the class of evidence reason demands and faith, usually, refuses. Arrogance faded out of sight before a man whose vanity could not be wounded, because, as one of his oldest friends said, 'Aubrey has 'none.' Affectations of shallow levities in matters where levity is perforce shallow gave way before the simplicity of his faith in authorities he held divine. The superficial ill-nature of common talk felt its own squalor beside his generous charities of speech, reflecting, as a mirror a face, the generous charities of his soul. He went out to see good, and by a merciful and just law of spiritual affinity, he drew good towards him and lived encompassed by it. And if, as it often came to pass, onlookers smiled at his visionary valuations of human excellence, there were few who were not desirous to reap the personal benefit of his illusions. And in illusions he lived, moral illusions resulting from preconceived notions of the ideality of the actual, also in practical illusions consequent on a life-long habit of unobservance. Nor was he entirely unaware of his mental standpoint. 'Life has never seemed to me much of a 'reality,' he confessed (he was then thirty-two years old); 'now it seems to me more than ever a dream.'*

A dream it may well have appeared in more ways than one. For, absorbed in his meditations, the prosaic outward semblances of his surroundings rarely aroused his attention. The inquiry he was heard to make concerning the 'strangely 'dressed man whom he daily encountered on his way to a 'friend's house, clad in a sort of blue jerkin' (the strange dress being the garb of the butcher's boy), illustrates his curious want of ocular perception. So too a story current amongst his friends of a breakfast at Samuel Rogers', when

* Ward.

de Vere, seated with a plate on which he had placed both fruit and leaves, seemed uncertain whether of the two to eat. 'Edwin,' Rogers observed to the servant, 'remove 'Mr. de Vere's strawberry leaves; he does not know why he 'is not eating his strawberries.'

Yet it needed but the least glamour of romance, of poetic or emotional association, to rivet both his eye and imagination, to transfigure objects of sense or circumstance until, so transfigured, they became stamped upon the texture of his mind, became part and parcel of his poetic thought and remained stored in his memory. 'The visible world,' he wrote, 'was certainly not endowed with all its marvellous 'beauty for nothing . . . In proportion as we discern her 'beauty, we feel that it is the shadow of some higher beauty 'that we can but guess at . . . nature must have an inter-'preter that is beyond nature.' From observations of men and nature stirred and stimulated by this conception, he drew the inspiration of such poetry as his beautiful 'Ode to 'the Daffodils,' of such characters as his King Eochaid in the St. Patrick Legend, whose prototype—Sir Edward O'Brien of Dromoland—is sketched with vivid touches in the 'Recollections.' But for nature or truth to nature, where nature did not adapt herself to his faiths and ideals, he had little or no value. His observations on Vesuvius were eminently characteristic, 'Aubrey saw the flames one 'night,' wrote Henry Taylor's wife during their joint visit to Naples in 1844; 'he objects to it . . . he says it is 'undignified and melodramatic, that nature is imitating 'the church ceremonies, which are taken from the opera, 'which is the only thing Neapolitans care about.' And more than forty years later, standing in a London gallery, the *vraies vérités* of art excited his displeasure no less than those of nature. 'The fellow who painted it,' he exclaimed indignantly, on being shown a realistic representation of a Flight into Egypt, 'would say it was just like it,' and though possibly some religious animus accentuated his resentment, the sentence was a fair index to his attitude towards unpoetic verisimilitude.

Nevertheless in de Vere, the cloud-gazer, occupied from youth onwards in the contemplation of the heights and depths of the mountain platforms of intellectual aspirations, there lurked unexpected faculties for action, a man of deeds within a man of thoughts. The part he played in the grim and tragic drama of the Irish Famine years disclosed him in a new aspect. During those years the extreme sweetness

of his temper, his light-hearted self-possession in the face of danger, stood him in good stead when men whose training might have better equipped them for the struggle of class with class, of opinion with opinion, darkened counsel and embittered strife.

Amidst riots and tumults, confronted with the perilous intoxication of hungry men, de Vere, laying aside all philosophic pre-occupation, set himself to the task of allaying the fierce and sullen hatreds, of alleviating the sufferings and sorrows, which brooded storm-wise over the starving land. 'He has gone through strange adventures,' wrote H. Taylor, 'and has become a most active man of 'business and a most efficient mob orator.' De Vere has himself sketched the incidents of the times with a mixture of humour, of pathos, of gaiety, a passionate sympathy for the poor and a determination to vindicate the 'just men' of his own order, which makes the short record—the chapter entitled 'The Great Irish Famine'*—a masterpiece of vivid portraiture. Every touch is sharp and true, every actor in the various little dramas, tragic or comic, stands out in clear relief upon the sombre background. Portrait follows portrait, we see the old parish priest, de Vere's coadjutor in the administration of the relief doles, with his hardy common sense, his not over-scrupulous observance of the laws of truth when diplomacy could avail, his simple devotion to his flock, his good-humoured dealings with the undeserving, his outbreak of indignation at a trivial breach of decorum in the elopement of a peasant girl, his far calmer, if regretful, avowal of the prevalent crimes of savage violence and fierce revenge, is drawn with an artist's hand. So too the picture is given of

'The gloomy looking crowd staring in through the windows of the committee-room—sharp wolfish eyes, a clasped fist, a hand clutching a neighbour's shoulder, a few little boys waiting for the scrimmage, a frantic old woman screaming like a Banshee, a big man, who lives on whiskey and snuff, nostrils as black as if jackdaws built nests in them, a smiling young girl, selling cakes and civilly requesting a policeman to move out of her way, and last an angry multitude blowing horns in the distance.'

Then again the spectacle shifts ground and we hear the agent of old times raging at the new, hear his reply to the terrified process-server, who, menaced with cross-bones and

* Recollections.

coffin, is fain to evade carrying out his orders. 'Paddy 'Madigan—what bloody jackasses they must be to think they 'could vex *me* by shooting *you*!' And presently the fearless old man under his dripping umbrella is addressing in person an infuriated mob of tenants, with invectives the most furious amongst them cannot outdo. Nor, when the would-be murderer's pistol, almost touching his breast, flashes in the pan, has the wrathful Irishman of the bygone school any feeling save for the injury to his dignity. 'I never was more 'insulted in my life' was his only remark, as buttoning up his great-coat he strode down the steps of the house where the incident occurred. The group too of committee-men, awaiting a rescue from the mob who surround the sheltered spot where they have taken refuge, is painted to the life. Stones are flying, darkening the skies, the 'military' is long on the way. 'I'll tell you what it is, gentlemen,' said the burly Catholic priest, his watch in his hand, closing a dialogue full of truth and humour, 'if you do not see the military riding 'down that road in three minutes, nothing will remain for you 'but to put your trust in the Lord.' The grey-haired farmer, with a murmured regret for an unconsummated bargain, puts his spectacles instinctively into a well-worn case. The little Protestant pastor makes soft response, 'The Lord forbid.' So scene after scene passes, and throughout the narrative one figure and only one is ignored. That figure is de Vere's own, as he toiled morning, noon, and night, conciliating hostile factions and taking into his heart, and incorporating in his poetry, the burthen of the irremediable sorrows of the panic-stricken poor, the weak and the sad, ever maintaining the lightness of speech, the gaiety of spirit without which, as he afterwards confessed with apologetic simplicity, 'it would have been impossible for me to do what was to be 'done.'

And the same light-hearted and amused appreciation of incidents or circumstances, when some such accidental awakening to surrounding realities forced them upon his notice, was his to the end. It was a side of his character his writings seldom indicated, possibly it was only freely displayed in the familiar companionship of the home-life of his older friends. Amongst them the poet and religious philosopher laid aside the serious moods of authorship to tread lower levels with as gay a step, as ready a laugh, as the youngest of his companions. In the telling of a story, in the narration of incidents and dialogues of Irish life, trivial or grave, he had the lightness of touch, if not the

sharpness of edge, of the accomplished conversationalist. His skill in emphasising the situations, his infectious enjoyment of each point of comedy, his varied intonation and mimicry, gave to each episode he retailed all its emotional vitality and intangibly delicate sentiment: a *conte pour rire* more often than not, but always with the dim underthought of the past and the hereafter, of the over and the beyond. Moreover, rhapsodist, poet, as he was, as on that one memorable occasion he had lapsed from cloudland into heroic activity, so his talk would lapse from pathos, picturesque narrative and descriptive humouresque, into sayings shrewd as those of the professional wit. Wit, as Hazlitt defines it to the general understanding, needs perhaps more the edge of the knife; it is a barbed arrow, it exacts a tincture if not of poison at least of malice, its mockeries nip like frost or they scorch and shrivel where they strike home; it be-lessens things great, burlesques things beautiful; it exposes the meanness and squalors incidental to poor human nature. With de Vere's sunshine temperament it was shorn of any point which could wound, or if point there were it was aimed at himself, as in the anecdote of his youth he so often repeated in old age, when, in his family circle, holding high discourse on poetry, Aubrey's mother addressed another, less responsive, son. 'Have *you* nothing to say of the Sense of 'Beauty?' asked Lady de Vere. The quick retort was levelled promptly with brotherly candour at Aubrey. '*I* am 'too much occupied with thinking of the Beauty of Sense.' Or again he would repeat—as he has recorded it in his 'Recollections'—Manning's prosaic rejoinder to his dignified poetical symbolism. Both were hovering on the verge of conversion, and de Vere, describing his vision of the Church Catholic 'as of a stately man-of-war, clad in all the majesty 'of a royal vessel' had suggested, 'might not that stately 'ship have the plague on board?' 'Or,' said the future Cardinal, with a side thrust at the poet's idealisms, '*bugs*.' And with de Vere's vein of humorous wit—wit divested of the satire of a Sydney Smith or a Thackeray, of the ill-nature of a Samuel Rogers, of the coarser grain of a Dickens—he was not incapable on occasion of passing a shrewd judgement in one swift flash of his usually dormant powers of observation. 'Her mind has no hooks and eyes in it,' he said, with semi-irritation, of a woman whose mental grasp was above her logical faculty, and he was apt to generalise the criticism with regard to the feminine mind at large. Nor did providence, in relation to its domestic economy, escape

censure. The gradations of family life, he was accustomed to say, were misarranged. The order of affections should rise, starting from the mild degree of attachment a man may be presumed to feel for his grandchildren, proceeding to the closer bond of parental love, and thence to the extreme and final point of all affection and all love, in the union of man and wife. Had the dispensation of nature allowed of such graduated approaches to that desperate and indissoluble tie, he might himself have ventured upon the wedded life. As it was he was apt to illustrate his dissertation on the present régime with recounting the discomfiture of a village catechist in an Irish chapel. What—the young priest had asked the assembled school-children—did Holy Church teach them concerning the state of holy matrimony? Unfortunately the infant brains had got upon a false track—the condition of the Holy Souls in Purgatory. 'Father,' came the prompt response, 'it is a 'middle state of suffering.' The young catechiser, for the moment taken aback by the unexpected response, was about to correct the definition thus offered, when an old priest, leaning from his place near at hand, interposed, 'Let them 'be—for all you or I know, Father, they may be perfectly 'right,' was his audible comment, and de Vere's laugh would close the story he was never tired of relating.

So unmarried he elected to live his life, breaking the lonely quietude of his days at Curragh Chase, where no social distractions intruded upon his meditations, with an annual visit to England. There, an eagerly welcomed guest, he sought companionship with the friends of his youth and the friends (his Book of Friends bore to the end new entries) of later years. Each year too he visited, as a pilgrim the temple, the haunts of those friends 'passed over 'to the other side,' with whom his communion was that of faith and spirit alone. And his life, the home life at Curragh, of contemplation, never blunted the vitality of his interest in his fellows, nor, conversely, did the warmth of his affections or the keenness of his social interests encroach upon the serene domain of his spiritual meditations. True, as the years dimmed towards their long twilight, he complained gaily that he achieved less frequently the 'two 'or three raptures a week' he counted his due; yet those who knew him bear witness that wherever he recognised beauty, his delight in it, and even more in the associations it recalled, partook of the nature of ecstasy. If age with him brought twilight, it was the Dusk of the Poets. For him

the moonray on the sea sand called forth all the emotions of Landor's lines:

> 'And the long moonbeam on the hard wet sand
> Lay like a jasper column half up-reared,'

lines familiar to every companion who shared de Vere's moonlit walks along the shore. The nightingale he heard as with Keats' hearing, and the melody of the love-poet's most perfect rhythm was mingled with its notes as he listened to the song,—

> 'Thou wert not born for death, Immortal Bird,
> No hungry generations tread thee down.'

Amongst the ripples of every stream he caught echoes of Wordsworth's river sonnets, and whether alone, or with some friend to hear, verse after verse would rise to his lips till all else, the world, its cares and joys, its needs, its glories and its failures, would be as though it were not, and chaunt after chaunt he would recite whole poems of his preference—Coleridge's 'Ode to Dejection,' Shelley's 'Adonais,' Wordsworth's 'Intimations,' as devoutly as a Catholic his beads.

How far this intimate literary culture, which from his boyhood onwards had been the pervasive influence of his life, invigorated or weakened his own poetic gift is a question. The mind which expends itself in admirations and enthusiasms is commonly one where the perceptive and susceptive outweighs the creative talent. And in estimating the value of de Vere's poetry there are not wanting signs that culture, scholarship and the conventions of the great poets trammelled, perhaps displaced, the original bent of his poetic impulse. Grace, facility of diction, harmony of rhythm, a technically almost faultless versification—an art in which modern verse seems rarely proficient — characterise all his writings: lyrics, poems narrative and descriptive, odes, poems of thought and poems of tenderness, the idylls of saints Saxon or Celtic. But it is a significant fact that in the early volume 'Inisfail' (published in 1861), of which he himself says, 'No other was written more intensely, I may say pain-'fully, from my heart,' there are poems possessing qualities the better skilled, heedfully polished, verses of later years wholly lack. Setting aside the scheme of the volume, the thread of religious and secular history upon which the individual poems are strung, there are verses in

the first sections of the book where the pulse of the poem beats to what de Vere never elsewhere attained: passion; there are verses where the cool lamp-lit intellect of the thinker kindles into sudden flame, where a breath of emotion, fitful, halting, uncertain, throbs and stirs in the rhythm with a wilder, freer motion than culture can teach or copyist can imitate. No one can read 'The Bard Ethel':

> 'I am Ethel, the son of Conn!
> Here I live at the foot of the hill;
> I am clansman to Brian and servant to none,
> Whom I hate I hate, whom I loved love still,'

without some feeling of the fierce storm, the savage blood-royalty of pride, of courage, and the tragic sweetness—the love of the Loveland, Eire—that alternate on the strings of the old dying singer of war and battle and glory and death.

Again the heritage of hate rings untamed in the taking of the traitor's tower with sword and fire and slaughter:

> 'When we reached the city wall
> On their posts the warders slept:
> By the moat the rushes plained.
> Hush! I tell you part, not all!'
> . . . . . .
> The fire-glare showed 'mid glaze and blister,
> A boy's cheek wet with tears. 'Twas base,
> That boy was first-born of my sister;
> Yet I smote him on the face.'

Other strings are touched, other notes vary the strain, in the impassioned lament for Owen Roe O'Neill; in the strange dirge of the Phantom Funeral; in the cry of the Black Little Rose; in the love-song of the Sea-watcher and the Folk-song of the girl bride. But all are as it were dyed in the same winepress whose stain is dark with blood or with tears; in one and all the bugle-call of lost battles dies over the hollows of the hills, and the echoes sound from afar across the centuries when the hand of the Norman was against the Gael, and the hand of the Gael against the Norman, and the hand of the Dane against both, and the hand of all against the Saxon; when a Fitzgerald betrayed a Fitzgerald, and the last strongholds of the last Desmonds fell; when hatreds were still clothed in heroism, and treason—the deadlier snake Patrick left unexiled from the land—worked out its own hell, perishing

outcast of God and man. The cry of the wind, the moan of the sea, the sobs of women forsaken and alone, the silence of hopeless hearts waiting the return of those who will return no more, sweep the harp cords like the ghosts of forgotten things. The formless passion of poor Clarence Mangan's visions, the visions of a broken genius who from the pit abysmal, 'The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,'

> 'Had tears for all souls in trouble—
> Here and in hell.'

in 'Inisfail' takes articulate shape, retaining Mangan's storm-like beauty of colour and imagery:

> 'O who art thou with that queenly brow
> And uncrowned head?
> And why is the vest that binds thy breast,
> O'er the heart blood-red?
>
> The babes I fed at my foot lay dead;
> I saw them die:
> In Ramah a blast went wailing past,
> It was Rachel's cry.
> But I stand sublime on the shores of Time,
> And I pour my ode
> As Miriam sang to the cymbals' clang,
> On the wind to God.'

And round that solitary figure, Little Black Rose, Silk of the Kine—or by whatever name she is called—voices wail, winds surge, rushes shiver, the dawns rise grey as dusk, and the sea-waves clamour, and the songs of the poet are one with the song of the land. It is not the poetry of culture, it is not the poetry of art, but it is the poetry of emotional appeal. To the Teuton his Fatherland, to the Latin his Motherland. The Celt knows nothing of these domestic affections. To him his country ever has been and remains the Loveland, loved with all the passion, with all the extravagance, faithlessness, the instability and caprice, of the first loves of all lovers.

There have been younger Celtic poets who, with the overtinge of self-consciousness which detracts from the charm of their spontaneity, have embodied, as de Vere has not, the imaginative phases of the Irish genius. Mr. Yeats' little fantasy of May Eve, 'The Land of Heart's Desire,' with its extreme delicacy of touch and suggestion, is an instance in point; other instances occur amongst

the poems of 'A. E.'* But in these there is an alien element and one, whatever may be the aspirations of the poet's, which strikes the bystander as foreign to the soil. In these eminently imaginative inventions, the effects, descriptive and emotional, continually verge on a perfection they seldom attain. They are full to overflow of colour and sweetness as in the curiously rhythymed stanzas of the 'Well of all Healing'†:

> 'When the quiet with a ring of pearl shall wed the earth,
> And the scarlet berries burn dark by the stars in the pool,
> Oh, it's lost and deep I'll be amid the windy mirth,
> While the heart of earth is full.'

No less colour and no less sweetness is to be found in many of Mr. Yeats' fantasies, only the colours, the figures, are colours and figures seen as in stage ghost-scenes—through gauze. The subtlety is over-subtle, the softness is over-soft, the fantasy of forced and hot-house growth, the tints are the evasive tints of jewels burning through mists. De Vere's imaginative gifts are deficient, he has not the shot-tones of blue, and crimson, and purple, and gold, the shadow-hues that flit with subjective undercurrents of emotionalism through the sunset dreams of the newer generation of his countrymen. But what his poems lose in one direction they gain in freshness, in freedom, in youth, in a certain directness, the directness of an arrow shot cleanly from a bowstring, and in that uncomplicated simplicity of sentiment which springs straight from the unsophisticated loves, hates, and sorrows of men who do not, as most of us do now, habitually paint their souls from the reflections in their looking-glasses, who guard their passion in mystic preserves where passion's material realities are never suffered to obtrude, as in the beautiful love-lyric.

> 'I would not have you near, for eyes and lips might mar,
> The silence where we meet and star is lost in star.'*

With 'Inisfail' the curtain falls on de Vere as a poet of national sentiment. Never again, except in the forlorn beauty of his verses on the Years of Famine, and in some fragments of the St. Patrick Legends, did he revert to any treatment of themes or sentiments distinctively marked by

* The Divine Vision, &c. Macmillan.
† 'A. E.'

race-feeling. Three volumes of essays, two dramas, and three volumes of poems descriptive and narrative, some collections of miscellaneous lyrics, secular and religious, with sonnets and odes, make the sum total of the last editions of his works.* A love-poet—with an unsuccessful exception, 'Antar and 'Zara'—he did not profess himself: he had not graduated in that college, and love as a central theme seems to have held no attraction for his pen. Nor was he, in one sense, a poet of creative imagination; with him imagination fertilised but did not sow the seed. Nor most emphatically of all was he, in later works, a poet of any emotion kin, howsoever far off, to passion either of the brain or sense. His thoughts as years went by ran in tranquil, clear currents, shadowed here and there by true pathos, illuminated by a spirit of delight and joy, reaching to what he himself named rapture, in things lovely and things sacred. And in sun or shade those currents ran with always the same equable translucid quietude, the same unvexed, unperturbed, flow. The lyrics where he excelled were those in which grace and tenderness supplied the deficit of strength and passion. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, in acknowledging, in 1864, a gift of de Vere's collected poems, specified amongst his own 'favourites from of old. . . . "The Dignity of 'Sorrow," an example of that rare combination, good English 'and good verse,' and further deplored 'the absence of 'a short song, "When I was young I said to Sorrow," which 'I do not think it derogatory to the poet to regard as 'perhaps his masterpiece.' No one will be inclined to dispute the judgement to whom this poem is known.

> 'When I was young I said to Sorrow,
> "Come and I will play with thee"—
> He is near me now all day;
> And at night returns to say,
> "I will come again to-morrow,
> I will come and stay with thee."'

So runs one stanza, and, so far as exquisite versification and grace of rhythmical effect may be considered the dominant aim of verse where both combined produce a sense of sound in harmony with the sense of sentiment, few lyrics can surpass it. Neither of the two lyrics of

* These editions contain many reprints from former works, from 'The Waldenses,' a dramatic poem (withdrawn from print), from 'Inisfail' &c., with corrections and emendations, additions, and omissions.

sorrow most frequently on de Vere's lips, Keats' sorrow-song from 'Endymion,' taken in any of its stanzas—

> 'Come then, Sorrow,
> Sweetest Sorrow,
> Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast:
> I thought to leave thee,
> And deceive thee,
> But now of all the world I love thee best'—

or Shelley's 'Stanzas written in Dejection,' arrives at a greater harmony—more, a unison—of sound and sentiment. All these poems, poems of varying phases of sadness, are poems of acquiescent grief, expressed in tones soft as those of a slumber song, with all the languid syllables belonging to cradles where hope is hushed to its long sleep. De Vere's is the lightest note undoubtedly, but not less complete for its lightness. Others of his songs have a kindred charm.

> 'A sigh in the morning grey,
> And a solitary tear,
> Slow to gather, slow to fall,
> And a painful flush of shame
> At the naming of your name—
> This is little, this is all,
> False one, which remains to say
> That thy love of old was here;
> That thy love has passed away.'

By virtue of this it might well have chanced to de Vere to be numbered amongst that company of singers: Waller, with his 'Go, lovely Rose,' Carew, with 'Ask me no more,' Withers, with 'Shall I wasting in despair,' who live in popular fame on the merits of one single lyric.

Many of de Vere's stanzas are so slightly wrought that their extreme delicacy passes unnoticed as gossamer strung on violet beds. Such are the lines: 'Give me back my 'heart, fair child,' 'You drop a tear for those that die,' the little poems entitled 'A Sketch' and 'A Character,'

> 'Made up of Instincts half, half Appetites,
> Ingenuous, winning, graceful, graceless, gay,
> Her winged fancies, whensoe'er they stray,
> Find, yield, or make, a thousand strange delights;
> Then ranging swift as sound or lunar sprites,
> For ever they desert but ne'er betray:
> To please was what they promised; not to stay.'

Landor's cameo:

> 'The grateful heart for all things blesses,
> Not only joy but grief endears.
> *I love you for your few caresses,*
> *I love you for my many tears,*'

is not chiselled with a more skilful hand than de Vere's quatrain:

> 'Smiles are the wrinkles of our youth—
> Ah, gently turn the page;
> And say, that wrinkles are in sooth
> But smiles of our old age.'

Or, to give another brief example:

> 'For me no roseate garlands twine,
> But wear them, dearest, in my stead;
> Time has a whiter hand than thine,
> And lays it on my head.'

It may fill the readers of 'Alexander the Great' and 'St. Thomas of Canterbury,' of the 'May Carols,' and the 'Medieval Records,' with regret, that de Vere was not content to sing oftener of the lesser loves, the ephemeral affections with their hopes and disappointments, of common men. But to be a poet of sympathy and sentiment was not his final aim, and in his longer and more consecutive dramatic efforts, sentiment is mainly incidental, a passing episode or an unaccentuated circumstance, set amongst graver preoccupations of the soul's progress or the intellectual and moral activities of an Alexander or an A'Becket. And although the two song-paraphrases of the Psalms, sung by Jew captives in 'Alexander the Great,' are in themselves a feat of genius:

> 'We sat beside the Babylonian river,
> Within the conqueror's bound weeping we sate,
> We hung our harps upon the trees that quiver
> Above the onrushing waters desolate.'

And the briefer song:

> 'Behold He giveth His belovèd sleep,
> And they shall waken in a land of rest:
> Behold he leadeth Israel like a sheep;
> His pasture is the mountain of the Blest,'

it is not in these dramas that—to hazard a verdict—the higher poetical levels of his later years are to be sought.

In his 'Legends of St. Patrick,' a subject he had already touched upon in 'Inisfail,' he would seem to have found a theme far more congenial to his special gifts. Here, in so much of the cycle as he elects for treatment, it is perforce the divine passion of the soul which is called upon to play the part taken by human passions of the heart in—to name two representative works of narrative romance—Morris's Earthly Paradise series, or Tennyson's Arthurian cycle. And having once conceded the *motif*, it follows that the interest of the poem is limited. Religious romance is necessarily subject to restrictions in as much as it deals with one single—and always the same—object of devotion. It is further narrowed by the fact that, normally, only one side of the relationship between the lover and the loved is presented to our view. Diversity the poet must seek in the diversities of the fashion, the individual fashion, of loving. He can depict according to his pleasure the loves of worship, the loves of obedience, of gratitude, or, if he desire to enter the domain of the psychological romanticist of religion, he can paint in their direct or reflex bearings, loves transcendental: the love of the spirit, or loves emotional: the love of the heart, in their connection with the divine idea. Or again, setting aside subjective and psychological distinctions, which in poetry scarcely admit of analytical developement, he can escape monotony by dwelling not on the spiritual passion as directed and in relation to its object, but on its effects as manifested in the varied relationships of the lover with his fellows, in the endeavours of the soul, whose love is single and divine, to win other souls, whose loves are multiple and of earth, as thralls to the same aspiration, as serfs to the same allegiance, to force them, unwilling or willing, to participate in his passion. For to the God-lover all monopolies dear to human love are forbidden. The love-gifts God bestows on him are his only by virtue of his readiness to share them with all who seek, or who, seeking not, may yet be found of God. And not less is that other deadlier jealousy prohibited, the pang of the heart which grudges even more that another lover should transcend his love towards the beloved than that the love of the beloved should include another in its grace.

In the 'Legends of St. Patrick'—which may be taken as representing de Vere's religious poetry at its best—the spiritual passion is treated from this point of view. Here, as in all his poetry, the picture of religious romance stands

far removed from the types familiar to most readers. It has little or nothing of the homely, winning, and graceful simplicities of those saintly legends typified by the 'Fioretti' of the saint of poverty, Francis of Assisi, where the realism characteristic of the Italian *novelle* of early centuries finds full play. It has, on the other hand, absolutely no trace of the emotionalism, scarcely distinguishable from spiritual sensuality, of another equally familiar type of religious romance, closely associated with sainthood by the spiritual love-legends of medieval ecstatics. The saints and penitents of Irish tradition belong to another plane of sentiment and temperament. It is a sainthood eminently dignified, it is also eminently sane, wholesome, and of the open air. St. Patrick's own figure, lifted shoulder high above the train of disciples who followed his footsteps, is that of an apostle of Thought, a man grave and wise, of profound counsel and calm judgement, a man of a great heart surely, but likewise of a great mind, luminous, strong and balanced. His visions are the visions of the seer, who, looking inwards, beholds in his own infinite spirit the mirror where the things of time and space lie reflected; they have nothing in common with those of the rapturous ecstatic who, casting the inborn imaginations of his fantasy upon the outward world, claims for his sensual eye the sight of things invisible, for his sensual ear the sound of the inaudible. Nor is there any accentuation of the fierce and savage asceticism which underlies the gentle and gay trivialities, the childish charm of many a saintly tradition of other lands; the body, long subdued, remained with St. Patrick to the end, a reconciled companion to an emancipated soul:

> 'When Patrick now was old and nigh to death,
> Undimmed was still his eye; his tread was strong,
> And there was ever laughter in his heart,
> And music in his laughter. . . .'

And thus he passes, in the legend before us, brought now face to face with the young, now with the old, here converting the thronging clans of men awestruck with a great gladness, there wrestling all night long with those prayers which are deeds, for pity of some solitary broken heart of womanhood; or, turn the page, and the grave-eyed saint is at play with a child or in gay strife with a bard. And each episode has its own beauty, its wealth of Celtic tenderness, its delicacy of Celtic sentiment, its store of decorative ornament. The vast cathedral church shall be

built, and built alone, there where, under the white-thorn on the hill, the doe's frightened fawn had made its lair in the grass. And the doe, white as the hawthorn flowers, paces fearlessly at Patrick's side as he bears her fawn safe from the hunters, safe-sheltered in his arms. The legend of the boy singer—child-in-song to the great bard—who, fearing sorely lest Patrick should win his master to monkhood, offers his own gold head to the tonsure, and from a son of music becomes a brother of silence, is full of fair images. Even fairer images abound in the story of the 'Two Princesses' Snow-white and Rose-red (the 'Red 'Rose' and the 'Fair One,' to give them their Celtic appellations), who race at dawn to bathe in the green woodland fountain, and are by Patrick washed in that other fount, the fount baptismal; who then in that brief hour of dew and sunrise, the race unrun, the battle unfought, the vineyard unlaboured, pass from the joys of earth to enter straightway the bridehouse of their new-learnt God, while angels sing with woodbirds, glad Requiem overhead.

Here and there, too, those to whom de Vere's 'Recollections' are familiar will find the poet transferring the incidents of real life to the legends:

> 'Have I not seen old oes embrace? Seen him,
> That white-haired man who dashed him to the ground,
> Crying aloud, "My buried son, forgive!
> Thy sire hath touched the hand that shed thy blood."'

The scene is taken verbatim from fact. 'Two old grey-'haired men (it was a "Reconciliation") advanced slowly 'from the opposite ends of the church; stood silent, face 'to face, at last shook hands. The next moment one dashed 'himself down on the stone pavement and cried aloud, '"O my son, my son, I have clasped the hand that shed 'the last drop of thy blood."'*

All these and stories kin to these are retold with something of the quiet silvered monotone of twilight spaces and wide horizons. And their background is hillside and seashore and meadow land, hills where the poet's own feet wandered, shores where his own eyes dwelt on the moonlit or sun-glinted waves, meadows and woods where he breathed the field-fragrances and welcomed the first herald-flowers

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* Recollections.

of soft Irish springs, or watched, as in the most beautiful of his odes, the wood spirits of the autumn, when

> 'Silent they stand beside dead Summer's bier,
> With folded palms and faces to the west,
> And their loose tresses sweep the dewy ground.'

And amongst the pastures or on the slopes, rise palaces and halls recalling those Morris loved so well describing in his placid secular romances, 'The Well at the World's End' or 'The Sundering Flood.' The halls have tables spread with gem-wrought cups, the walls are rich with carving and hung with gold-fringed marvels of the loom, warriors move there wrapped in gold-clasped mantles of crimson and blue, and women, violet-eyed, white clad, walk silver-shod, and green rushes strew the floor. And through every scene of peace or war, of feasting, of rejoicings, of sorrowing, always, always, that dark-robed train, Patrick and his apostles, passes; priests, bishops, brethren, of God's clan, *croisés*, whose goal is the Holy Sepulchre of each separate human soul, theirs to battle for, theirs to save from the defilement of sin, the desecration of misbelief. Slowly they pass on that long march throughout the land, a land already with hope or foreboding, with outstretched welcome or sullen fear, awaiting the destiny of the Unknown God, and their march keeps time with the unhurried foot-fall of fate. So the sequence, the cycle of the Christianisation of Ireland, works itself out with a dignity all its own, a sunlit seriousness only at wide intervals merging into laughter—the laughter of saints, almost never into those trivialities which make the sum total of human life a medley where tragedy and comedy alternate each with the other as the revolving flashlights of far-off lighthouses gleam now red, now green, from rocks or headlands of dusk seas.

It is a lack of the stronger vibrations of a more primitive and elementary humanity that leaves this poem, in spite of its beauty, its tenderness and its pathos, inadequate and incomplete as a great work of literary art. Those elements are absent which would have lent to it the tincture of the wormwood and the gall without whose sharpness art seldom imprints its stamp upon the imagination of men who suffer, who hate, who love and who die. Set these calm Celtic records beside the sagas of the North and at once we recognise what De Vere's poems miss, either deliberately and of choice, from a conscientious endeavour to represent truly his interpretation of history, or from a preconceived

moral ideal of æsthetic principles. In the Saga of Olaf—a section of the 'Heimskringla,' we have the story of the conversion of another land and another race, but the picture, fragmentary as it is, of the contest between the old faith and the new is, to its least detail, fraught with a power and a passion which can stir the slow pulses of unzealous believers of later years with the ebb and flow of the tide of battle. 'The Irish received the Gospel gladly,' de Vere asserts. 'In the main the institutions and 'traditions were favourable to Christianity. . . . The great 'and learned, in other nations the last to believe, among 'them, commonly set the example. . . . the Christian 'clergy turned to account the Irish traditions. . . . St. 'Patrick waged no needless war against the ancient laws.' To the people—

> 'God's truth seemed some remembered thing,
> To them God's Kingdom smiled, their native haunt.'

Contrast this with episodes taken from the Sagas of the Christianising kings of Norway, when Olaf Trygvison spread with torture, fire and sword the holy faith and good customs; when he 'invited every man to accept Christianity, 'and those who opposed him he punished severely, killing 'some, mutilating others,' when Rand the Heathen suffered martyrdom, gnawed to death with adder's teeth, the words of fierce denial on his tongue; when St. Lawrence's sufferings and St. Lawrence's constancy were emulated by Eyvind the Warlock, the impenitent Merlin of Paganism. The gods of Asgard strove with fate, the war-arrow flew from fiord to fiord, through the vast forests and across the ice-fields; temples were razed to the ground; idols outraged, but the faces of the defeated were ever turned to their foes; they died, but they died hard. Truce was there none nor any compromise between these wild pagans, who clung with desperate courage to their old worship, and the wild Vikings who drank Christ's health before they set forth to lay waste and to slay; to take by force the daughters of rival chiefs; to fill their ships with blood-wet gold. Odin or Christ, one or the other must be outcast and overthrown, one or the other outraged or enthroned. The whole Northern atmosphere was coloured by the setting sun of the old faith's agony. In Ireland, paganism may have held its own with this clan, that individual, king, druid or bard; but the brand which flared torch-red amongst the snows of

the North, flickered faintly, fitfully, in the green West, flickered, paled, flickered again, and was extinct.

True there are hints of some undercurrents of the soul's revolt from the intrusion of new deities. Oiseen, the Blind Bard, is but half converted, despite baptism and Patrick.

> '. . . One day, while his beads he told,
> Fierce thoughts, a rebel breed,
> Burst up from old graves in the warrior's heart,
> And he stormed at priest and creed.
>
> 'PATRICK. High feast thou hast on the festal days,
> And cakes on the days of fast.
> OISEEN. Thou liest, thou priest, for in wrath and scorn
> Thy cakes to the dogs I cast.
>
> PATRICK. Old man, thou hearest our Christian hymns,
> Such strains thou hast never heard.
> OISEEN. Thou liest, old priest, for in Letter-Lee wood
> I have listened its famed blackbird!
>
> Twelve hounds had my sire, with throats like bells,
> Loud echoed on lake and bay;
> By this hand they lacked but the baptism rite
> To chaunt with thy monks this day.'

But Oiseen, for all his ragings against monkhood, forgiveness of wrong, and the dull truce-days of the peace of God, dies reconciled; wrath ebbs from his lips, his anger sinks to a wail; the old lion lies down at length, a lamb in the Shepherd's Fold. And Bard Ethel preserves better than Oiseen what de Vere names 'the false conscience' of revenge.

> 'If any man slay me—not unaware,
> By no chance blow, nor in wine and revel,
> I have stored beforehand a curse in my prayer
> For his kith and kindred; his deed is evil.'

In the 'Recollections' a kindred portrait is drawn from life. 'I remember seeing him,' de Vere writes of a chivalrous Irish gentleman of the past, 'walk up and down our library, 'his long white hair streaming over his shoulders, and 'hearing him say, "It is a great thing to be able to look 'back on a long life and record, as I can, that never once did 'any man injure me but sooner or later I had my revenge."'

And if the fierceness of human passions, of hearts uprooted from their old attachments, finds but this fainter echo in de Vere's verse, neither does he temper—according to the custom of many modern writers—the monotonies of holiness

with mystic emotionalism. His nuns, his monks, are one and all—to pursue the metaphor of the spiritual marriage of the soul—men and women of happy wedded life; a certain divine and aureoled domesticity is their special prerogative of nature and of grace. They have nor part nor lot with those 'divine daughters of desire' Crawshaw sang with all the vehemence of his genius, daughters and sons of men whose passion celestial, knowing neither the assuagement of joy's possession nor the sharp chill of joy's disillusion, forever finding, seeks; for ever having, craves. 'I found and I 'sought Him, I had and I wanted Him.' 'I was seized with 'such great impetus of love . . . that it seemed my heart 'was breaking . . . so sweet is this pain that no delight 'of life can exceed it in content . . . it is a love-passage 'which passes between the soul and God.' So run broken sentences of the Saint of the Flaming Heart—and of many another saint, whose passion has every amalgam of humanity, is stained with tears, rent with doubt and wounded with many wounds. Children these of the fire—de Vere's saints are children of the cool Dawn-star and the fresh-fallen Dew.

'The nearest to the Highest, that is love,'

cries the girl-convert in 'King Eochaid,' and light-winged, soul after soul, of boy and girl, of youth and maid, of man and woman, rises in fearless gladness, in gay rejoicing, towards their Bridegroom Christ.

'Come Thou, that com'st. Our hope is this,
That the body might die and the soul set free
Swell out like an infant's lips to the kiss
Of the Lover who filleth infinity.'

As a question of art undoubtedly this avoidance of emotionalism, this elimination of all suggestion of the spiritual sensualities of mystic passion, as one element in religious romance-poetry, is a loss and a forfeiture. But the cool well-springs of the St. Patrick Legends have a value as of crystal, and a sweetness as of the lingering song-notes of the woodland birds de Vere commemorates in perhaps the most beautiful descriptive passage of all his works:

'As bower on bower
Let go the waning light, so bird on bird
Let go its song. Two songsters still remained,
Each feebler than a fountain soon to cease,
And claimed somewhere across the dusking dell

> Rivals unseen in sleepy argument,
> Each, the last word :—a pause, and then, once more,
> An unexpected note :—a longer pause ;—
> And then past hope, one other note, the last.'

And with the Legends and with 'Inisfail,' days to be and generations yet unborn may come to do fuller justice to the work of a great, if not of the greatest, poetic art.

As a poet it was, a poet by choice and profession, de Vere made his one and only claim to public recognition. It is with this in view that Mr. Ward's Memoir, in spite of its many merits, would seem to fall short of its mark. He has lost sight of the poet in the Catholic theologian, lost sight of the man in favour of the convert. To those who shared with de Vere sympathies and interests outside the pale of Catholicism, the detailed analysis of each phase of his religious beliefs would appear to convey an impression, not necessarily false, but one-sided. De Vere was by temperament a Christian, and by inclination of his reason a Catholic: and whatever regrets his conversion may have occasioned to his intellectual contemporaries, Sara Coleridge's letter to Henry Taylor may be taken as a fair key to the attitude of mind with which they regarded it, or, as years passed, came to regard it.

> '"Mr. de Vere's letter rather grieves me," she wrote (probably in 1851). "He seems so restlessly eager to justify his secession . . . but this he cannot do without converting us to his new faith. We cannot, retaining our old one, think his views rightly founded . . . though we may hold him quite justified in going whither his convictions lead him. Yet I doubt not that the step he has taken will be the means of grace to him and will render him more unworldly or rather (for he never had a spark of worldliness in him) more and more solid and practically religious."'

With hardly an exception the change—or more accurately the developement of his religious views—left no sore to rankle in his elder relationships of affection, while to a younger generation, de Vere's Catholicism appeared so entirely a part of his personality that to picture him without it would have seemed as unfamiliar as a portrayal of St. Francis without his cord and habit. Undoubtedly religion, and religious truth as he held it, lay nearer than any other interest to his heart. Moreover, as James Spedding describes Dr. Ward's affectionate endeavour to promote a growth of Mr. Huxley's little faith, it might be said of de Vere that he too was inclined to beg of his younger associates 'as a

'personal favour to believe a little more.' But never was Catholic so unresentful of unsuccess in such gentle proselytism and never could non-responsive dissenters feel his sympathies narrowed or his affections blunted for the most recalcitrant. And his memory as friend, as companion, as poet, seems to demand a more varied and more comprehensive secular horizon than that accorded him even in the appreciative pages of Mr. Ward's careful, scholarly, and conscientious study of de Vere's life.

Art. III.—THE COLOUR QUESTION IN THE UNITED STATES.

1. *Negroes in the United States.* Bureau of the Census, S. N. D. North, Director. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1904.
2. *The Negro Problem.* New York: Pott & Company. 1903.
3. *Southern Thoughts for Northern Thinkers.* By Mrs. Murphy. New York: Bandanna Publishing Company. 1904.
4. *The South and the Negro.* An Address delivered at Birmingham, Ala., by the Rev. Bishop Charles B. Galloway. New York: John F. Slater Fund. 1904.
5. *The Work and Influence of Hampton.* Proceedings of a Meeting held in New York City, Feb. 12, 1904. The Armstrong Association.

To appreciate properly the present position of the colour question in the United States a brief reference must be made to statistics as well as to history. The census for 1900 puts us in possession of the necessary information as to numbers, trades, &c., of negroes and mulattoes, and as the work which stands first in our list is issued by the Department of Commerce and Labour, its information may be accepted as official and as absolutely free from all bias. The number of negroes in the continental United States is 8,840,789. In 1790 there were 689,784 negroes in the Republic. The importation of slaves ceased to be legal in 1810, and the census of that year gave the negro population at 1,377,808. In 1790 the centre of the negro population was in Virginia; it is now in North-Eastern Alabama. The district in which the proportion of negroes is greatest lies along both banks of the lower Mississippi, where five-eighths of the population are negro, the maximum being in Issaquena county, Mississippi, with more than fifteen negroes to each white person. In the South, negroes are about one-third of the population, both in cities and in country districts. Between 1860 and 1900, Southern negroes increased 93·4 per cent. and Southern whites 134·9 per cent. Illiteracy among Southern negroes is more than four times that among Southern whites; but the percentage of illiteracy is lower among negroes born since the Civil War. There are nearly four million negroes in the United States engaged in gainful occupations. Negro breadwinners constitute

62·2 per cent. of all negroes at least ten years of age. For Southern whites the corresponding percentage is 48·6. Of the 746,715 farms operated by negroes in 1900, 21 per cent. were owned entirely and 4·2 per cent. owned in part by the farmers operating them; in other words, forty years after emancipation 25·2 per cent., or about one-fourth of all negro farmers had become landowners. The agricultural operations of negroes are confined almost entirely to the old slave States. In 1900 the average size of farms operated by negroes was fifty-one acres. The acreage farmed by the negro in the South amounts to 37,286,437. Outside the South the negroes are to a large extent congregated in cities, and are engaged in pursuits other than farming. In 1850 the instructions to the enumerators ran: 'Insert in all 'cases where the slave is black the letter B.; when he or 'she is a mulatto, insert M. The colour of all slaves should 'be noted.' The census of 1900 recognises in the population of the United States four races—white, negro, Indian, and Mongolian. Although Professor Willcox does not consider that the number of mulattoes has been given by the census with accuracy, he tells us that between one-ninth and one-sixth of the negroes in the States have an admixture of white blood, while in Cuba one-half and in Porto Rico five-sixths have been so classed by the census of 1899. The table on the percentage of mulatto in total negro population seems to show that (with the exception of Louisiana) the States with the largest proportion of negroes to total population have the smallest proportion of mulattoes to total negroes. If this be true, it is an important piece of evidence as to the improvement in the Southern States in the relations between the two races as regards sexual morality since the abolition of slavery. Slavery taught the negro much, but it did not teach him purity.

In Texas and other Southern States a white man who marries a black woman (or *vice versa*) would be sent to the penitentiary. Happily such marriages are very rare indeed.

The following case, reported in the 'Salem Times' (Va.) of October 20, 1904, may be noticed here:

'Officers in command at Fort Mott, N.J., eight miles from New York, have referred to the President the case of John T. Smith, a member of the hospital corps, who, in September of this year, took unto himself a negress for a wife. Smith's resignation has been called for. It was refused. "If President Roosevelt ate at a table with a negro, it is my right to marry the woman of my choice, regardless of race, colour, or creed," Smith is alleged to have said. Smith has

refused to resign until his case has been considered by the highest authorities. He has been in the service for sixteen years. While serving in Cuba he contracted yellow fever and was brought home to Camp Wyckoff, where the coloured woman now his wife was a member of a volunteer nurses' association, and nursed him. The result was that after several years they made up their minds to marry.'

One more fact should be noted as to the census of 1900. Two professors have been engaged in writing introductory chapters to the tables of statistics—Professor Willcox, of Cornell University, and W. E. B. Du Bois, of Atlanta University. The accomplished professor of economics and history in Atlanta is a negro. O shades of President Jackson! a coloured man the writer of an important official document! The context explains the mystery. Mr. Roosevelt was President, and Mr. Cortelyou, Secretary of the Department of Commerce.

'There is no disguising the fact that there is great unrest and growing discontent among the negroes of the South. They are beginning to feel friendless and hopeless. . . . We need not close our eyes to the inevitable. We are soon to face industrial disaster unless conditions are radically changed. Our cotton lands will lie fallow and our fertile fields cease to yield their valuable staples.'

Thus spoke the moderate and able Bishop Galloway of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, himself a white man, at Birmingham, Alabama, in April 1904. The Englishman of inquiring mind, on landing at New York, is informed that the largest religious community in the United States is the Roman Catholic, and that the second largest is the Methodist Episcopal Church. If he travels south of Washington, he will be surprised to find churches erected by a body called the Methodist Episcopal Church South. In a Louisiana town he will find within one hundred yards of each other two churches, both Methodist Episcopal, but one rejoicing in the suffix 'South.' The doctrine and the ritual of both Churches are the same. Before the war the separation between the two, however regrettable, was at least intelligible. The members before the war differed on the question of slavery, many of the Southern bishops owning slaves. Since the war, when all reason for division has for ever passed away, the division only serves as a memento of civil discord and is one of the signs of Southern exclusiveness. The election of Mr. Roosevelt as President has proclaimed this to the whole world. On one side you have the South, shorn of Missouri and possibly of Maryland,

voting against Mr. Roosevelt, and on the other you have every State in the Union, except the old slave States, acclaiming Mr. Roosevelt with an enthusiasm unrivalled since the death of Abraham Lincoln. In 1872 Mr. Greeley, as Democratic candidate, received the votes of six States; in 1904 Mr. Parker received only four more, and possibly Maryland. It will, however, be understood that no bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South can be objected to as a prejudiced witness against the white South. His feelings carry him all the other way. But in truth no discriminating friend of the South can approach the colour question without a feeling of despondency.

It is the old question of legislation being better than human nature—not merely American nature, be it understood, but the nature of the average man all the world over. The Anglo-Saxon of England is not superior to the Anglo-Saxon of America, but he is not faced with the same difficulty.* It therefore behoves him not to approach the question as a judge, but as a man, and not to restrict his sympathy to one colour. Above all, Englishmen should remember that this negro difficulty is the bitter fruit of an ancient tree which his ancestors assisted in planting and watering on this distant shore.

Before the war the reliance of the Southerner on the negro was the cause of his lack of mechanical and manufacturing ability. He made no attempt to bring in white labour from the North, as he was afraid of infecting the blacks with Northern ideas. The absurd notion that a gentleman should not work was an old feudal idea, imported into America from England; it drooped in the cold North, and only flourished in the South so long as slavery was maintained there. Since slavery, the Upas-tree of the South, was cut down by the Northern soldier, the former Confederate has been 'Yankeeised' without becoming less of a gentleman. Whatever may be the shortcomings of the Southerner, sentimental regret for slavery is not one of them. No adult in the South refers to the extinction of slavery with disapproval. 'Had the South been let alone and trusted,' writes Mrs. Murphy, 'it would have required but a few more 'years for the unnatural system of human bondage to have

* Dr. Birkbeck Hill in his classic edition of Boswell's 'Life of Dr. Johnson' points out that in Scotland, until 1779, colliers were sold along with the mines where they worked, and were outside Habeas Corpus altogether.

'died of itself a natural death, for it was no longer profitable.' Whether this be a correct statement of past history or not (and we do not think it correct) it is a correct statement of the present feeling of the South. There is no Mason and Dixon's line, no North and South in the historic view now taken by all Americans on 'the domestic institution.' The Southerner would not replace slavery, even if he had the power. Experience has proved that philanthropists such as Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips were sounder political economists than statesmen such as Calhoun and Jefferson Davis.

The horizon of the prosperous South has but one cloud, and that cloud is called the Colour Question. The Southerner (if he put his feelings into words) would speak somewhat as follows: 'What does the Northerner know about the negro 'problem in the South? And who shall say that there is 'such a problem in the South?' If he were to continue his grumble he would say: 'We don't want the negro's 'vote, and if your climate suited the negro and you had 'him in the same numbers as we have, you would dis-'franchise him. Our rejection of him as an elector is 'neither opposed to humanity nor to the Constitution as we 'understand them. The negro is happier with a master; 'the franchise is a matter for each State. If Congress had 'not tinkered with the Federal Constitution, it would have 'been better for the North, for the South, and certainly for 'the negro. The coloured man does not gain by being 'made a shuttlecock between the battledores of North and 'South.'

The present political position in the South as regards the negro can be stated in one sentence. The coloured man, though enfranchised, is not allowed to vote. This, when stated baldly, sounds indefensible. Those, however, who have followed the history of the United States during the past fifty years will find much to explain and even to justify the attitude of the white South. The cause of the present distrust of the negro is due (*a*) to his record of misgovernment during carpet-bagger times; (*b*) to the bogey, ever present in the minds of Southerners, of *social* equality between white and black, and even of amalgamation of the races, and above all (*c*) to the alleged bestial conduct of the negro in committing crimes against the person, which are punished by a frenzied mob by lynch law. The first two causes will be dealt with first, and then the last must be briefly referred to.

In the United States no more than in England is fitness a condition precedent to the exercise of the franchise. The Southern States of the Union are apparently endeavouring to rectify this fundamental mistake by clauses in their Constitutions, but their statesmen would, with their characteristic good humour and frankness, admit that their efforts in this direction are solely made with a desire to get rid of the negro vote. The right of secession under the supreme arbitrament of war has been held unconstitutional and revolutionary; but the right of each State to manage its own affairs (with the reservation of certain subjects mentioned in the United States Constitution) is unquestioned. To pass an amendment to the Constitution of the United States is a herculean task. Indeed, it is almost certain that no amendment could now be passed. No amendment has been passed since the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. Missouri was the only slave State which emancipated its slaves voluntarily. In all the other slave States slavery was abolished by the thirteenth amendment. This may with truth be called a war amendment. No white man in the States wishes to repeal that. The North fought to save the Union, and later on to free the negro, but never to enfranchise him. The fourteenth and fifteenth amendments practically extended the franchise to the negro. They were ratified in 1868 and 1870, after the death of Lincoln. Mrs. Murphy refers to Abraham Lincoln as 'that 'great apostle of God,' which indeed he was. President Lincoln favoured compensation. Slavery was lawful under the Constitution, otherwise there would have been no need of the thirteenth amendment, but no compensation was paid. Mrs. Murphy, a truthful recorder of white Southern opinion, writes: 'These emissaries of Satan [*i.e.* the Republi-'can party of the North] took the South's wealth . . . and 'so we feel deep down in our inmost hearts that the govern-'ment of the United States still lawfully owes to the South 'millions of dollars.'

The fourteenth and fifteenth amendments were born of reconstruction. The effect of these amendments, briefly stated, was to make it unconstitutional for any State to 'abridge the rights of any of the citizens of the United 'States or any State on account of race, colour, or previous 'condition of servitude.' It was not universal suffrage that was rendered obligatory, but identity of suffrage for black and white. All political parties commit mistakes. The bestowal of the franchise upon all negroes without any

question as to their fitness, and immediately after the war, was the great mistake of the Republicans. Instead of introducing an educational franchise for the ex-slaves, Congress forced the Southern States when exhausted by the Civil War, and by means of standing armies, to put their negroes upon their rolls of voters. The sowing of these dragon's teeth made the white South solidly Democratic, and what that has meant and may hereafter mean to the Union, history will show.

The Southerner has never forgotten that the franchise was conferred on his former slave by the direct intervention of the Republican party at Washington. The coloured vote is a Nessus shirt which the white of the South has ever since been endeavouring to tear off. His efforts to nullify and exclude the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments from the Constitution of his own State, may be described as having had three stages of developement. The first stage may be called terrorism, the second illegal contrivances, and the third constitutional provisions.

The best known instrument during the first stage of the revolt of the South against dictation from the North was the famous Ku Klux Klan.

It would be easy to fill pages with an account of the atrocities committed, but it is sufficient to say here that the Ku Klux disorders were largely due to the authors of the congressional policy of reconstruction. The Republican politicians transferred all the political power in the South from the hitherto dominant white to the hitherto enslaved black. This was a dangerous experiment, and naturally resulted in a social convulsion. The whites of the South were too weak to fight the Republicans of the North a second time, and therefore they had recourse to secret retaliation upon the agents, both white and black, of the Republican party in the South. All contemporary history is difficult to write, but none more so than that of the period immediately following the Civil War. This was illustrated by the report of the Ku Klux Klan committee of investigation. All the Republican members of that committee laid the entire blame on the Southern white, while the Democratic members signed a minority report arriving at an exactly opposite conclusion.

The second stage in the resistance of the South, which we have called 'illegal contrivances,' manifested itself by means of 'ballot-box stuffing' and tissue ballot papers.

In the early 'seventies a white man would deposit his

ballot paper in the box. Within the ballot paper, apparently so innocent, were folded some dozen tissue ballot papers with the name of the same candidate, being of course the Democratic candidate supported by the whites. This elector would therefore have recorded something like thirteen votes for his candidate. When the votes were counted, if any agent of the Republican candidate objected to the tissue papers, prompt means to silence him would be adopted. Terrorism was not absolutely relegated to the past. As regards 'ballot-box stuffing,' that was a fine art principally practised by ladies. Say there were 1,000 electors on the register, there would be 1,000 papers printed off and placed in the hands of the electors. Nothing was easier than to have 1,000 more papers printed. These 1,000 extra papers would all be inscribed with the name of the Democratic candidate, and would be entrusted to some missionary of the party, probably a lady. Polls in America close at sunset, but down South votes used not to be counted till the following morning. This was just as it should be, as a member of the fair sex would obtain admission to the room where the ballot boxes were kept, and would place in the ballot box the 1,000 ballot papers in favour of the Democratic candidate.

The 'Constitutional Provision Stage' is illustrated by the present Constitutions of the ten Southern States. Great as is the diversity of national character and aim that distinguished the States that once formed a Confederacy and that lie between the Potomac and the Rio Grande, they are absolutely at one in their determination to exclude the black man from all political control. The three bordering States of Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas differ in almost every other respect, but agree in their practical exclusion of the negro as a voter. Texas is one of the most progressive States of the Union with a strong tincture of Puritanism. Louisiana is Roman Catholic, Episcopalian, and a believer in laisser-faire; Mississippi is mainly inhabited by Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians. Naturally Texas is largely, and Mississippi mainly, a Prohibition State; while Louisiana has only a few prohibition counties. The Texas Constitution contains a provision that no man can vote unless he can produce a receipt for the payment of his poll-tax (about eight shillings per annum) dated six months before he claims to be put on the register. Such a law would be impossible in a Northern State, because there it would be denounced as a law against the poor. The desire to disen-

franchise the negro alone renders such a law possible in the South. The advantages of this provision (if fairly carried out) is that it meets the case of white electors quite as undesirable as the worst of their coloured brethren.

To the historian and sociologist Louisiana is the most attractive State of the Union. Before the war it was the only Southern State which had a large foreign or non-Anglo-Saxon population. Since the war it has maintained its marked characteristics of population and legislation. Within its borders are found Creoles, Acadians, 'Redbones,' Italians, and Negroes. New Orleans used to possess not only a coloured but also a Sicilian question. The 'Redbones' are little known even in the States. They are found only in Louisiana and almost exclusively in the pine woods, where you will find hardly any negroes. They inhabit mainly the parish of Rapides.* They are descendants of the Portuguese, and came from South Carolina about two hundred years ago. They used always to vote for the Democratic candidate, but at the last election before the war the Republicans objected to their voting on the ground that they had negro blood. The Sheriff brought up his posse to prevent their voting, and apparently succeeded in doing so. With that conservatism which is so marked a feature in Southern life, the 'Redbones' still vote for the Democratic ticket, and repudiate the suggestion that they are in any sense 'coloured people.'

The brain of a lawyer never devised anything more ingenious than the 'grandfather clause' of the Louisiana Constitution. It does not expressly exclude the coloured man. To have done so in so many words might have been held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court. It enacts that any man, whose father or grandfather could have voted in the State on January 1, 1867, should be entitled to a vote. As the negro was only rendered capable of enfranchisement by the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments, passed in 1868 and 1869, it is manifest that no coloured man could have been an elector on January 1, 1867, and therefore no negro can now vote in Louisiana. An Irishman or Italian or any other white alien is entitled to vote, provided he be a resident in the State, as his grandfather or father might have possessed the right to vote on January 1, 1867. This provision has at least one good result. The Confederate soldier, who survived the horrors of the war, found himself

* In Louisiana counties are called parishes.

too often almost in a destitute condition. The Union soldier had his pension paid to him from the taxes of North and South; the Confederate soldier had nothing. It must also be borne in mind that the majority of the Confederate soldiers were not slave-holders, but fought to maintain the rights of their States (as they understood them) from Northern dictation, and (as Mrs. Murphy expresses it) 'for 'the future purity of the American white race.' It would have been the worst kind of ingratitude if the South had not remembered their veterans in drawing up their Constitutions. The clause in the Louisiana Constitution was intended to safeguard the franchise of those who had fought for the South, and their posterity, regardless of property and education.

In Mississippi a committee was appointed and drew up the Constitution. The chief feature in this Constitution is known as 'the understanding clause.' A would-be elector was required to 'be able to understand any clause in the 'Constitution of this State' 'when read to him or give 'a reasonable interpretation thereof.' This professedly established an educational franchise, but in practice operates as a buffer to the coloured vote. The story runs that, on a negro applying to be placed on the register, the examiner put to him the question, 'What is the meaning of 'the Writ of Habeas Corpus, and is it suspended in time of 'war?' The negro answered, 'This means that no more 'negroes shall be allowed to vote in this State.' Again when a coloured professor applied for the franchise under the Mississippi Constitution, he was asked the following question: 'What would be the weight of a cubic foot of 'water taken from mid-stream of the Mississippi River at 'the time of highest flood?' It is needless to say that this coloured professor failed to satisfy the examiners.

There are negroes who (like Mr. Booker T. Washington) have always offered to their colour-brethren wise and temperate counsels, and have attached no weight to their having a vote, unless by education they are qualified not to abuse it. Such a negro was Mr. Isaiah Montgomery, a former slave of Jefferson Davis. At the close of the war he purchased the plantations of his master, the ex-President of the Confederacy, and is now a prosperous planter in Oliver County, Mississippi. It is often said by those unfriendly to the negro that every coloured man who distinguishes himself does so by reason of the admixture of white blood. Isaiah Montgomery (like Toussaint l'Ouverture) does not support this theory. He is a coal-

black negro of unadulterated blood. At the time of the bringing in a new Constitution for Mississippi there were fifteen blacks to every white man in Oliver County, and two conventions used to be held on the same day, one for blacks and the other for whites. Montgomery advocated 'the 'understanding clause' in an admirable speech delivered before the Constitutional Convention of which he was a member. He supported it in the interests of his own race. In other words he agreed with the Liberator of the African. He did not believe in a vote being given to a man who was not fitted to exercise it wisely.

Mrs. Murphy calls Mr. Booker T. Washington the 'noble 'leader' of the negro race. 'Every revised Constitution 'throughout the Southern States,' said Mr. Washington, 'has put a premium upon intelligence, ownership of pro- 'perty, thrift, and character.' Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt, the 'coloured' writer on 'Disfranchisement' in 'The Negro 'Problem' comments thus trenchantly on the above sentence of the educational leader of his own race: 'So does every 'penitentiary sentence put a premium upon good conduct; 'but it is poor consolation to the one unjustly condemned 'to be told that he may shorten his sentence somewhat by 'good behaviour.' Mr. Chesnutt goes on to quote the remark of Mr. McEnery, the venerable Senator for Louisiana: 'What other race would have submitted so many years 'to slavery without complaint? What other race would 'have submitted so quietly to disfranchisement? These 'facts stamp his (the negro's) inferiority to the white race.' In writing thus Senator McEnery was the spokesman of the White South.

The frenzied rage of the South over the incident of the Booker Washington lunch at the White House was caused by the determination of the South to keep the negro in subjection. 'Give the negro a political inch and he will 'take a social ell' sums up the Southerner's view. There is not a sane man in the North who favours *social* equality between white and black; all that the Republican of the North desires is political equality and even-handed justice for all colours as for all creeds, but the white Southerner will never believe this. Mrs. Murphy writes:

'The whole trouble and difficulty lie in just one thing and nothing else. We insist upon the utter segregation and social isolation of the coloured man. No proposed [!] standing army can ever change the attitude of the whole South upon this question. No qualification or highest education of the negro could ever make the true Southern man

welcome that negro into his family or hold out to him the tiniest tip of social amalgamation, for he believes that the mingling of a higher race with a lower one to be an abomination unto the Lord. Around this pitiful point future wars and causes of war must lie.'

Mrs. Murphy only repeats what Mr. A. H. Stephens said forty-four years ago and Governor Blanchard said this year. Mr. Stephens, speaking as Vice-President of the Confederate States, declared that the Confederacy 'rested 'upon the great truth that the negro is not equal to the 'white man . . . that subordination to the superior race is his 'natural and moral condition.' These words, spoken more than forty years ago, express the faith of the white Southerner of to-day. Mr. Blanchard, the newly-elected Governor of Louisiana, a man whose culture and charm of manner would render him an ornament of any society, in his inaugural address of last May strongly denounced lynching. He then proceeded to say that 'a negro is a man and a citizen,' and advocated his education, 'mainly agricultural and industrial.' He continues: 'No approach towards social equality or social 'recognition will ever be tolerated in Louisiana. Separate 'schools, separate churches, separate cars, separate places of 'entertainment will be enforced. Racial distinction in its 'integrity must be preserved.'

Even Socialists cannot afford to run counter to the overwhelming sentiment of the South on this question. Socialism demands absolute equality in politics and in the enjoyment of public benefits. Yet Socialists in their State Convention, held in September 1903 in New Orleans, demanded complete separation of whites and blacks into distinct and different communities. It is needless to say that such a concession to caste feeling is incompatible with the fundamental idea of equality, but even a theorist cannot stand outside or aloof from his environment.

The Southern white has lost all powers of discrimination between black and black. He only discriminates between white and black. In that way he loses the services of many an excellent negro, and many a negro, who in happier surroundings would have done well, goes to the bad. It is not so in the North. Recently on New York docks an English traveller employed three porters, one of whom was black and two white. He of a purpose handed a dollar to the black porter and told him to divide it with his white colleagues. The white porters saw what was being done, and assented. This little incident would be almost impossible down South. A Southern employer of labour wished to start a base-ball

club for all his employees, black and white. His white workmen would not hear of it. At play, when the white is his own master, he rejects all companionship with the coloured man; at work he avoids meeting him, so far as is possible. In all parts of the States trade-unionism endeavours to prevent the negro working alongside the white man. The caste barometer rises higher every year. Before emancipation the careful separation of white and coloured men did not exist, because it was not then thought necessary. Nearly all the blacks were slaves, and if they travelled at all, they accompanied their masters. Now, if you are travelling South and a respectable coloured man is in your carriage, when you enter a Southern State, he must descend and mount another car specially set apart for negroes. In the tramcars of the South two seats are reserved for 'our coloured patrons.' However crowded may be the portion of the car allotted to whites, and however empty the coloured benches, no white man will sit down by the side of a negro, or even on a bench where a negro is entitled to sit. This is not due to respect for the law, but to a feeling not quite so laudable. A chemist will refuse to supply—say an ice-cream—to a respectable man, simply and solely because he fears that he would lose his white customers if he were seen supplying a coloured man. Would that the black boycot were confined to the sale of ice-creams!

The minority which in each of the Confederate States remained during the war faithful to the Union and opposed to Secession was composed of white men only. After the war this minority joined hands with the majority in each State in their determination to keep the Government in the hands of the whites. There can be no question that the whites of the Southern States would by a unanimous vote take the direct and straightforward course of passing a law which required every elector to be white. The only obstacle to such a course is the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the Constitution. Senator Carmack of Tennessee gave notice in 1903 of his intention to bring in a bill to repeal these amendments. Nothing came of the proposed bill, but Senator Carmack was acclaimed as a statesman by the unanimous voice of the white South. As the 'Picayune,' the ably edited paper of New Orleans, expressed it: the enfranchisement of the negro has been 'the cause probably of 'as much loss of life and property and as much suffering as 'the war itself.' While a large proportion of the people of

the North admit that the enfranchisement of the former slave immediately after the war was a mistake, they are not prepared to repeal the amendments and thus stultify themselves in the eyes of the civilised world.

According to the Constitution of the United States representation of each State in Congress is to depend on the number of electors of each State. Thus Montana, though it has the same representation in the Senate as New York, in Congress is represented by one member, while New York has thirty-seven members. Were a Southern State, by refusing the franchise to the negro to reduce its electorate by one half, the fourteenth amendment authorises a proportionate reduction of its representation in Congress. The Southern States would regard any such reduction of their votes as an infringement of their State rights.

After the war the representation of the Southern States in Congress and in Presidential elections was raised by the Republican party, but every Southern State now uses this increase of votes against that party. Therefore the representation increased by the Republicans to cover the negroes is by the suppression of the coloured vote monopolised by the Democrats or whites of the South. Never in politics has an engineer been more completely hoisted by his own petard.

The Southerner remembers the time when (in negro phrase) 'the bottom rail was on top.' He can never forget the days of carpet-bag rule. Imagine a County Council chamber filled with negroes, unable to read or write, with their feet on their desks and cigars in their mouths, raising questions of privilege, at the rate of forty per day, and voting up the taxes which whites had to pay, and running up State debts, which in many cases had almost of necessity to be subsequently repudiated. If you add to this that everything worn, used, or smoked by these legislators probably came out of the pockets of the taxpayer, you have a picture neither pleasant to contemplate nor likely to fade from the memory. Senator Sumner (who represented Lincoln's idea of a bishop, and Lincoln did not mean this as praise) declared in the debate upon the suffrage for the district of Columbia, 'It will not be enough if you give the 'suffrage to negroes who read and write; you will not in 'this way acquire the voting force which you need there for 'the protection of Unionists whether black or white.'

The coloured man has now been free for forty years, and in the opinion of the average Southern white has made

no progress whatsoever. This statement of the case is absolutely incorrect. It is true that the number of negroes who have risen to any eminence in public affairs is small. The following names might be mentioned. William Lewis of Louisiana, an officer in a coloured regiment; the late Blanche K. Bruce, United States Senator and afterwards the Registrar of the Treasury, a man of intelligence and integrity; Hiram R. Revels and J. R. Lynch, both Senators for Mississippi; Joseph F. Rainey, the first coloured member of the United States House of Representatives; among men of letters, Mr. P. Laurence Dunbar, Mr. Chesnutt, and Professor Du Bois; Mr. Booker T. Washington, the great educationist, and the late Frederick Douglass, United States Minister at Hayti. This famous orator fell into disfavour with his own race after his marriage to a white lady. Douglass married his second wife in the district of Columbia at a time when such a marriage was not legally criminal. The fact that a negro, who marries a white, instantly loses caste with his own community shows how groundless are the fears of the Southerners, who talk of the amalgamation of the white and black races as an awful possibility. Those who judge the condition of the negro solely by his political status are blind to the great progress made by many of that race commercially. In Georgia and Tennessee many negroes are accumulating property. It would be well if this were the case in every State.

In ante-bellum days the teaching of the blacks, whether they be 'bond or free,' was forbidden by law in the South. Negro education was begun in 1865 by the Freedman's Bureau. In 1900 the sum of six millions of dollars was expended on the separate coloured schools of the South. All attempts to eject the negro from his schools have hitherto failed, but the fact that such attempts should have been made is not creditable. In 1903 a Bill appropriating 3,500*l.* to a negro school was passed in the House of Representatives for Alabama by 41 to 39, after a sharp debate on the colour question. Mr. Booker Washington's school at Tuskegee was bitterly denounced by one member, but Mr. Verner had the courage to say, 'There is 'not a man upon the floor of this House that has not got 'money from the sweat of the negro's brow, who worked 'and toiled for him.'

The truth is the South needs the negro, and must retain him. The United States is a country of almost boundless wealth, and if the public mind were really satisfied of two

things, first, that the negro was willing to go, and that the South wished him to go, the transportation of six millions or more of negroes to Africa, Porto Rico, and the Philippines would only be a matter of time and finance. But the negro does not wish to go, and the South does not wish him to go. There is no doubt that the refusal of white men in the South to work with coloured men is a very real difficulty, but this difficulty is not lessened but magnified by appeals to colour-passion. Our own wish is that the whites of the Southern States were a little colour-blind. Southern gentlemen often speak of how during the war their fathers would join the Confederate army and leave their wives and daughters on their plantations alone in the midst of negroes and without white men. They refer with gratitude to the manner in which their slaves proved worthy of the trust reposed in them. The two following stories taken down from the mouths of eye-witnesses throw light on the negro character, and as they have not yet appeared in print, they may be given here.

In ante-bellum days a slave was equal to three fifths of a man from an electoral point of view. A white with five hundred blacks had three hundred votes in addition to his own. He also had to pay all fines incurred by his slaves. A slave of a Southern lady was continually being fined, the fines being paid by his mistress. 'If you make me pay another 'fine, I shall have to sell you,' she said to her slave. He did get into another scrape and the mistress told him she was going to sell him, but to a master who would be kind to him. The slave replied that if sold he would run away. He was sold and ran away. The mistress naturally thought that she would never see the runaway again. He enlisted in the Federal army, marched south, reached the town where his former mistress lived, stood as sentinel over her house, and so long as his regiment remained in that town guarded her from all harm.

Here is another story which proves that, even under the rule of the carpet-bagger, the negro (if not misled by white men) has good instincts. Two young Democrats, who have since reached the United States Senate and the State Bench, were prosecuting a negro for perjury. There was no doubt about the prisoner's guilt, but he was to be tried by a jury of negroes and by a judge who was a tool of the carpet-baggers. The jury followed the evidence and found their fellow-colour-man guilty. 'What!' exclaimed the white judge, 'you find the defendant guilty!' He then

ordered the Clerk of the Court to poll the jury, but each juror answered 'guilty.' 'Well,' said the judge, 'you 'are the —— fools I ever came across. I order another trial 'and the release of the defendant.'

While it is impossible to believe that emancipation, or even enfranchisement, can have changed so much for the worse the heart of the black, there can be no denying the fact that enfranchisement has driven a deep furrow between the white and the coloured man. Would that some poet of the South could write a poem to remind that warm-hearted, generous people that a negro is 'a man for a' that'! A Southerner will take to his own home his black 'Mammy' in her old age, and treat her with the tenderness of a son. Yet the same gentleman will see his black Mammy (provided she is not in his employment at the time) relegated to sit possibly with very rough fellows on the negro benches in a railway or tramway car.

'The Negro Problem' is a series of articles by representative American negroes of to-day. The contributors are Mr. Booker T. Washington, Professor Du Bois, Mr. Chesnutt, and others. All the articles are well written, some, such as 'The Talented Tenth,' are admirably written; but perhaps the most interesting to us is that on 'The Negro and the 'Law,' by Mr. Wilford H. Smith. The fifteenth amendment (to use the language of Chief Justice Waite, the then head of the Supreme Court of the United States) 'prevents the 'States or the United States from giving preference in this 'particular [*i.e.* the franchise] to one citizen of the United 'States over another on account of race, colour, or previous 'condition of servitude. Before its adoption this could be 'done.' We now know that this can still be done. We will go further back than Mr. Smith does. When the brave Northern soldier returned to his home on the close of the Civil War, he thought that he had heard the last of the State rights. He reckoned without the Supreme Court. So far back as 1873, in the Louisiana 'Slaughter-house 'Case,' the Supreme Court went far to confirm the doctrine of State Sovereignty. The Court held (Chief Justice Waite and three associates dissenting) that 'there is a citizenship 'of the United States and a citizenship of the State, each 'distinct from the other.' When in 1870 the question of admitting the States of Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas to Congress was before the Senate, Senator Morton said that their opposition to the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments was sad evidence of their purpose later to amend

their constitutions so as to strike down coloured suffrage. Senator Bayard, as the leading spokesman on the Democrat side, opposed the amendments as dangerous Federal encroachments, and declared that the regulation of the elective franchise, 'the power of all powers, that which underlies 'and creates all other powers' was the attribute of the States, and not of the Federal Government. In this debate is foreshadowed all that has since come to pass in the United States. The Supreme Court has on more than one occasion held that the elective franchise, 'the power of all powers,' is a State, and not a Federal matter. On March 1, 1875, Congress passed the 'Act to protect all citizens in their 'civil and legal rights.' The Supreme Court held that this salutary law was unconstitutional and void as applied to the States, but binding in the district of Columbia and the Territories. Thus the negro of the South finds himself ground between the millstones of the Supreme Court and of Congress. 'When we apply to Congress, Congress 'says, "It is a judicial question; go to the Supreme Court." 'When we apply to the Supreme Court, the Court says, "Go '"to Congress; it is a political question, we have no juris-'"diction."'

It is not the descendant of the slave-owner who treats negroes badly, but the poor whites, mainly foreigners, of whom there is now an ever-increasing number in the South. The condition of the negroes in the law courts of the Southern States goes from bad to worse. The negroes are not allowed to serve on the juries, but the poor whites serve and treat coloured testimony as of no account when it runs counter to their prejudices, in spite of the efforts on behalf of justice of such noble men as ex-Chief Justice Campbell of Mississippi, Chief Justice Garrett of Texas, and (Federal) Judge Jones of Alabama.

All sensible men agree with Mrs. Murphy and with Booker Washington that to work with your hands is to nobly serve your Maker, but the question that has become acute in the Southern States is how can a man, though coloured, best retain the fruits of his labour. Can any fair-minded man deny that the best security any class or colour in the United States possesses for receiving fair treatment is the possession of a vote? Unrepresented classes, whether white, yellow, or black, are always liable to be treated unfairly under labour laws, revenue laws, or some other laws. The negroes are themselves aware of this, and they do not accept their own exclusion from the polling booth as

a law as unalterable as that of gravitation. The Democrats are against the negro everywhere, because they are convinced—and with good reason—that wherever he is allowed to vote, he votes for the Republican candidate. This would be altered, if the negro could once associate the Democratic party with one act of justice to his race. A negro is no longer a slave in the South, but his position has in many respects changed for the worse. A fine, strong negro is no longer worth $2,000 and is no longer attended free by the best doctor that can be obtained. He has sunk from a chattel of value to a pariah of no account.

We approach with reluctance the subject of lynching, but to omit all reference to it would be to omit an important element in the Colour Question.

In the year 1903 there were 104 cases of lynching in the United States, of which only 12 had occurred north of the Ohio River. Of the 104 lynched men 86 were negroes, 17 whites, and one a Chinaman. Mississippi heads the list with 18.* Forty seven of the lynched men were coloured men charged with murder; 21 with rape or attempted rape. It is also probably true that hardly any of the victims of mob violence were innocent of the offence with which they were charged. But, after making all these admissions, it is none the less true that lynching is one of the gravest evils that threaten public life in America. It breeds a spirit of vengeance and lawlessness quite incompatible with civilised society and the Christian religion. It is denounced by every respectable paper, whether Democratic or Republican, throughout the country, and yet it is slightly on the increase. President Roosevelt, Judge Love, of the Delaware Supreme Court, Judge Brewer, of the Supreme Court, and the Governors of Louisiana and Mississippi have spoken out fearlessly on this vile thing. Still more satisfactory has been the example set to all cities of the Union by Danville, Illinois, where a dozen 'leading citizens' are now in prison. While in entire agreement with Judge Love that 'the law's delay' is no excuse for breaking the law, it is undeniable that the law's delay has caused much lynching. It must not be forgotten that the delay attending criminal appeals in the United States has grown to be a positive scandal. Three murderers executed last year in New York were punished for a crime which they had committed more than two and a half

* The 'Chicago Daily Tribune,' January 1, 1904.

years before. So far from the period of two and a half years being exceptional, the period of time between arrest and final judgement sometimes amounts to five or even six years. It is indeed fortunate for the State, if its law officers can ultimately convict a wealthy defendant, as by the time he is tried for the third time, the witnesses for the prosecution have either died or disappeared. In a well-known lynching case that took place at Wilmington, Delaware, the judge refused to accelerate the trial of a black scoundrel. His victim, the daughter of a clergyman, had died, and a crowd of 'leading citizens,' rather than suffer the law's delay, and being satisfied with the evidence, took the negro from prison and burnt him. While foreigners condemn lynching, they must not forget that it takes place only under the strongest provocation. This is shown by the fact that where, as in Texas, the judge is required to name an early day for the trial of a man charged with an offence against the person, and where the right to appeal has for that class of offences been greatly restricted, there is a very marked falling off in the number of these terrible offences and of the lynching that follows them.

What, then, is the conclusion of the whole matter? A Presidential candidate, who receives 239 electoral votes, enters the White House. Including Maryland, the Southern States have 159 electoral votes, and as the South is solidly Democratic, Judge Parker started in the contest with the enormous advantage of 159 votes over his opponent. This meant that he had only to secure eighty more electoral votes in the North and West to carry off the blue ribbon of American public life. The election of Judge Parker would have been due to the Democrats having driven a coach and four through the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. His return would have been the triumph of the minority over the majority. One instance of the injustice of the present voting system must suffice. There are fifteen members returned to Congress for the States of Mississippi and South Carolina. In 1900 these fifteen members were returned by 101,055 electors.

In the States of California and Minnesota over 580,000 electors return seventeen members to the House of Representatives, yet Mississippi and South Carolina have only two electoral votes less for the Presidency than California and Minnesota. California and Minnesota return no Democratic members to Congress; Mississippi and South Carolina no Republican members. Would the Liberal party in

England show the patience of Job, if every elector in Wales (who gave a Liberal vote) were disfranchised, with the result that Wales was represented in the House of Commons by a solid phalanx of Unionist members and thus maintained the Unionist party in office? Yet it is only by similar means that the Democratic party secure a solid vote in the South. They have gerrymandered the black voter off the register. In South Carolina and Mississippi there are more blacks than whites, but the whites only are represented by the vote given solid for the Democratic candidate. There can be no question but that if the Constitution were respected in the South, a large contingent of Republican Congressmen would be returned by the former Confederate States to Washington. No Democratic candidate for the Presidency could secure sufficient electoral votes in the North to secure his return, unless the South voted 'solidly 'Democratic,' and this means a South with votes in Congress conferred to include the negroes, but representing only the whites. The 'Evening Post' of New York, a paper independent in its politics, holds that the basis of representation in Congress is not only unlawful, but prejudicial to the best interests of the country. As long as the Republicans can carry both the Presidential and Congress elections in spite of the handicap which the solid South gives to their opponents, so long will the Republican party wink at much that goes on in the South. Should, however, the exclusion of the negro from the franchise in the South spell the exclusion of the white Republican from office at Washington, then the question would cease to be academical and become national. The enforcement of the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments would cease to be the fad of coteries, or a mere pious opinion of the 'Evening Post,' but would become a part of the accepted creed of the party of Lincoln and Roosevelt. There are two ways of solving the difficulty; one would be to disfranchise the blacks in the South and diminish the Southern representation in Congress proportionately. This would be stoutly resisted by the South, and would receive but lukewarm support in the North. 'The wise policy,' said Mr. Carnegie, speaking at the proceedings of the Armstrong Association in New York on February 12, 1904, 'seems obvious . . . an educational test 'for the suffrage should be adopted and strictly applied, 'applicable to white and black alike, for ignorance in the 'whites is deplorable.' Mr. Carnegie restricted his advocacy of an educational suffrage to the South, because in the

North 'the number of new citizens, who are not sufficiently 'informed, is relatively small.' We must confess that the enfranchisement of the educated black in the South is a question sufficiently difficult without complicating it by disfranchising the uneducated white. The bestowal of an educational franchise on all negroes in the States, and the drawing of no distinction between North and South, would ensure justice to the Southern black whilst causing the least irritation to the Southern white. The regulation of the elective franchise (so far as negroes are concerned) should no longer remain a State, but should become a Federal matter. In 1890 Senator Lodge (who was then a member of the House of Representatives) introduced a Bill into Congress making all matters relating to Federal elections subject to Federal control only. This Bill passed Congress, but was thrown out in the Senate.

To trench on State sovereignty is to a Southerner tantamount to touching the Ark of the Lord, but nothing short of this can secure justice to the coloured voters. The machinery of this educational franchise should be kept strictly in the hands of Federal officials, who should hold office for life, like English judges. One law on the negro franchise would then prevail in every State and Territory over which floats the Stars and Stripes.

Art. IV.—THE FALL OF THE DIRECTORY.

1. *L'Avènement de Buonaparte.* Par Albert Vandal. Vol. I. Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 1903.
2. *L'Europe et la Révolution Française.* Par A. Sorel. Vol. V. Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 1903.
3. *The Cambridge Modern History.* Vol. VIII. 'The French Revolution.' Cambridge University Press. 1904.
4. *Mallet du Pan and the French Revolution.* By Bernard Mallet. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1902.
5. *Correspondance inédite de Mallet du Pan avec la Cour de Vienne*, 1794–1798. By André Michel. Paris: Plon-Nourrit. 1884.

And other works.

In spite of the portentous body of literature which has grown up around the French Revolution, the world is only beginning to apprehend the truth about its leading events. The career of Napoleon has suffered in equal measure with the drama that preceded his advent.

M. Chuquet, in his three admirable volumes, has recently interpreted for us the young Napoleon. The publication of Gourgaud's journal has revealed the earlier years of the captivity of St. Helena. M. Vandal is now engaged in painting the true picture of his rise to political power, thus doubling the debt we already owed him for his masterly exposition of the circumstances attending the Treaty of Tilsit, and the consequences that flowed from it. The volume of the Cambridge History devoted to the French Revolution is in some respects admirable, but it demonstrates more clearly than its predecessors in the same series the difficulty of writing the history of the same epoch in sections, and assigning each section to a different hand. The events of the period of the Directory, for instance, are dealt with by three writers,* a method which greatly impedes a comprehensive survey of the whole, and contrasts unfavourably with the masterly manner in which the two French historians marshal events and unroll the story. We also think that the practice of giving long lists of books at the end, and avoiding all particular

* Messrs. Fortescue, Fisher and Rose; several pages of ch. xiii. by Mr. Macdonald ought to be included, which give an account of the Constitution of the year III, and the insurrection of Vendémiaire.

references to original authorities in the text, is one to be deprecated.

M. Vandal's narrative in no way clashes with M. Sorel's fifth volume, in which he traces the progress of events on the Continent during the Directory, and shows the intimate connection between the foreign policy of that body and the growing dissatisfaction of France with the system it represented. The result of their labours, supplemented by the invaluable compilations of M. Aulard, enables us to form at last a correct judgement upon the events culminating in the coup d'état of the 18th Brumaire, and the men responsible for it.

The fascinating pursuit of playing with analogies has been the cause of many wrong verdicts in historical matters. The 18th Brumaire is an event which seemed to many at the time, and for long after, a reproduction of Cromwell's expulsion of the 'Long Parliament.' In both cases a successful general marched his troops into a parliamentary assembly and ejected the legislature. But there the analogy comes to an end. Both men might advance excellent reasons for their action, but their reasons were not the same. Whatever judgement we may pass upon Bonaparte's conduct, there can be no longer any doubt that he was not acting merely as a military dictator strangling the liberties of France. He was, on the contrary, the representative and mandatory of the vast majority of thinking Frenchmen, and no historian can be found to-day to repeat Lanfrey's phrase about 'the despairing shriek 'uttered by Liberty in her agony,'* as the last representatives of the Council of 500 fled before the grenadiers, crying 'Vive la République!'

M. Vandal puts the right interpretation upon historical analogies when he tells us that we must ask of history 'instruction and examples, but never a model.'†

When the Directory had come to an end the Revolution had been in progress for ten years, but the enthusiasms of 1789 must have looked strange enough in the eyes of any judicial observer (if such could be found), when viewed in the light thrown on them by the events of the succeeding decade. So far as impartial observation was possible to man under the circumstances, it was found in Mallet du Pan, whose criticisms and warnings when read to-day seem

* Histoire de Napoléon Premier, vol. i. p. 475.

† Op. cit. Avant-Propos, p. 3.

at times more like the verdict of posterity than the observations of a contemporary.

Of all the criticisms passed by him upon the events of his time, none are so valuable as those embodied in his correspondence with the Court of Vienna, which extends from 1794 to 1798. His own life came to an end very shortly after the establishment of the Consulate, but he lived long enough to recognise the work of regeneration that had already been accomplished by Bonaparte. He gauged the state of feeling in France rightly then, as he gauged it rightly during the troubled years of the Directory. He saw that the majority of Frenchmen were thoroughly sick of Jacobinism and all its works, that they wished to rid themselves, not of the Revolution, but of the monstrous régime to which it had given birth, though they had no desire to return to the old one with all its abuses. They longed for quiet, order, and a cessation of proscription at home and of war abroad. In order to obtain this an honourable peace was necessary, and such a peace could only be won by a victorious general, who should, by some decisive stroke, consolidate the conquests of the past, and establish France once for all within those 'natural frontiers' which were claimed by the nation as necessary to her free developement. This was, of course, merely a return to the policy of Louis XIV. The revolutionary authority was, in fact, reproducing the aims of the legitimate despot, but Mallet du Pan warned his Royalist readers that to anticipate the return of legitimacy in the near future was an absurdity. Whatever chance there might have been of a restoration had been wrecked by the imbecility of the Royalists and their supporters abroad. He endeavoured to make clear to the Court of Vienna the ridiculous nature of the methods by which Europe was hoping to overthrow the existing régime in France; he stigmatised

'the obstinate notion of recovering France by miserable attacks in detail, by theatrical plots, by means of the Chouans, who are permitted to attack all who have not assumed the livery of Coblentz—the absence of all object, of all leadership, of any principle of concentration, the absurd idea that the nation will rise against its representatives to set up the old régime, the total ignorance of what is to be hoped or feared from the war, the constant neglect of all means of persuasion or of policy, the contrast so often experienced between operations from the exterior and events in the interior.'

As Mr. Bernard Mallet in his brilliant but judicious

monograph points out, Mallet du Pan and Burke took diametrically opposite views as to the tendency of French public opinion * and the possibility of a restoration. He says truly enough that a born republican like the former would not be likely to found an argument upon the danger of a republic as a neighbour, and further that Burke was wrong both before and after the Revolution as to French public opinion. He was blinded by his passion for legitimacy, and that passion also to a great extent affected the views of the British Government. The mistaken view entertained by the Directory and Napoleon afterwards, of the possibility of treating England and its Government as two separate entities, and of rousing the public opinion of the former against the latter, was as great as Burke's with regard to France. It was even more disastrous in its results, for Napoleon always failed to recognise that the war was a national one on our part. Whether or no it would have been possible to make peace with France in the early days of Bonaparte's rule may be a moot point. It was clearly not possible to effect a lasting peace, unless the Revolution with its consequences was to be frankly accepted, and that meant much more than a recognition of popular institutions in France—it also involved a complete change in the old boundaries of Continental States.

In declining at first to make peace on these terms England was affected by much the same considerations as those that had led her into war. There is no doubt that on the establishment of the Directory by the Constitution of September, 1795 (year III of the Republic), Pitt was prepared to make considerable sacrifices to obtain peace, but the incorporation of Belgium into the French Republic stood in the way, and when Malmesbury's demand for its restoration to Austria was rejected, his first abortive mission came to an end. The second in the following year failed because England refused to restore the Cape of Good Hope to Holland, which meant of course to France, the predominant partner in that alliance. Thus, though England no longer contested the right of France to select her own political system, the differences as to territorial readjustments kept the governments apart. Mr. Fortescue in his excellent chapter on the Directory in the Cambridge History rightly refers the failure of the attempt to make peace to the victory of the Jacobins over the Constitutionalists

* Op. cit. p. 244.

in the coup d'état of the 18th Fructidor. France never obtained such conditions again, and found herself saddled for two years more with anarchy at home and diminishing prestige abroad. The final victory of Jacobinism inevitably brought with it the necessity for a dictator to give order and peace. It might be said of the revolutionary system itself, as it has been said of the individual, 'être Jacobin 'est une maladie de croissance,' but the time for such extravagances had passed, for the Revolution itself created a class, a new *couche sociale*, in France, which was conservative by the very law of its existence. All those who had acquired property under revolutionary auspices now demanded security for what they had gained. It is no exaggeration to say that at the outbreak of the Revolution, the majority of Frenchmen had not enough to eat, but the truth was that certain localities, rather than certain classes, were wealthy and prosperous, while others starved, therefore with all the misery which it had undoubtedly involved, the Revolution had brought to the mass of the population certain solid gains which not even the prospect of settled government would induce them to jeopardise. By the dissolution of the old guilds, and the abolition of restraints on labour, many members of the class which works with its hands had been enabled to possess themselves of some material resources. They had become small shopkeepers or even employers on a limited scale. Then the liberation of inland trade and agriculture, the destruction of feudal rights, extinction of tithes, the 'corvée,' and taxes on navigation all helped to lighten the lot of the peasant, increased the general circulation of commodities, and made sustenance cheaper. If we take into consideration the large numbers of people who had acquired an interest in the land by the purchase of national property it is easy to understand how hopelessly those were misled who still persuaded themselves that a restoration of the old system was possible. As Mallet du Pan said with his keen insight into facts, 'the 'old régime has left behind it such a record that not even the 'Terror itself has been able to efface it.'

But though the old royalty and its surroundings was hateful to them, the newly emancipated classes found the methods of Jacobinism becoming hardly less hateful. The coup d'état of the 18th Fructidor proved the opening of a régime less bloody but more generally oppressive than the Terror itself, and in the final year of the Directory it had become unbearable. The anti-Christian animus which

distinguished, and still distinguishes, the Jacobin creed was allowed full scope for its manifestations. Although M. Taine has already brought out the revival of Catholicism throughout France at this time, there is still a good deal of loose thinking as to the part played by Napoleon in resuscitating the Roman Catholic religion as that of the whole nation. He in no way imposed the old faith upon the people. He adopted and employed for his own purposes religious practices that the mass of the population had already shown they would not be deprived of by the interference of the State. This desire ran counter to the wishes of the Directory as it stood constituted after the 18th Fructidor, and with the assistance of the two legislative bodies, the one subservient through fear, and the other entirely purged from the moderate element, it had proceeded to pass laws which made the practice of the Roman cult practically impossible. The revival of the faith in France between 1795-97 is one of the most remarkable examples in history of the futility of attempts to root out an historic creed by legislation enforced by persecution. The lesson was lost on the Directors, but is all the more instructive in that the Church in France had been closely identified with the old régime which had perished without regrets and had no hold upon the popular imagination. The risings in the West that had so gravely menaced the Revolution for a time were due far more to loyalty towards the old religion than to any great affection for the Crown. It is improbable that the revolt would ever have gathered serious proportions had the rulers of France let the priests alone.

After the Constituent Assembly came to an end, and the Constitution of the year III had introduced a régime which gave promise of a more lenient application of the revolutionary dogmas, an extraordinary awakening of religion became apparent in many parts of the country. The priests who had remained hidden in France itself or had taken refuge abroad began to reappear by hundreds and celebrated almost without concealment the sacred mysteries. But after the 18th Fructidor the victors made a supreme effort to suppress Catholicism altogether. They struck at the faith through its priests. A decree was passed by the Legislature on the day following the coup d'état that any priests found in France might be deported by the mere warrants of the Directors. Any reason, however frivolous, was enough to justify their issue. Within less than two

years nearly 10,000 of such warrants, which were practically lettres de cachet, were launched; more than 1,700 of these applied to French priests, the rest were used in Belgium. The larger part of these unfortunates escaped actual arrest, but they passed a miserable existence as wanderers and fugitives from justice. Those ecclesiastics who were not actually subject to arrest under this law found themselves exposed to another which obliged them to take an oath of obedience to the Constitution of 1795, and of abjuration of royalty. A few took the oath, but the greater number abandoned their churches again and became practically outlaws. Yet a third mode of persecution struck not only at the ecclesiastic but also at his congregation. For Jacobinism was not only a political faith which persecuted its opponents, it also embodied a religion which was trying to establish itself in opposition to the old creed. The law establishing the 'Décadi' to take the place of the Sunday was enforced by the public authorities, and the churches every tenth day were given over to the official celebrations. Religious emblems were removed or concealed. The 'autel 'de la patrie' took the place of the high altar, which was relegated to the recesses of the chancel. In many parts of France religious services were only permitted to be held on the Décadi, and then only at certain inconvenient hours before or after the official celebrations. The most trivial and ridiculous occasions were taken to brand or condemn everything even referring to Christian observances. Fishmongers were punished for exposing an extra quantity of fish on Fridays, gardeners who refused to carry their produce to the market on Sunday were prosecuted. The non-observance of the Décadi was visited as severely on the offender by the Revolutionary Government as the violation of the Sunday was by the strictest English Puritanism of the seventeenth century.

Had the Directory merely tried to establish a cult of patriotism without interfering with established beliefs, they might possibly have effected some good. The grave error lay in setting it up against Christianity and entering into a fight to the death with popular customs, a battle which the Church herself had wisely evaded in primitive times by adapting to her own purposes the festivals of paganism.

Thus, though belief was nominally free, the individual had no religious liberty, his own movements were seriously fettered by the existence of the émigrés list on which he might find himself placed at any moment were he quitting his

domicile even for a short time. The slightest suspicion was enough to warrant this, in fact petty persecution was so widely spread and so aggravating in its effects that men who had lived through the Terror were leaving France rather than endure the less fatal but more penetrating inquisitions of the Directory.

If the individual found his life unendurable through the petty annoyances continually inflicted upon him by the Government, he descried little consolation in the condition of his country. The highways were infested by brigands who defined the grounds of their atrocities in political terms. The West was still in revolt and the Treasury depleted. In May 1797 the State practically committed an act of bankruptcy by demonetising all the assignats and mandats in the hands of the public. It is unnecessary to dwell on the general suffering caused by this action, though of course neither of these issues were of their full face value at the time, or anything approaching it. When the mandats had been issued a year earlier, 100 francs in assignats were only worth 18 francs in coin. By September 10th, 1796, the mandats had fallen to 5 per cent. of their face value and gradually fell to 1 per cent. A full account of revolutionary finance succinctly treated will be found in Mr. Higgs' chapter in the Cambridge History, one of the ablest and most useful in a work of very unequal merit. That gentleman has performed a real service to students in marshalling all the facts relating to those matters; for the Revolution both in its inception and progress is almost incomprehensible without some knowledge of the economic and financial condition of the country. Indeed we may go farther and say that the subsequent history of France has been widely influenced by it, for many financial acts of the Revolutionary Government became the foundations on which the public economy still stands. But there was one financial measure of the time to which special attention must be directed if the intense unpopularity of the Directory towards the end of its career is to be clearly understood. This was the 'forced loan' which alienated from the existing régime all the moneyed classes. Directly the imposition of the loan was decreed all those who had any reason to anticipate that they would become its victims reduced their style of living and withdrew their money from circulation. The decree was passed by the Assembly of 500 on 10th Messidor, 1799 (June 28) and by 1st Thermidor (July 19) we find the newspapers recording that 'There is no longer any business doing

'on the Bourse in Paris. Every day money becomes tighter.'* Nobody could be found to purchase public funds and a regular panic set in among merchants, bankers and financiers generally. Many fled to those limited territories in Europe with which the Republic was not at war. The discussions in the Assembly with regard to the collection of the loan increased the alarm day by day, which the final arrangements fully justified; for, the Legislature being fully aware of the difficulty of ascertaining the proper amounts subject to taxation in each case, owing to the methods of concealment adopted, a plan of purely arbitrary spoliation was devised. The assessment of the amount to be payable by the well-to-do was left to a jury consisting of the administration of the locality assisted by a certain number of citizens relieved by their absence of means from liability to the tax. These men were by the terms of the law enjoined to value 'in their 'mind and conscience the fortune of those who by their 'enterprises, contracts, or speculations shall have acquired a 'fortune not sufficiently taxed on the basis already adopted.' Probably in the whole history of spoliatory legislation an equally gross instance of plunder by government of the taxpayer is not recorded. The contributions of the rich were to be assessed by the arbitrary decision of their less fortunate neighbours. And it must be remembered that the only security for the repayment of this forced loan was a charge on the proceeds of national property which had already so gravely depreciated in value as to be almost worthless. But in the end the law failed entirely to accomplish the purposes its framers designed, it brought into the Treasury barely one half of the 100 millions voted, the wealthy class of contractors and speculators against whom it was chiefly directed escaped by corruption, evasion, or open defiance, while the people with small or moderate incomes suffered, and with them suffered the trade of the whole country.

Two further legislative acts completed the universal unpopularity of the Jacobin régime. The law of hostages, which applied to twelve departments in the West, and was afterwards extended to certain portions of the South, enjoined upon the local administrations to designate as hostages certain persons related to émigrés or to their sympathisers. They were to constitute themselves prisoners within ten days, and for every functionary, purchaser of national

* Quoted by Vandal, op. cit. p. 197.

property, 'defender of the fatherland,' his father, mother, wife, or children, murdered, or kidnapped, four of these unfortunates were to be deported and their property confiscated, in addition to the payment of a heavy fine by all the hostages together. The effect of this iniquitous decree was to further increase the disaffection of those parts of the country already disaffected, and to alarm and disgust the rest. The law calling up for the national defence all classes of conscripts put the finishing stroke to the disordered state of the nation. In many departments the recruits refused to appear, they hid themselves, resisted with violence, or took to brigandage. The least refractory districts proved to be the old frontiers of monarchical France, the French Ardennes, the Messin, Lorraine, and Alsace; while those round Paris were among the least obedient, which helped to render more unsafe than before the approaches to the capital.

While affairs in France itself were in this state of anarchy and disorder during the last years of the Directory, that body had conducted their foreign policy so as to make the name of the Republic hateful abroad. The view entertained by them of the rights of foreign nations may be estimated by remembering the dictum of Merlin in 1795.

> 'It is to the interest of the Republic that the Belgians and the people of Liège should only be free and independent in so far as they may be French. The French Republic could and ought to either hold by right of conquest, or acquire by treaty, those countries which suit its convenience without asking leave of their inhabitants.' *

It is true that this spirit did not disappear with the Directory, for the arrogance that animated the Jacobins in their conquests lived on in their successors; but the consequence was seen at once before the Directory fell, and directly misfortune overtook the armies of France, for the yoke imposed by the revolutionaries upon the people they professed to free had become a hundredfold more onerous than any which they had endured before. The pressure of an armed force once removed, they revolted. No attempt had been honestly made to govern the 'liberated' peoples on the lines of their national sentiment. Accordingly we find the newly constituted republics in Italy, Cisalpine,

* Quoted by Sorel, op. cit. p. 23.

Cispadane, Ligurian, and Parthenopæan, treated as conquered foes, and subject to the continual exactions of the conquerors. The same was true of Switzerland—where Rapinat's system of plunder justified the well-known epigram that played upon his name—of Holland and of Belgium. 'Holland,' writes La Revellière Lépeaux in the autumn of 1798, 'has become again that which it was 'formerly in effect, an English province.'

We might have expected to find in Italy a people supposed to have a natural affinity with France and where the triumphs of Bonaparte had been welcomed with rapture, either a more docile subject or more favoured offspring; but the difficulties of the French Government proved more serious south of the Alps than in the regions bordering on the Rhine. It soon became only too evident that it was impossible to govern the new republics except through their worst elements. The moderate parties were always in a contemptible minority, they enjoyed no authority, and they were hostile to the Directory from the very fact that they were moderate. The peasantry, on the other hand, were fanatical Catholics, no assistance was to be obtained from them. There remained nothing to hope from any party but the Jacobins, and these men, like their prototypes in France herself, were little disposed to admit any interference with their own designs. But in one essential point they differed widely from the Jacobins in France. Far from looking upon authority and central control as a necessity to the community, they resented it; born conspirators, 'they could neither govern 'nor be governed.' The immediate consequences were anarchy at home and a constant state of conflict with the neighbouring Italian states. It almost seemed as if the Italy of Dante's day were to be reproduced. Not only were these newly liberated communities at perpetual strife with one another, but the old rivalry of families and parties awoke within their own confines and all alike became hostile to the foreigner who attempted to exercise some kind of control. On the other hand, like all bigoted votaries of a narrow creed, the Jacobins in Paris were perfectly incapable of understanding the feelings or the point of view of foreigners. The Directors attributed the failures that were really due to their own want of sympathy with the subject peoples to the faults of their agents. In consequence they continually changed the latter, who in turn vented their ill humour in abuse of the government

in Paris, while they made haste, during a term of office which they knew would be brief, to fill their pockets with all the plunder they could amass. Italy became a dissolving view of anarchy and confusion, and the ill success which attended the army of France in a land where their victories had been the most brilliant, did more to discredit the existing régime with Frenchmen than its crimes and follies at home.

As a matter of fact the failure of the Directory in Italy may also be traced to causes inherent in the political situation. France, from the point of view of her own interest, could not encourage the only party in that country which desired logically to carry out what the French revolutionaries professed when setting up republics in place of the old governments. A strong body of opinion was growing up in favour of a united Italy. This party the French authorities pursued with hostility more bitter than that with which they visited any other. Had they been really disinterested in their efforts at liberation, they would have perceived that to bind the whole country together under one system of free government would be the surest way to lead Italy to work out her own salvation. Thus her freedom might have been established on so secure a basis as to make any lapse to foreign servitude improbable. Had the French Government acted in that spirit it might have proved extremely hazardous for monarchical Europe to try to undo the work so undertaken and carried out. Unfortunately if any credit were due to the original liberators of Italy, it was sacrificed to calculations of their own political advantage. The exactions and misgovernment of her agents might have been forgiven had the authorities in France encouraged the struggling flame of Italian nationality. But the Directory alone was not to blame. The most clear-sighted of French diplomatists encouraged it in its determination to take a contrary line. In a report to the Directory, dated July 19, 1798, Talleyrand had pointed out that

'the interest of the Republic is above all to nullify all the efforts which may tend to combine the Italian republics in a single state, and as there is no doubt that a party exists violently bent on this design, the agents of the Republic have orders to combat it. Such a [Italian] republic would become too powerful for France not to have to dread that she would soon forget the benefits of her creation and would wish to become the rival of the Mother Republic. It was long ago said that "gratitude is not the virtue of peoples." We

ought to guard ourselves from bringing into existence an unthankful but too powerful neighbour.'*

The advice of Talleyrand, then Foreign Minister, who, however, registered rather than counselled the decisions of the Directory, tallied only too well with the personal leanings of his masters. They neither conciliated nor controlled the States they had called into being and had no sentimental ties to fall back upon when they had once suffered defeat. France, at a later epoch, had to learn once again this obvious lesson, that if the State that acts as liberator wishes to reap the fruit of its efforts, it must carry out its crusade without allowing motives of self-interest to intervene.

Not content with opposing the national aspirations of the Italians towards unity, the French Government had done its best to array against itself all classes in that country, which after the continued exactions of the last few years could no longer afford to support its conquerors. Patriotic sentiment was wounded by the merciless fashion in which the art collections were ransacked in order to adorn the Parisian galleries, while the religious fanaticism of the population was inflamed by the plunder of churches and the persecution of priests. The whole situation of the French in Italy was succinctly summed up by Haller, the commissary of the forces in Italy, who wrote in November 1798: 'If war begins again we shall invade 'Naples, but we cannot maintain ourselves there. The 'first reverse we sustain will be the signal for a general 'rising against the French and the occasion of their ex-'pulsion from the whole of Italy.' This prediction had proved correct in every point, till by the autumn of 1799 the republican constitutions had disappeared everywhere with the French armies, and Suvorof had swept over the north of the Peninsula to Turin. On August 15, Joubert was defeated and slain at Novi, and the results of Bonaparte's conquests seemed to have vanished for ever from the map of Europe.

Such was the situation of France at home and abroad six months after the opening of the war with the Second Coalition, when the Directory was reorganised by the election of Sieyès in the place of Rewbel, who retired by ballot on May 9: his colleagues were Barras, Merlin,

* Rapport du 10me Juillet, 1798, quoted by Parrain, 'Le Ministère de Talleyrand sous le Directoire.'

Trielhard, and La Revellière Lépeaux. In the following month by the coup d'état of 30th Prairial (June 18) the three last gave place to Gohier, Moulins, and Roger Ducos. In the previous March the one third of the Council of 500 had been renewed in accordance with the constitution, and the Jacobins had returned to that Assembly greatly strengthened in numbers, principally from the south of France. These men had received election less by parading extreme revolutionary opinions than by announcing themselves in opposition to the extremely unpopular government of the Directors. The idea of a constitutional opposition which aims at a change of men and of policy without changing the form of the government itself, was a lesson of parliamentary government not then learned in France, if indeed it has been learned to-day, which would seem to the foreign observer to be doubtful.

Sieyes returned from his mission to Berlin, where he had been endeavouring to win over Frederick William III. to an active alliance with France, determined to effect a change in the government, and to evolve order out of anarchy. His previous career did not prepare the world for the activity and courage which he was to display. The speculative theorist became a conspirator and a man of action. The knowledge which has come from the publication of more original materials for forming a judgement, bids us recognise the hand of Talleyrand in many manœuvres that were formerly obscure. Some weeks before Bonaparte came upon the scene the attack had been contemplated and the approaches begun. He was the weapon placed by Destiny in the hands of the reformers, but he was not the weapon they originally chose, nor was the issue of the coup d'état by any means what they had designed. They saw the necessity for a military movement; for, in accordance with the majority of Frenchmen, they desired to see the Jacobin rule overthrown, but were no less desirous of consolidating the position of France within her 'natural boundaries.'

Sieyes, who now took the lead, was a man without large ideas. He was a believer in the letter and not in the spirit. As has been truly said, he hated the aristocracy because he was not a noble, and the Church because he was not an archbishop. Never having been called upon hitherto to direct the national policy, his reputation was due to the mystery in which he had enshrouded himself. He was known as an expert in the framing of elaborate constitutional

devices, and the inventor of a few epigrams which had on two or three occasions illumined a crisis with the necessary word. It is not quite easy to understand what plan he had in mind when he returned to Paris, but it seems probable that he was prepared for a monarchical restoration, with restrictions, not under the elder branch of the banished family, but under some member of the younger stock. At one time he seems to have thought of a German prince.* In any case we have it on the authority of a letter from Lafayette to Maubourg that Sieyès consented to the re-establishment, if necessary, of royalty; Talleyrand on his part was working towards the same end, but his vision was clear enough to penetrate at once to the bedrock of fact that underlay the desire of France for a saviour, viz. that she was still 'infatuated with the revolutionary 'doctrines.' He therefore, with immeasurably deeper insight than Sieyès, saw that not only must a successful soldier be found to take the lead, but that he must be such a man as could himself play the part of 'a temporary king,' who could reaccustom France 'to monarchical discipline.' He has left it on record that he recognised at once that man in Bonaparte.†

Talleyrand had retired from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs probably in order that he might have no further official connection with the Directory, now hopelessly discredited, nominally because of the attacks to which he was continually exposed on the part of the Jacobins. In any case he was more free than before to intrigue quietly on behalf of Sieyès and his party.

In the state of affairs that now existed in France a purely political revolution was impossible. On whichever side it intervened the support of the army was necessary. That had been clearly demonstrated by the coup d'état of 18th Fructidor. Since then the position of the army had become stronger than before. Without the army the moderate majority in 1797 had found itself incapable of effecting anything and it had been scattered to the four winds by Augereau's grenadiers. All power lay in the hands of the soldiers because all respect for the civilian authorities had disappeared. For two other reasons the army was indispensable. In the first place a successful general alone was capable of obtaining for France such a peace as she

* Mémoires de Fouché, vol. i. pp. 70, 71.

† Mémoires de Talleyrand, vol. i. p. 275.

would consent to accept. Few Frenchmen at that time would have been satisfied with a peace which did not leave France in possession of the left bank of the Rhine, with Holland and Switzerland dependent upon her, and the North of Italy either directly subject or converted again into sister republics. With the exception of the financiers, who wanted peace at any price, and Talleyrand, whose foresight taught him better, no one would have been satisfied with less than the left bank of the Rhine at least. Talleyrand knew what this national ambition involved for France; within it lay the germ of fifteen years' war, and it did not reach its final solution till it had overthrown another Napoleon, and left France dismembered. The policy of the 'natural limits' was the legacy of the Convention which had decreed it on 13th Fructidor, 1795 (August 30), but it was in truth no less the legacy of the old monarchy. Its acceptance by the nation led to the inevitable coalition of Europe against the Revolution and Napoleon, as it had led before to the coalition against Louis XIV.

In the second place by this time the practical energy of France had been absorbed by the army. It had now been engaged in constant warfare for seven years while its chiefs had found themselves acting as the rulers of conquered territories in half the countries of Europe. They had acquired in the course of a score of successful campaigns, followed by the occupation of foreign capitals as the guardians of a new order, a settled contempt for the civilians who were muddling affairs in Paris. The soldiers of 1799 were no longer the same in spirit as those who had rushed without discipline or experience to defend the frontiers in 1792 or in later years had poured into the neighbouring lands full of republican zeal and inspired with a genuine, if ignorant, desire to spread the cause of freedom and promote the enfranchisement of mankind. They were, it is true, no less convinced of the reality of their mission, but their convictions were now seasoned with contempt for other peoples, the fruit of constant victory, and the true Jacobin incapacity for understanding any other nation's prejudices and beliefs. As M. Sorel points out in an eloquent passage, the prevailing element in the character of the French soldier by that time was pride. By 1799 the army represented for the vast majority of its members no longer a momentary duty but the profession of a life. The account of the French army in Italy, which may be read in the first chapter of Stendhal's 'Chartreuse de Parme,' gives a vivid picture of that strange

episode in international history, and paints in a few convincing passages the baffling mixture of enthusiasm and rapacity of brutality and kindliness, of callousness and heroism which distinguished the most brilliant crusade of the Revolution. Never was a weapon better tempered for the hand of a master than the armies of the Republic in 1799 and never in history was the occasion more propitious for the advent of a dictator. We may go further and say that no dictator ever rose to power in circumstances less invidious for his own reputation.

We have already sketched the condition to which the revolutionary rule had reduced France and the republics that she had set up round her frontiers. To say that the man who undertook the overthrow of that régime and inaugurated a system of law and order in its place was a usurper or a tyrant, who throttled the liberties of his country, is absurd. M. Vandal writes with truth that to blame Bonaparte for not setting up free institutions may be right, but to accuse him of destroying freedom is contrary to the facts.

It may be that destiny could not have been balked and that his genius would in any case have raised him to the head of affairs, but it was chance that brought him in at the psychological moment. Had Hoche lived, his might have been the hand to deal the fatal blow to the Jacobin junta. Hoche, too, in his dealings with La Vendée had shown more than the makings of a statesman, but Hoche had died two years earlier. Bernadotte was known to have Jacobin leanings and had lately been dismissed from the Ministry of War, neither had he shown capacity for taking a strong line in any direction. Augereau, who had carried out the coup d'état of 18th Fructidor, was nothing but a swaggering trooper, and Moreau * was irresolute and without political initiative. The hopes of Sieyès had centred in Joubert, Bonaparte being in Syria and his fate uncertain; but Joubert, who was to have rivalled him in a new Italian campaign, failed disastrously and perished on the field. 'Why is not your brother here?' said Sieyès to Lucien Bonaparte. 'We have no sword to hand.' On September 20 the Directory wrote to Napoleon, 'Le Directoire vous 'attend, vous et vos braves soldats.' On October 5 a bulletin

* Moreau was actually in consultation with Sieyès when Bonaparte's landing was announced; he immediately indicated his wish to retire in his favour.

was published from him announcing the victory of Aboukir, and on the 13th the Directory learned that he had landed at Saint-Raphael on the 9th, having left Egypt forty-seven days before on the frigate 'Muiron,' touching at Ajaccio on the way. He was accompanied by a few generals (among them Berthier, Lannes, and Marmont) and two savants, but without his army. His journey to Paris was a triumphal progress. Marbot tells us how, when on his way to the South with his father, who was taking up a command in Italy, they met Bonaparte at Lyons; how the postilions' hats were decked with tricolour ribbons and flags were hanging from the windows, while the crowds blocked the streets and danced in the public squares, crying 'Vive 'Bonaparte, qui vient sauver la patrie!'* The reception at Lyons was typical of the whole route. He represented to all men peace and order, the invader turned back from the frontier and the Revolution triumphant but quiescent, settling down to enjoy at length the reward of a thousand toils. It is easy to account for the longing throughout France for a strong hand to take the reins of the State, but it is not altogether easy to account for the extraordinary concentration of men's thoughts upon Bonaparte, before his reappearance in France. When he was in Paris after the Italian campaign, he was acutely conscious of the fact that he was not master of the situation. He soon perceived that he was only the lion of the day. 'They have only to see 'me three times at the play to tire of me. They would run 'after me just as eagerly if I were on my way to the 'scaffold. If I remain long without doing anything I am 'done for,' he said. Mallet du Pan was not exaggerating much when he wrote, 'Ce Scaramouche à tête sulfureuse n'a 'eu qu'un succès de curiosité,' but he lacked the gift of prophecy when he went on to predict, 'C'est un homme fini, 'décidément fini.'

Napoleon had taken the command of the army that was to have invaded England, and then that of the Egyptian expedition when he found that there was no rôle for him at home for the present, but he had long ago passed judgement upon the men that governed France and their methods. When at the palace of Mombello he criticised them without mercy, and definitively recorded his contempt for the theories of Jacobinism. 'Do you think,' he said, 'that I triumph 'in Italy in order to build up the grandeur of these

* Mémoires de Marbot, vol. i. p. 45.

'gentlemen of the long robe in the Directory, of people like 'Carnot and Barras?' In the words of a diplomatist who saw him then, 'he was no longer the general of a triumphant 'republic, he was a conqueror on his own account.'* In sending him to Egypt, the Directory hoped to get rid of this dangerous competitor quite as much as to give check to the English. For a time they seemed to have succeeded only too well, and Bonaparte himself, with the seas blocked by the English fleets, had few communications with Paris; the tales of frequent messages arriving from his brother Joseph are probably greatly exaggerated, if not quite untrue. He had received only two or three despatches from the Directory during his absence. On reading the packet of papers sent him by Sir Sydney Smith on August 2, on the occasion of an exchange of prisoners, he had made up his mind to return at once. Doubtless the popular welcome he received was due to a certain extent to the halo of romance which surrounded him, to the victories in legendary countries, where he appeared like a crusading hero, following on the astonishing campaign in Italy. But his name was significant of more than that. Other generals had gained battles, if not so many. Massena, Soult and Brune had just won most opportune successes, but they only served to awaken the nation to a sense of the importance of Bonaparte's return, for he had already shown himself, not only a successful general, but the framer of a great peace. It was not his fault if the promise of Campo Formio had been falsified. He would win more battles and make another treaty that would settle the position of France, and secure the fruits of the Revolution, bringing the Revolution itself to an end.† It must also be remembered that he had already shown himself a brilliant administrator, setting in order the turbulent States of Italy, and dealing justice with an even hand to Jacobins and their opponents alike. Here again his work had been undone by the ineptitude of his successors and the crimes of the Directory, but that only enhanced the splendour of his own career, and confirmed the belief that he came to give the coup de grâce to the effete and tottering oligarchy in Paris.

With the knowledge of the circumstances that we have now obtained, we may, without hesitation, pass judgement upon Napoleon's rôle at this juncture. There can be little

* Quoted by Sorel, op. cit. p. 17.

† Cf. the bulletin of the Staff Office, quoted by Vandal, p. 237.

doubt that his own mind was already made up, the only question was the means he should employ. He seems to have hesitated at first as to which party he should espouse, but his hesitation could not have been long, if it ever at all hampered his action, for he had already come to the conclusion that the Jacobins had played their part. There is on record a curious and characteristic confidence made to Berlier, a former member of the Committee of the year III, after the 18th Brumaire: 'Il y a de bons Jacobins et 'il en a existé à une époque où tout homme ayant l'âme 'un peu élevée devait l'être; je l'ai été moi-même comme 'vous.' This was not merely an apophthegm thrown out to dazzle or sooth his interlocutor, but a practical piece of political philosophy. The nature of the popular welcome must have taught him, if such instruction was wanted, that above all France desired to rid herself of Jacobin supremacy, and that she looked to him as the saviour arriving at the very moment when his apparition was most ardently desired.

His earliest proceedings in Paris were marked by the astuteness and finesse which had already distinguished his political methods. Cobentzel, steeped in all the disingenuous methods of Austrian diplomacy and accustomed for years to tortuous intrigues, had found in him more than a match during the negotiations which led to Campo Formio. The characteristics which he shares with the great intellects of the Italian Renaissance, and which led Taine to over-generalise him into a Cæsar Borgia on a large scale, were necessary and justifiable weapons in the dark and dangerous game he was about to play. The enemies he had to encounter and the rivals he was to surpass were not men to hesitate for a scruple. 'Nella chiesa co' santi, ed in taverna co' 'ghiottoni.' The same indulgence must be accorded to him when the salvation of the country was at stake that we grant to Elizabeth or Cæsar. We believe, if that test be applied, that he has a right to claim from history that at this period of his career the steps he took and the aims which he followed can be justified on the ground of his country's necessities and the absolute obligation which was incumbent upon someone to establish settled government and secure peace by the strong hand. When we remember that even so clear-sighted and impartial an observer, so sober a lover of freedom as Walter Bagehot,* found much to excuse in the coup d'état of Louis Napoleon, the

* Cf. his Letters on the Coup d'Etat of 1851.

world may be asked without extravagance to revise its judgement upon the events of 1799.

Whatever his public action may have been, Napoleon's relations with his own family at this epoch do him nothing but credit. Josephine, whose conduct during his absence in Egypt not only invited but almost demanded strong measures, went to Dijon to meet him, but he took another road and fell in with his brothers Joseph and Lucien instead. In spite of all that they urged, not it must be admitted without reason, he refused to contemplate divorce and forgave where no one would have censured severity. That the Bonaparte family were by this time all established in good positions, the daughters well married, one son an ex-ambassador, another President of the Council of 500, and all in affluent circumstances was entirely the doing of Napoleon. It is true they were all possessed of ability, the rôle of Lucien in the coming crisis was almost a leading one, but, without the prestige of the conqueror they would certainly never have risen as a clan much above mediocrity. Gratitude they never felt or displayed; even at this time Lucien thought himself, as the successful orator and politician, a greater man than Napoleon. On the other hand, it is clear that the latter honestly believed that his own family were as fit to fill any places but the highest as he to fill the highest itself. After all it is difficult to reprimand the affection of Napoleon for his own relatives without appearing to censure modern instances of a similar tendency. Surely we may attribute to him without undue indulgence at least as excusable a conviction of the abilities of his own family as that entertained by other rulers who have also had the opportunity of translating their convictions into practice.*

Napoleon, on his arrival in the capital, remembering his previous experience, did not give the Parisian crowd the opportunity of seeing him too often. He paid the proper number of visits to the proper places as indicated by his position; among others to the Invalides and to the rendezvous of the garrison officers. He showed the same discretion with regard to politicians. It is a mistake to suppose that he was regarded with dislike and suspicion by all the Jacobins. Jourdan assured those who were suspicious that he was sure of his man. He got little satisfaction, however, out of a personal interview except individual

* For the relations between Napoleon and his own family at this time, see Masson's 'Napoléon et sa famille,' vol. i. chaps. 5, 6.

attention, to which he proved amenable. The more persistent civilities lavished upon Bernadotte met with no direct response. Even his wife, who was an ardent supporter of the Moderates, could draw him into no promise of supporting Bonaparte's plans. In fact there was no universal movement on the side of the army and its leaders. This was in truth the crux of the situation, and differentiates it widely from the circumstances which attended the dissolution of the Long Parliament by Cromwell. The sympathies even of that small portion of the army* which was in Paris at the time were not assured as a whole till the last moment. As for the forces upon the frontiers, had Bonaparte not displayed consummate political tact during his first months of civil power, and had his rule not been marked by every quality that the crisis demanded, France might well have seen a repetition of the struggles between rival armies which marked the brief and bloody reigns of Nero's successors, when one year gave four emperors to the Roman world.

What the Jacobin party at the time objected to was not a coup d'état, but they demanded that it should be made on their behalf. They still entertained the conviction that 'the people' in the capital was on their side. We have shown above how wide a difference the Revolution had created between the working men of 1799 and ten years earlier, and how large numbers of them had acquired by this time a settled position and a small competence. All these men and their families, most of whom had supported the early and violent days of Revolution, now asked for peace and order. Therefore, the Jacobins now found support in the lowest quarters alone, dangerous enough, it is true, if the cause was winning or the army restive. But even with this class Napoleon was not unpopular. He was for them still 'le 'général Vendémiaire.' Had he not swept away the reactionary sections at the command of Barras?—and Barras was still a Director. There was nothing to indicate to them that the two would not act in unison once again. The real danger for Napoleon and the reformers lay in the possible action of three members of the Directory and the Assembly of 500. One new member of the Directory, Roger Ducos, was by this time a pronounced partisan of reform, not because he was honestly a believer in anything except success, but he did believe that Sieyès and his party would win. Gohier and Moulins, as Mr. Fisher says in his

* About 7,000 men.

admirable chapter* in the Cambridge History, 'were at 'once too stupid and too loyal to enter into his plans.' Fortunately their stupidity balanced their loyalty to the body of which they had at the last moment become members. The 'Anciens,' the Second Chamber, consisting of 250 members chosen originally from the members of the 500, were ready to assist Sieyès and the Moderates, but they were timid and wanted careful leading.

It would seem that Napoleon's first idea was to have himself elected a member of the Directory and thus to carry out his work of reform from a strictly constitutional standpoint. Had he effected his purpose in this manner, he must have evaded the law, though the evasion would have been trifling, for being only thirty, he must have violated the provision of the Constitution of the year III which limited the Directorship to men of forty. He soon, however, abandoned this plan and determined to act as the mandatory of France and of the Moderates within the Government with the certainty of becoming the master when the blow had once been dealt.

He hesitated at first as to which Director he should act with, and thought that something might be done with Barras. That was an idea soon dispelled. Napoleon's judgement of Barras is recorded in Gourgaud's Journal.† 'Barras avait une certaine finesse révolutionnaire, ne faisant 'connaître ses opinions qu'après l'évènement. Il était 'extrêmement faux, serrant la main à des gens qu'il aurait 'volontiers poignardés. Il paraît que cette fausseté est bien 'utile dans les factions.' It had certainly proved so to Barras, who was the only original member of the Directory surviving in his place in 1799. Though his moral corruption was conspicuous at an epoch when morality was barely existent in Parisian society, this *déclassé* noble still preserved the manners of his caste, and he had been the only Director who could bear himself with ease and dignity in a salon or could do the honours of the Luxembourg in the manner of the old régime. But Barras soon betrayed his incapacity to grasp the difference wrought by time in the relative positions of his former protégé and himself. He invited Napoleon to dinner and with fatal gaucherie intimated that the soldier was to enjoy a free hand in the field with the prospect of unlimited military glory, but that he was to

* P. 669.

† Gourgaud, 'Journal de Sainte-Hélène,' vol. i. p. 467.

control the State. After this, Barras' chance was gone. To suppose that the young general, who had already proved his own immense capacity for administration and saw in himself the destined saviour of the French polity from the incapacity and corruption of the Directory, should contemplate risking his own future in order to spend his life in the camp and leave France and his own conquests in the hands of the most corrupt and venal of the whole gang from whom he was determined to save her, was indeed to misapprehend the position past forgiveness. Barras tried to retrieve his error, but in vain. Thus Sieyès and Napoleon became accomplices by the inevitable force of circumstances. But they were forced into the partnership somewhat against the grain. Both desired the highest place and Sieyès was never foolish enough to believe that the soldier would be satisfied with leading the army.

The tact of Talleyrand smoothed the way for an arrangement and made it clear to Napoleon that it was impossible for him to make a coup d'état successfully without the assistance of Sieyès, who had behind him the Moderates, no more enamoured of a military dictatorship pure and simple than they were of the existing régime. The reluctance on either side to take the first step lasted three days and caused great searchings of heart among the supporters of a change. Talleyrand, however, brought about the exchange of the formal visits between Napoleon, Sieyès, and Roger Ducos, which were officially announced in the 'Moniteur' of 3rd Brumaire, and during the next fortnight negotiations were in progress.

Nothing is more remarkable during these weeks of suspense than the demonstration which they afford of the suppleness of Napoleon's intellect. He managed to convey to the mind of the thinking public that he was at heart more the civilian than the soldier, that, while more capable than any other of forcing a glorious peace upon the enemies of France, he was yet supremely desirous of putting off the trappings of war and assisting in the peaceful developement of the country. The success of this manœuvre with the idealists of the Revolutionary party is shown in the well-known phrase which became current and is cited by Joseph Bonaparte in his Memoirs: 'De tous ces militaires c'est 'encore le plus civil.'* He thus ingeniously grouped behind himself not only the most formidable part of the

* Mémoires de Joseph, vol. i. p. 77.

garrison of Paris, but he managed to include in his train the philosophers and metaphysicians who remembered with satisfaction his declamations against the 'antique super-'stition' of France and the more than indulgent sentiments expressed in Egypt and Syria for the faith of Islam. In fact, as M. Vandal remarks, these gentlemen preferred a Turk to a Christian and would have shuddered could they have foreseen the Concordat. There was more in this adroit move than the mere attracting of the ideologists. By thus affecting devotion to the theories of revolution and courting metaphysicians, he also succeeded in setting himself in flattering comparison with rough and brutal soldiers like Augereau and Bernadotte, who scorned sentiment and represented the purely military spirit.* He thus eliminated suspicion from the minds of all but the 'malignants' and marshalled the forces of order and opinion which made him for the moment the instrument of the Revolution as opposed to those who were distorting its spirit and prostituting its aims.

But the military rôle alone could give that promise of finality which the people looked for. After ten years of declamation, disturbance, and destruction, the man in the street asked for peace before all and the return of trade and prosperity. Napoleon understood this, and it was after all his strongest card. He played financial stability and the abolition of confiscatory legislation for the benefit of the bankers, and the moneyed interest generally, the triumph of ideas over force for the benefit of the philosophers, the abolition of religious persecution for the benefit of the enormous class that were at heart still Catholic and of peace and order at home for the great and growing middle class, and the peasantry who had through the Revolution got something to lose. But all these classes, except perhaps the financiers, desired such terms of peace as would place a sufficient frontier to form a glacis of subject provinces between France and the rival States, and this a great victory alone could assure them. The impossibility of ever securing peace permanently on such conditions is the secret of the wars of the Empire, but it was by no means clear in 1799, and Napoleon recognised the value of the prospect of peace with honour held out by his accession to power. On the eve

* He frequented the salon of Mme. Helvétius, where he met the leading savants, and spoke at the 'Institute' on Egypt early in Brumaire.

of the 18th Brumaire the police reported * 'Paris is calm, 'the workmen especially in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, 'complain that they remain without work, but the reports 'of peace which have been widely circulated appear to make 'a very favourable impression upon the public mind.'

The only real danger of constitutional opposition came from the Council of 500, but they were powerless without military assistance. As we have already stated, the opinion of the army as a whole was not yet by any means certain, not even of all the soldiers quartered in Paris. Had some well-known general with the gift of speech taken up a strong line against the confederates and appealed to the Constitution, he might have carried with him enough waverers to wreck the enterprise; for the 1,500 grenadiers who formed the guard of the Directory and the Councils were the doubtful element in the situation. These men were better paid and lodged than the rest of the troops. They might be supposed to be irrevocably committed to the Jacobin view, for they were recruited from the least responsible and scrupulous part of the population of Paris, and had therefore assisted in some of the worst scenes of the Revolution. They were not Prætorians in the proper sense of the word, for the latter were merely the bodyguard of the heads of the State and bound to them by the ties of self-interest. These men claimed to be politicians themselves, and were habituated to all the frothy declamations of the clubs. They were still the slaves of words, and might rally to the cry of Liberty without recking much of the party with which they sided. They might easily have attempted to overthrow the Moderate Directors at the command of the 500. It was only during the last half-hour of the fateful afternoon of the 18th that they were won over by the appeal of Lucien Bonaparte, the president of that body, made in the name of Liberty. With this exception the garrison of Paris was with Napoleon to a man, but it is doubtful if they would have acted against the grenadiers; † at all events, had the latter proved recalcitrant, the effect of the coup d'état would have been seriously compromised. It was no part of Napoleon's plan

* Cited by Vandal, op. cit. p. 276, from the 'Archives de la Guerre' and 'Rapports de l'État.'

† M. Vandal thinks the latter would have been overborne by the troops, all devoted to Bonaparte, by whom they were surrounded. It may be so, but the risk was grave.

to inaugurate his rule by spilling the blood of Frenchmen. The Directory itself was divided. Barras awaited the final offers of alliance, which never came, though he was kept in play until, on the morning of the 18th itself, he found himself forced into signing his resignation, and was spirited away to his country seat. Gohier (after evading the pressing invitation of Josephine to spend the day at her house) was shut up in the Luxembourg along with his other dissenting colleague, Moulins, while Moreau was set to act in the ignoble capacity of their gaoler. The generals allied with Bonaparte did their part by drafting troops into St.-Cloud, and as for the Anciens, they had already effected all they seemed capable of by decreeing the removal of the sittings of both Councils to St.-Cloud. When the time came for action and bold strokes on the 18th itself, they were useless. They showed, indeed, the same lack of resolution and initiative which had up to the present ruined again and again the prospects of the Moderates. They could neither execute nor avert a coup d'état.

The only two people who emerged from the ordeal with credit were Sieyès and Lucien Bonaparte. Napoleon himself never appeared to less advantage. Even before the friendly gathering of the 'Ancients' he could neither inspire his hearers nor give a useful lead. His failure in the other Assembly is too well known to need dwelling upon. His vague declamations made no impression, and he was within an ace of sharing the fate of Robespierre. Had the grenadiers outside been already in the hands of a rival, he would have been lost without redemption, before the troops surrounding them would have been able to interfere. Sieyès, on the other hand, sitting with Ducos in a room on the first floor of the palace, uttered, as on other occasions, the decisive phrase, 'By outlawing you they have outlawed themselves,' and urged the immediate invasion of the lower floor by the soldiery and the expulsion of the 500. It was Lucien Bonaparte, by his dramatic appearance in the courtyard, by his tale of the attempt to stab Napoleon in the Assembly, by his swearing to slay the latter with his own hand if he should threaten the liberties of France, and, above all, by his authority as president of the Chamber, that induced the guard to act at the last moment and clear the hall. Lucien, in fact, was the man for the moment, because he could play effectively on the sentimental side of men accustomed to the frothy oratory of the clubs, and he gave

the warrant of republican authority to a revolutionary force who had not shared in the triumphs of the army abroad, but looked upon themselves as the favoured guardians of the national palladium at home. Napoleon was unfortunate even in his appearance among the soldiery, for he had borrowed a horse from Admiral Bruix, which proved inconveniently restive, and almost threw its rider. As for his failure before the Councils, he never shone in public assemblies. At his best when haranguing an army or presiding in a committee of experts, or in conversations with individuals, he at once lost before a great popular body his extraordinary gift of clear and forcible expression, and even (it would seem) that power of improvising fresh tactics which was always with him on the field of battle.

As a matter of fact, no coup d'état was ever worse arranged or less thought out in its details beforehand than this; hence, in spite of the enormous popular impulse behind it, it almost failed at the last moment. Nothing indeed had been arranged, save the gathering of troops and the decree of the Anciens, transferring the sittings to St.-Cloud. Everything else was left to chance, and Napoleon himself developed no ideas on the spur of the moment, while his supporters in the Assemblies seemed paralysed. The rôle of Fouché was not unimportant, for he had secured the tranquillity of Paris by his admirable police dispositions, but was ready himself to take either side according to the result. Talleyrand, who was completely in the confidence of the conspirators, seems to have considered that he had already done all he could—perhaps he did not wish to commit himself too hopelessly in the event of failure. In any case, he established himself, in order to watch events, with a friend, Collot, the great financier, who had advanced funds to the party and had hired a house at St.-Cloud for the occasion. Even had Bonaparte and Sieyès failed, it is doubtful if the Jacobins would have mastered Paris, for an alternative triumvirate had been already prepared by Cambacérès along with two generals.* That astute personage augured ill of a coup d'état so carelessly prepared, and when so much was left to the inspiration of the moment. Though that inspiration failed the conspirators, the love of theatrical display, which so often marked important occasions in the history of the Revolution, mastered the

* Stated by Vandal on the authority of the 'Eclaircissement inédit de Cambacérès.'

Assembly of 500 at the crisis of its fate. Had its members not wasted precious time in swearing an oath to the Constitution man by man, instead of actively taking steps to avert the sword hanging over their heads, the incident might have terminated in very different fashion.

But no man who was cognisant of the immediate consequences of the coup d'état alone could have doubted that the success of Bonaparte and his confederates was for the benefit of France. The drama of the fifteen years which followed cannot be said to have been its necessary sequence. To discuss what might have resulted for France and Europe had he failed is to enter the region of vain speculation. It is quite certain that the system overthrown in Brumaire was rotten and moribund, and could not well have a more deplorable successor than itself. In truth the opening of the new régime was in every way promising.

So soon as the Assembly was scattered and its members were in full flight through the park of St.-Cloud amid the gathering twilight of the November day, Bonaparte's intellect recovered its lucidity and power of decision and dominated the situation. A temporary Consulate was established that night and a new Constitution arose in a few weeks to take the place of the discredited instrument of the year III. A new Government was in fact all ready to come into operation before the old one had ceased to exist. The 'Ancients,' along with a remnant of the 500, made it law before the night closed. A provisional Consulate of three was established, and the Jacobin members were excluded from the 'purified' legislature. Then by candlelight, before what remained of the Councils, Bonaparte, Sieyès, and Ducos took the oath administered by Lucien, and swore fidelity to the Republic. In this hasty and unceremonious fashion was inaugurated that Government which was to give the most extraordinary exhibition of personal capacity ever known in history.

It is not material to our purpose to discuss the conferences which took place between Sieyès and Bonaparte before a final agreement was reached, but the result was inevitable from the first. The practical man took the lead. The phrasemaker sank more and more into the background and buried his chagrin in a vast domain, provided for him by his astute colleague at the national expense. The more recent story of the Orleans family shows that in France so soon as a man accepts compensation in this fashion, he ceases to be dangerous.

To use M. Sorel's eloquent expression, with every week that passed the coup d'etat of Brumaire 'appeared more 'useful, more beneficent, more legitimate.' The line of policy adopted by Bonaparte was truly statesmanlike, and gave Frenchmen a new conception of the possibilities of revolutionary government. That policy is summed up in the instructions issued to General St.-Hilaire on January 4, 1800: 'Faites réciter à tous les citoyens que le temps des 'partis et des déchirements est passé. Dites que la Révolu-'tion est finie et que les rênes de l'Etat sont dans les mains 'fermes.'

When the Constitution of the year VIII took the place of that of the year III, and Bonaparte found himself installed as First Consul in the Luxembourg, France and her armies alike believed that a new era had dawned, as indeed it had, though not destined to have the consequences men believed at the moment. Only a contemptible fraction in France, and some clear heads abroad, saw in the accession of Bonaparte to power the commencement of despotism. He seemed by the circumstances of the day to have been carried to the helm rather than to have grasped at it, and in the official accounts of what had passed his part was described as a subordinate one. In the new Constitution, with its checks and balances, its Grand Elector, its methods of indirect election, and its three Consuls, Bonaparte might well have appeared as nothing more than *primus inter pares.* But the common sense of the populace at once distinguished the essential fact among the elaborate and accidental elements in which it was enveloped. While a municipal official was reading the new Constitution in the street, one woman said to another, 'For my part I have heard nothing,' to which her neighbour replied, 'I have not lost a word.' 'Well, what is there in it?' said the first. 'Bonaparte,' was the reply.*

But although the name of Bonaparte was the vital circumstance for the mass, it was not Bonaparte the dictator who was welcomed, but Bonaparte the restorer of the Republic. Phrases still reigned supreme, the deceptive legacy of ten years' insincere declamation. When the army in Holland heard that Bonaparte was named Dictator, they contemplated revolt; so soon as they learned that he was merely 'First Consul,' they were overwhelmed with joy. †

* Cited by Vandal from the 'Gazette de France' of 26 Brumaire.

† Mémoires du Duc de Raguse, vol. ii. p. 108.

And indeed at the time he was only tentatively supreme. He could, it is true, at once begin to evolve for France that peace within her own borders which she so ardently desired. He himself set the example of tolerance by calling to his counsels the most capable men of all shades of political thought, and set them to work at the reorganisation of the country; he offered an amnesty to the émigrés and the revolted provinces and abolished religious persecution. But he had yet to secure peace beyond the frontiers, to avert the invasion still threatening on the South, and force Europe to recognise the 'natural limits' of France. Marengo was in the future, and, before Marengo, his position was only half won. As yet he was still regarded as 'one of Plutarch's 'men,' and his supporters would have shuddered at the trappings and circumstance of avowed Cæsarism.

Brumaire was not the last episode of the Revolution; on the contrary, to use M. Vandal's words,* 'though it dealt the 'Republic its death-blow, it saved the Revolution.' For the time it gave personal security and comparative freedom instead of oppression and anarchy. When a new, if more orderly, tyranny took the place of the old, we find the very men who had helped to lift Bonaparte into the saddle on the 18th Brumaire combining to hurl him to the earth in 1814, and again in 1815 rallying round the ideas of the Revolution threatened by the restored Legitimists. If Bonaparte had not been the instrument of revolt in 1799, there would have been another, and no living man was more worthy to fill the place. His ruling passion was a desire for orderly administration. He was the greatest practical apostle of 'efficiency' that had appeared on the world's stage since Cæsar. But the desire to see things properly done is hardly to be separated from the conviction that one can do things best oneself, which conviction again easily shades off into overweening ambition. Another soldier might conceivably have treated all classes of Frenchmen as if they were equal before the law, and might have repeated on a larger stage the pacification of La Vendée. It is more than doubtful if he could have shown the prodigious organising capacity which created modern France.

The Constitution of the year III perished by its own faults and was never destined to a long life, for it was in fundamental contradiction to the whole theory of the Revolution, which proclaimed liberty and equality for all.

* Op. cit. p. 402.

The middle class desired the former boon and the lower class the latter; but, by the Constitution which brought the Directory into existence, equality vanished, for many citizens were thereby disfranchised. No Frenchman was eligible for election to the Legislature who had not a certain amount of property, or could claim a vote who had not both a property and a residential qualification. This was the negation of Democracy, as understood by the Revolutionary theories. The middle class, which had acquired liberty for itself, had thus deprived the lower of 'equality.' In any case, the Revolutionary principle was not overthrown by Bonaparte and the Constitution of the year VIII in theory restored universal suffrage. Though this arrangement was perhaps delusive, it was not so anti-democratic as the instrument which it replaced. The French people in 1799 welcomed the rule of one man for the same reason that the Roman people supported Cæsar. They saw embodied in him their own absolutism taking the place of a corrupt and inefficient oligarchy.

Art. V.—BISHOP CREIGHTON.

Life and Letters of Mandell Creighton, D.D., sometime Bishop of London. By His Wife. In two volumes. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1904.

The popular conception of the episcopal office has greatly varied during the course of Christian history. We have travelled far from the days when the bishop was the protomartyr of his flock, and almost as far from those when he disputed political pre-eminence with great nobles and challenged the authority of kings. In England, though bishops have long ceased to hold secular offices, it is only—by comparison—of late that they have exchanged the position of sinecurists for that of men who are continually trying, and failing, to keep abreast of their diocesan work. In some ways we seem further removed from the eighteenth-century bishop than from the thirteenth. We can more easily imagine the feudal lord than the ecclesiastical official whose main business was to enjoy a princely income and to provide for his own family by a judicious use of episcopal patronage. But in the eighteenth century sinecures were universal and involved no discredit to the holder of them. As they died out in the civil order they became impossible in the spiritual, and with the creation of the Ecclesiastical Commission, and the reduction of episcopal incomes to a nearly uniform scale, they finally disappeared. The precise steps by which the office of a bishop, from being one of dignified or learned leisure, came to be what it is, are not very well known, but the varied activities and commanding personality of Bishop Wilberforce made the change visible. To-day it may safely be said of the episcopate that, whether its members work wisely or unwisely, to much purpose or to little, they all work.

Mandell Creighton, whose life has been described by his wife with equal fulness and self-restraint, was eminently a bishop of the modern type, and he was at the same time an illustration of the drawbacks under which the type suffers. It has come to be recognised that a bishopric is the fitting reward of eminence in some one of the many directions taken by ecclesiastical activity. Here a great teacher, a great historian, a great preacher alike find the end of their career. Nor can objection be reasonably taken to this principle of selection. The bishops are the appointed leaders of the Church, and distinction in the parts they

have already played is the recommendation for which a Minister naturally and properly looks out. But the system has one drawback. The same act which rewards a man for the good work he has done ensures for the most part that he shall do no more work of the same kind. A great preacher, indeed, will preach as often after his promotion as before, though not perhaps as well. But the teacher will have few opportunities as a bishop for the continuous exercise of his faculty, and the historian will have none at all. On Creighton's appointment to Peterborough, he wrote indeed to Count Balzani, 'I do not mean to abandon 'my "Popes;" they will still be a recreation for my leisure, 'and even a bishop must have some leisure, I suppose.' And for a time he worked whenever he could find a moment at a new volume which he had brought with him from Cambridge, 'within measurable distance of completion.' But each year the chance of carrying it any further grew less, and on his translation to London he gave up the attempt, and altered the title to fit the lessened scope of the history. Ideally we might wish that learning had some other reward in the Church of England than to be transferred to new and untried duties. But on the whole the Church benefits by a system which recruits her bishops from her more distinguished clergy instead of making them a class apart, chosen purely for promptitude in answering letters and the endurance without disabling fatigue of a great number of cross-journeys. Creighton himself had no doubt as to his duty in the matter. 'A bishopric,' he wrote, 'is to me personally a terrible nuisance. But how 'is a man to refuse the responsibilities of his branch of the 'service?' He was not in the least carried away by the prospect. 'My peace of mind is gone; my books will be 'shut up; my mind will go to seed; I shall utter nothing 'but platitudes for the rest of my life, and everybody will 'write letters in the newspapers about my iniquities.' But he submitted, as he told the present Bishop of Rochester, 'because I felt that a tranquil conscience could no longer 'be mine if I ventured to take my life in my own hands, 'and presumptuously say that I preferred the inward 'responsibility of the student to the graver responsibility of 'taking my part in the rough work of the world.'

Creighton's working life falls naturally into four periods. He was fellow and tutor of his college for nine years, a country vicar for nine more, then professor and canon for six years, and finally bishop for eleven years—for four of

which he held the see of London. He entered upon the first of these periods, says Mrs. Creighton, 'at a time of 'great intellectual activity.' In the Oxford of that day—the later sixties—'there may have been too much rest-'lessness and desire for change; there certainly was a 'tendency to treat everything as an open question, which led 'to a general sense of insecurity in matters of opinion; but 'the intellectual atmosphere was free from the bitter party 'strife which had distracted the university some few years 'before.' How bitter that party strife had been may be gathered from a speech of Professor Henry Smith's—himself the most genial and fair-minded of men. He was once asked whether there was any truth in the report that it was useless for a High Churchman to stand for a Balliol fellowship. At first he denied the charge with indignation. The election, he said, turned solely on what the candidates had done in the examination. But at this point his love of truth got the better of him, and he added, after a pause, 'I will not say that the holding of certain opinions might 'not go against a man—but only because they would be 'regarded as evidence of intellectual weakness.' This kind of intolerance had, we can well believe, passed away by 1866, and if there had been any trace of it in the Merton common room, it would not long have survived Creighton's entrance. His wide range of thought and interest, and his love of originality wherever he found it, made him inclined to welcome unfamiliar ideas and postpone the task of assigning them their proper place in his system until a later period. But all the time he was making up his own mind on a variety of questions, and often returning with greater knowledge and wider sympathies to an earlier standpoint. Indeed, the idea often entertained of Creighton's mental history is curiously unlike the reality. He was supposed by some to have made a deliberate intellectual surrender in order to embrace a particular career. From the sceptical Oxford tutor he became first the clerical Fellow, and then the parish priest. No doubt, circumstances and his own habits of speech gave some colour to this theory. The fellowship which he was offered in 1866 carried with it the obligation to take Orders. He submitted to this without scruple or hesitation, and four years later was ordained deacon. A clerical career, it was thought, had come in his way, and he had accepted it as he would have accepted any other employment that offered work and income. The explanation of this seeming inconsistency

was that then and afterwards Creighton was a daring talker.

'I talk to a man,' he said of himself, 'as I feel inclined, which pleases me, or as I think he would like, which pleases him; the process is purely emotional. A little while after, someone talks to me on the same subject; a different train of thought comes into my mind, I form rational and clear views where all was hazy; I say something quite opposite to what I assented to half an hour ago. Am I a humbug? I only know I mean to be sincere—I am honest in both utterances. All that can be laid to my charge is that I am not consistent; *i.e.* that I did not grasp the sum total of knowledge in my cradle, and exhaust all mental processes in my infancy.'

It is no wonder, then, that, as one friend says, 'dull and 'solemn people thought him flippant,' that 'shallow people 'thought' him insincere,' that, in the words of another friend, 'he allowed himself at this time to be seriously 'misunderstood.' And in Oxford, at the end of the sixties, it was easy to be misunderstood. Canon Scott Holland thus describes the situation in his memorial sermon at St. Paul's:

'It was the extreme hour of intellectual tension, when the panic roused by the new criticism was at its height, and when the victorious efficacy of the scientific and critical methods appeared to have swept the field. . . . It seemed to us almost incredible that a young don of any intellectual reputation for modernity should be on the Christian side. And Creighton by temperament lay open to the full force of the prevailing movement. No one could be more acutely sensitive to all that the critical spirit had to say. No one lent himself more freely to the æsthetic and other non-Christian influences of the time.'

We may say further that at no time of Creighton's life was the intellectual side of religion that which most interested him. From the first he regarded it chiefly as a moral instrument. His letters are full of this aspect of the subject. There is one, written when he was twenty-one to a friend who had succeeded him as head of the cathedral school at Durham, which is worth quoting as evidence how completely the schoolboy was father of the fellow and tutor. After impressing on his correspondent the importance of a monitor's example, he goes on:

'But this is a point on which I have seen many people deceive themselves—they trust to what they call the force of *silent* example. That is most pernicious; if you content yourselves with merely keeping school rules and doing what is right yourselves, and keeping out of the way of any fellows who you know are doing wrong, or if

you stand by and listen to them saying what they ought not without reproof, *you are doing wrong*; fellows will only say, "Oh, he's a monitor, and has to look rather solemn, but he doesn't mind." No, that won't do; it is part of the essence of good to fight against evil. I need not remind you of how little use Eli found "silent example."'

Later on, Creighton might have touched on the same subject with a lighter hand, but his attitude towards it never changed. We find him in 1895 writing, in answer to a letter deprecating severity, 'One must be severe. Life is 'severe. God is severe. The foolish virgins were only a 'little careless and lazy, but they were shut out.' 'So 'much stronger,' writes Bishop Copleston, 'was this interest 'in conduct than any literary interest, that history was the 'only form of literature possible to him.' Doubtless this interest in conduct makes some of his letters read a little like sermons, but he never preached to any but eager hearers. Throughout his life many of his correspondents were young people. Never was there an uncle who wrote so regularly to his nieces, and this not only when he is working his hardest, but, more wonderful still, when he is most enjoying a hard won holiday. Perhaps the most striking example of this class of letters are those which he wrote almost daily to his wife during the last nine months of their engagement. They are full of characteristic things, and we are grateful to Mrs. Creighton for having, 'after 'much consideration,' decided to give extracts from them. We give a few quotations taken almost at random. Here is a caution that will carry comfort to many a student:

'Don't expect that the reading of history will leave definite knowledge of names and dates on your mind; nobody knows names and dates except very advanced students and young men crammed for the Indian exam. What is valuable in history is a general idea of the progress of society and intelligence. Don't try and get more from Gibbon.'

Here is a shrewd remark upon love:

'Perhaps all kinds, at all events all we need think of, are much the same at first; the shallowest natures feel the same noble sentiments for a week or so as do the deepest; it is so with all things that move the minds of men; a mob may be all of it inspired with an equally genuine enthusiasm for a few hours, but how about all of them devoting their lives equally to the object they screamed about yesterday?'

Or take this, which hits so many who have the ordering of their own time :

'I don't know what you would call a regular life, but I mean by it a life in which one habitually breakfasts at eight; try as you will to escape, that one fact pins you down to hopeless regularity; the whole day must centre round that. Now, an irregular life is one in which one breakfasts when one gets up, and gets up when one likes, occasionally choosing to sit up late and meditate lazily, occasionally choosing to do so when about three-quarters awake in the morning. It is a pleasant, but mischievous life, provocative of much sweetness of character, but absolutely destructive of energy. By an energetic man I mean a man who gets up the moment he is awake. It costs me a severe struggle every morning to get up at all.'

We could go on quoting from this delightful series of letters, but we must content ourselves with one more passage. It is from the same letter as the last extract, and contains Creighton's whole system of moral philosophy.

'The object of life is to live. Conscious energising in the world comes to nothing . . . I don't find any self-conscious effort about St. Paul; do you think he thought that the simple record of his life would be read by all civilised men for all time? Do you think his letters would be what they are if he had thought that out of his stray admonitions to struggling, erring Christian communities millions of men would form their views of life and its duties? . . . We can never do anything except by the fact of our lives, and to lead a good life is quite enough to do. The only class of people I know who go in for consciously doing good and producing great things in the world are the Jesuits; their reputation answers for the effect upon themselves, the results they have wrought for the desirability of their method. . . If you are doing any work it will be recognisable enough: if you are not, begin contentedly in a little way at first. Such is my theory of life; it took me a long time to learn; but since I had given up regenerating mankind by the million I find it very hard to satisfy myself about my own wisdom in the smallest duties of life, still more about the goodness of my intentions and singleness of heart in the process.'

The offer of the vicarage of Embleton came at a time when the amount of work which his tutorship brought him was becoming irksome. Not indeed that he disliked it for its own sake. There is no evidence that Creighton ever wished to be relieved of work because it was work. But he saw in his multifarious occupations at Oxford 'an obstacle 'to gaining any thorough knowledge.' By this time, too, he had fixed on the special subject about which he wished to obtain and help forward this knowledge. 'I thought,'

he said eighteen years after, 'that the period of Papal 'history between the Great Schism and the Reformation had 'never been adequately considered. In England, Gibbon 'skipped it, and Milman was tired before he reached it. In 'Germany there was no connected book.' When the living fell vacant he had ample time for decision. It had first to be offered to two clerical Fellows senior to himself. But it is plain that from the first Creighton leaned towards accepting it, if, as he fully expected, the chance came to him. When his wife asked him who would take his place in Oxford, he gave the characteristic answer, 'Never was a 'place where men are so easily replaced and so easily 'forgotten.' He did not care greatly for Oxford society, and in so far as he did care for it he thought it unfavourable to the concentration of intellectual energy which the work he had in view would demand. 'Literary application and 'tutoring don't live side by side.' The main objection to Northumberland was the absence of libraries, but a cousin whom he consulted—'an impartial person knowing me and 'knowing colleges, and being worldly wise'—told him that as to books he 'must just economise and buy them'—a prediction which, as regards German and Italian books, came pretty true. His life at Embleton did not quite fulfil his hopes in the matter of leisure. A large parish provides abundance of work unless work is resolutely avoided, and Creighton avoided nothing. He was Chairman of the Board of Guardians and Sanitary Authority, and of the School Attendance Committee. He 'was glad to increase 'his income by examination work.' He 'generally had one 'and sometimes two pupils.' He occasionally was guilty of 'wicked deviations from the "Popes,"' as when the publication of Seebohm's 'Village Communities' tempted him into an investigation of Northumbrian land tenure. He was appointed Rural Dean, and under Bishop Lightfoot this office—it had been allowed to lapse under Bishop Baring—brought work of all kinds with it. In the end therefore he left Embleton for much the same reason that he went there. The question he put to himself was still 'Is my line 'practical or speculative, or both?' He had taken a living because he hoped to combine the two while giving a decided preponderance to the latter. But the practical side was too strong for him, and when the chance came of exchanging the life of ecclesiastical and administrative activity for that of an historical student and teacher he willingly took it. His acceptance of the Dixie Professorship of Ecclesiastical

History at Cambridge drew from Dr. Bright, the Master of University, a censure which was also a prophecy. 'It is a 'better thing to manage men than to write books . . . You 'should have gone on and become a bishop, and made 'yourself a practical power.' Still, Embleton had done the special work which Creighton had hoped from it. It saw the inception of the 'History of the Papacy during the 'Reformation' and the publication of the first two volumes.

The object of the book as described by the author was 'to bring together materials for a judgment of the change 'which came over Europe in the sixteenth century, to which 'the name of "the Reformation" is loosely given.' Probably if the book had reached its intended limits it would have contained judgements as well as materials for judgement. Indeed, not much more than a year after the appearance of these two volumes Creighton had arrived at a very definite conclusion on the Reformation as a whole. It was that the Reformation

'was primarily a demand for a redress of the grievances inherent in the absolutism of the Papal administration over the Church. There was no discontent with the doctrines. If the Papacy could have put its administration into better order there would have been no Reformation, but the new learning would have modified men's attitude towards dogma without causing a breach of the unity of the Church.'

Ten years later, when writing to Professor Kolde, who had criticised the account of Luther in the last volume, he said the same thing with greater care and deliberation :

'My point of view is that it was a misfortune for Christendom that the Reformation took the form of a breach of the unity of the Church . . . I do not think that any breach was inevitable. The question is, Whose fault was it? I have investigated this question as I would investigate any political secession. I have regarded it as a question of Governmental wisdom and justice. I have tried to show that the Papacy behaved towards Luther foolishly and unjustly at first. Luther made no demands which the Church ought not to have been able to supply according to its own principles. The Curia was responsible for driving Luther to revolt.'

And in another letter he defines the question which he would have had to answer if he had gone on with his History as 'not, "Why did the Reformation come?"—that 'is obvious—but, "Why did the old remain, why was it not 'swept away?"' In other words, it is not the Reformation that is the puzzle, but the Counter-Reformation. In Creighton's opinion it is a mistake in an historian to

believe that the hearts of men are always swayed by great movements of thought or emotion. They appear to be so, indeed, but it is because the men who have made history have been those who have been clever enough to devise a formula in which the 'chance of saving sixpence, of gaining 'sixpence, or of escaping being robbed of sixpence,' can be presented as a decent motive. 'If the Pope would have left 'off pillaging Germany, "justification by faith only" would 'have created only a languid interest.' The genius of Luther lay in seeing that this and no other was the formula that could revolutionise Europe. The Papacy was as grasping at the beginning of the fifteenth century as at the beginning of the sixteenth, but the Lollards and Hussites came to nothing. 'It is useless to put this in a popular 'form at first. It may be done some day.'

It was not, however, this minimising theory of the Reformation that attracted such criticism as the 'History of 'the Papacy' met with. The praise and the blame fastened on the same feature—the characterisation of the Popes. It was not indeed until the third and fourth volumes appeared that Lord Acton delivered his attack in the pages of the 'English Historical Review.' Creighton, as editor, had asked him to notice this fresh instalment, and naturally felt some surprise at the character of the review. It 'reads to 'me,' he wrote to Mr. R. L. Poole, 'like the utterances of a 'man who is in a furious passion, but is incapable of clear 'expression. He differs *toto cælo* from my conception of 'the time, apparently on some concealed grounds of polemics 'esoteric to a Liberal Roman who fought against infalli-'bility.' The review underwent many corrections before it appeared, and Acton claimed to have 'altered every passage 'which could be construed or misconstrued into hostility.' On the whole this was to be regretted, for the interest of the controversy lay in getting at Lord Acton's whole mind on the subject, and to do this from the softened expressions of the review must have been difficult. Now, with the help of certain passages in the published Letters to Mrs. Drew, and the long letter from Acton himself to the author which Mrs. Creighton prints in part, it is easy enough. In the review Creighton is described as 'not striving to prove a case or 'burrowing towards a conclusion,' but as wishing 'to pass 'through scenes of raging controversy and passion with a 'serene curiosity, a suspended judgment, a divided jury 'and a pair of white gloves. . . . He will neither bless nor 'curse, and seldom invites his readers to execrate or admire.'

In another sentence Acton speaks of him as 'varying 'disinterested history with the polemics of Cardinal New-'man'—a criticism which, now that Acton's attitude towards Newman has been disclosed in his Letters to Mrs. Drew, takes on a fresh significance. Further, he charges Creighton with making little of 'the primary fact in the 'Papal economy' of that age—the positive strengthening of authority and its claims. In this autocratic atmosphere such beliefs as that 'a soul might be rescued from 'purgatory by a few coppers' throve naturally. In the letter from which Mrs. Creighton gives extracts Acton speaks more plainly. The mediæval Popes 'instituted a 'system of persecution.' That is the most conspicuous fact in their history—'the breaking point, the article of their 'system by which they stand or fall.' Now, persecution was in Acton's eyes the one unpardonable sin. He thinks it 'a 'crime of a worse order than adultery, and the acts done by 'Ximenes considerably worse than the entertainment of 'Roman courtesans by Alexander VI.' In the preface to the new volumes Creighton had described the epoch with which they deal as 'one of the most ignoble, if not the most 'disastrous, in the history not only of the Papacy, but of 'Europe.' There is very little of the white glove here. 'I 'have tried,' he went on, 'to deal fairly with the moral 'delinquencies of the Popes, without, I trust, running the 'risk of lowering the standard of moral judgment.' But it was not, in his opinion, 'becoming to adopt an attitude of 'lofty superiority over anyone who ever played a prominent 'part in European affairs, nor charitable to lavish undis-'criminating censure on any man.' Acton's remark on this is: 'You say that people in authority are not to be snubbed 'or sneered at from our pinnacle of conscious rectitude. I 'really don't know whether you exempt them because of 'their rank, or of their success and power, or of their date.' And then he states his own view of the historian's function. 'The inflexible integrity of the moral code is to me the 'secret of the authority, the dignity, the utility of history. 'If we may debase the currency for the sake of genius or 'success or reputation, we may debase it for the sake of a 'man's influence, of his religion, of his party, of the good 'cause which prospers by his credit and suffers by his dis-'grace.'

It seems to us that Lord Acton is right as regards principle and wrong as regards its application. He is right in giving the 'inflexible integrity of the moral code' the

high place that he assigns to it. He is wrong when he forgets that the historian who has to apply the moral code to particular cases must take into account the circumstances of each. Creighton in his reply dwells on the necessity of this qualifying process:

> 'Selfishness, even wrong-doing, for an idea, an institution, the maintenance of an accepted view of the basis of Society, does not cease to be wrong-doing'—there is the principle. 'But it is not the same as personal wrong-doing; . . . it does not equally shock the moral sense of others, or destroy the moral sense of the doer . . . Homicide is always homicide; but there is a difference between that of a murderer for his own gain and that of a careless doctor called in to see a patient who would probably have died anyhow; and the carelessness of the doctor is a difficult thing to prove.'

There is the application of the principle. Instinct brings us all to this conclusion in practice. On a platform the politician may denounce as assassins the Ministers who have plunged his country into what the speaker considers an unjust war. But if he is asked to meet one of them at dinner he probably forgets his own comparison and accepts the invitation. At the back of his head he knows that the cases are different, though he may just have said the exact contrary. Lord Acton's theory draws no distinction between the legislator and the judge. For the judge to say, 'This is not properly described as 'murder,' seems to him as bad as for the law-maker to say, 'In persons of high station murder is not a crime.'

On the question of persecution Creighton's answer was complete. 'What,' he asks, 'is tolerance? Is it a moral 'virtue in the possessor, or is it a recognition of a necessity 'arising from an equilibrium of parties? It seems to me that 'we speak of it as if it was the first, when actually it is the second.' To Lord Acton it was the first, and naturally so. A man who thinks persecution 'a crime of a worse order than 'adultery' cannot but regard toleration as the highest of virtues. But as a matter of history how often have men ceased to persecute because they thought it wrong; and how often because they have found that it does not secure the result they desire, or has other consequences which deprive that result of its value, or because they no longer believe very ardently in the system for which they have been fighting? Persecution again has a different aspect according as it is employed to sustain an existing system or to propagate a new one. In the former case it seems to those

who resort to it to be merely protective. The objects of it are seeking to destroy an established order of things, and they cannot complain if they do so at their own peril.

'Society is an organism, and its laws are an expression of the conditions which it considers necessary for its own preservation. When men were hanged in England for sheep-stealing, it was because people thought that sheep-stealing was a crime, and ought to be severely put down. We still think it a crime, but we think it can be checked more effectually by less stringent punishments. Now-a-days people are not agreed about what heresy is; they do not think it a menace to society; hence they do not ask for its punishment; but men who conscientiously thought heresy a crime may be accused of an intellectual mistake, not necessarily of a moral crime. The immediate results of the Reformation were not to favour free thought; and the error of Calvin, who knew that ecclesiastical unity was abolished, was a far greater one than that of Innocent III., who struggled to maintain it. I am hopelessly tempted to admit degrees of criminality.'

And in a letter to Mr. R. L. Poole he says:

Lord Acton 'demands that history should be primarily a branch of the moral sciences, and should aim at proving the immutable righteousness of the ideas of modern Liberalism—tolerance and the supremacy of conscience.'

Probably Creighton's argument did not in the least change Lord Acton's opinion. He continued to think that persecution, being the worst of crimes, is the crime that a Christian, and still more a priest, and most of all a Pope, ought most to abhor. But the common sense of mankind is against this view. We do not think Ximenes worse than Alexander VI., or strike St. Charles Borromeo out of the Calendar.

Some readers of these two letters have probably turned to the later volumes of the 'History of the Papacy' in order to discover the justice of Lord Acton's censure. Creighton sometimes gave a carefully considered character of a particular Pope, and sometimes left the reader to draw a character for himself. It is this latter method that seems most to have shocked Lord Acton. He could not, for example, forgive the absence of a formal condemnation of Sixtus IV. Yet there will be many to whom it will appear that after Creighton's descriptions of Sixtus IV.'s policy any formal condemnation would have been superfluous. That the Vicar of Christ should have 'hopelessly 'lowered the moral standard of the Papacy'; that 'his

'nepotism was unblushing'; that he 'allowed himself to 'become an accomplice in a scheme of assassination which 'shocked even the blunted conscience of Italy'; that under his rule 'the Papacy ceased to offer any resistance to the 'corruption of the age,' is in form only a statement of facts, but it does not leave us in much doubt what Creighton thought of Sixtus IV. Alexander VI. is handled in a different way. The portrait painted by contemporary writers is a mere enumeration of his crimes, and Creighton is irresistibly led to speculate whether he was really as black as he has been painted. He does not attempt to make black white—he only brings together some features which Alexander's censors have not thought worthy of mention. No man, Creighton may have thought, can be wholly inhuman, and he sets to work to inquire whether Alexander VI. was really the one solitary exception to this charitable belief. The investigation does not, it is true, yield a very rich harvest. There is not much to be collected that tells in Alexander's favour. He 'was not forgetful of the formal 'duties of his office.' He was 'attentive to matters of 'ecclesiastical ceremonial.' He 'never allowed pleasure to 'stand in the way of his occupations, and would work till 'late at night.' He 'saw that salaries were punctually paid, 'a point of which many Popes were neglectful.' When Rome was threatened with scarcity he 'organised a corn 'supply from Sicily.' These things do not qualify in the least degree the condemnation that history must pass upon Alexander VI.'s life, but they make the picture more complete and therefore more truthful. For this reason Creighton thought that they ought not to be left out, and it argues a very imperfect conception of the historian's duty to blame him for putting them in. It is needless to say that Lord Acton did not censure him on this ground. With him Creighton's fault lay in his refusal to exclude qualifying circumstances from his condemnation of persecutors. But Bishop Gore has singled out the true and lasting merit of the 'History of the Papacy' when he writes of his 'great gratitude for the "spirit of judgement"' which characterises it.

The years spent in part at Cambridge as Dixie Professor of Ecclesiastical History, and in part at Worcester as Canon, were years of so much happy and useful labour that it is difficult not to regret that Creighton was ever taken away from his work as teacher and student. His appointment to the new Professorship gave great encouragement to the

historical school in Cambridge. Creighton's extraordinary vitality, his keen interest in everything that he touched, was a stimulating force that was not long in making itself felt. Before he came, the only historical professor in the University was Sir John Seeley, and with him history was chiefly a preparation for public life—for diplomacy, for the Civil Service, for the duties of Parliament and of Ministries. Creighton took the subject back to the library and the lecture-room. The object at which he aimed in his own lectures was the kindling of 'a greater interest in the 'nature and influence of the ecclesiastical organisation, when 'considered as a factor in European civilisation,' but no part of European history lay wholly outside his province. He carried the ideas of his 'History of the Papacy' into his lectures.

'He made you,' says one of his pupils, 'see them [historical characters] as men and women swayed not only by considerations of high policy, but by those commoner feelings and passions which influence the action of all human beings. He made you feel that you knew them; you might like them, feel sorry for them, despise them, admire them, be puzzled by them, but you could not escape being interested by them. He understood men, even men from long past centuries, just as he understood the men whom he met.'

In his inaugural lecture Creighton had defined the ultimate object of a professor as being 'to catch a few 'who may become genuine students.' But his practical nature ensured that this object should not be pursued at the cost of the more commonplace work. Though he had no belief in examinations, he 'felt that as they had 'to exist it was well to make them as little harmful as 'possible.' He supplemented his lectures by a weekly conversation class, in which he gave greater freedom to his love of epigram and paradox. His constant effort was to make history and historical persons real. 'Which of the 'Kings of England would you have liked to take you down 'to dinner?' he asked his class at Newnham one day. He 'was always quick to discern from whom he would be likely 'to get any response,' and unwearied in the time and trouble he bestowed on those who showed any real capacity for work. He was always pressing his pupils not to rest on their University honours. His advice was that they should write books, and 'sometimes he would not rest 'content till the subject of the book was chosen.' He was a great deal in the University library, and 'gladly seized

'every opportunity of helping every one whom he met 'there.' He took an active part in college affairs—the Dixie Professorship carried with it a Fellowship at Emmanuel —always dined in Hall on Sundays, and in Combination Room astonished the older Cambridge by his continuous 'protest against the idea that solemnity means wisdom.' People in Cambridge, he wrote to a friend, 'are rather 'too serious for me; they don't often make jokes, they 'think it right to be very wise, and I never was wise and 'I don't see any chance of becoming so in my old age.' His Saturdays were commonly spent in long walks with his children or his pupils, one of whom records three characteristic counsels: 'Never say there is nothing to see in a 'place; always trespass until you are turned out; talk to 'the natives.' His letters during the Cambridge period show that new interests had not in the least crowded out old ones. He could still find time to write at length to young people on the conduct of their lives, and we can imagine the consolation conveyed by such words as these:

'It is regarded as natural that a girl should belong to her home, make herself generally agreeable, and wait to get married. I don't say that it should be otherwise, but I think that it ought to be generally known that her task is a very difficult one. It is very hard to live at home, however happy the home may be. . . . It is hard to express oneself at home.'

In another letter we have the theory of conversation which gave him his eminence in the art. In the beginning it is

'like fishing. You make a few throws to see if you can hook a fish. When you have hooked him, the sport begins. I mean, you try to find out vaguely at first the character and interests of the person you are talking to. When you have found out something in common with yourself you want to know all about it.'

Nowhere does Creighton's energy show itself more strongly than in the starting of the 'English Historical 'Review.' The idea had been in existence for some twenty years, but it is doubtful whether it would have come to the birth had not Creighton accepted the editorship. With all his zeal and capacity for work it took nearly a year to get out the first number, though 'Let us now go on *fast*, 'as fast as possible,' is the note of his letters at this time. But the 'Review' received instant and warm support from all quarters. Lord Acton sent constant suggestions and contributed to the opening number, 'the sort of thing that

'takes your breath away, a philosophical criticism of all 'German historians of this century, most brilliant.' Mr. Gladstone suggested that there should always be one article on quite modern history. Creighton agreed, but saw difficulties which had escaped the statesman:

'These articles,' he wrote, 'are the most difficult to get. The student will not set to work till he has all the materials, and no one, save politicians, diplomatists, or journalists, can write about modern affairs. The first of these are too busy, the second too reserved, and the third use their knowledge from day to day for current purposes.'

Creighton was the most comprehensive of editors. Nothing escaped him, and he was fortunate in having Mr. R. L. Poole, the present editor, as his assistant. He did not allow his dislike of a man's writings to influence him. 'I don't like asking Froude,' he writes to Mr. Poole, 'but 'I feel that one ought not to let one's personal prejudices 'stand in the way of catholicity.' Mrs. Creighton adds an almost needless note. 'These "personal prejudices" were 'solely on historical grounds. Creighton had never met 'Froude.' What he disliked was a treatment of history which seemed to him immoral.

'Those whom Froude had called "wanderers on the Spanish main or pioneers in the 'tangled path of discovery," he saw to have been men who deserved no better name than buccaneer or pirate, while, with an increasing appreciation of the extraordinary ability of Elizabeth, he had a constantly diminishing opinion of her morals. "As for the Tudors," he wrote, "they are awful; I really do not think that anyone ought to read the history of the sixteenth century."'

The preparation of the 'English Historical Review' occupied in part the first months of his residence at Worcester. He soon became as important an element in the cathedral city as in the University. Besides the three months of compulsory residence he spent all the vacations there. He gave evening lectures on Church history in the Chapter House, and some of his most suggestive ideas found utterance in them. He became Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Worcester (Dr. Philpott), 'my singular 'brother'—and this brought a large accession of work. The Ordinations filled him with despair.

'They are of the oldest fashion,' he writes to the present Bishop of Chichester. 'The examination is held in Worcester immediately before the Ordination. The candidates live in hotels, and see the Bishop for a moment on Saturday afternoon in the most formal way,

and are ordained the next day without a word of counsel. The Bishop has only *one* chaplain, who is now resigning after twenty-five years' service . . . and is reported to have only one set of papers.'

Under the new chaplain sweeping changes were at once made. The candidates were lodged in the Close, and attended special services in the Chapel of the Deanery, and the examination was held some weeks before the Ordination. Creighton 'was touched by the way in which 'the Bishop was willing to fall in with his suggestions, 'only begging that he should not be asked to allow the 'men to be ordained in surplices instead of in black gowns.' The whole story is an interesting illustration of the change that has come over the Church of England, as well as of the value of tact and temper in bringing such changes about.

It is plain that in earlier years Creighton had not fully understood his own character. Though he had the instincts of a student, he had a strong passion for affairs; and we have seen that at Embleton, Cambridge, and Worcester he was always throwing himself into the life around him, whether of the parish, of the University, or of the city. He could not refuse work when it was offered, and when to this is added that, however much he had already in hand, he did the new work just as well as the old, it may be imagined that he was not left in idleness. But he was not long to remain in a position which made it possible to combine the two forms of activity. In October, 1890, he had written: 'I hear that Westcott is quite pleased with episcopal 'functions, but has not opened a book since he left Cam- 'bridge. Such is the pressure of practical life; it is 'terrible to contemplate such a condition.' Terrible or not, he soon had to contemplate it. Four months after the date of this letter he was offered and accepted the Bishopric of Peterborough. The change of position made no change in Creighton's personal habits. He was keenly alive to the disadvantage to his children of 'growing up in the sur- 'roundings of an important official position and of the 'difficulty of making them understand this.' He soon 'knew 'and loved every stone of the mighty Norman church,' and began to set to rights the neglected Chapter Library. The scenery round Peterborough has few obvious attractions, but the bishop became familiar with every inch of it and made all his children equally so. 'He seemed,' says the late Bishop Lyttelton, 'to obtain with apparently great ease

'and rapidity a knowledge of the clergy and of the different 'parishes which I have never seen equalled.' Though he

'was utterly ignorant of the Midlands when first appointed,' is the testimony of another witness. 'before he had been Bishop of Peterborough for a year he seemed to know the history and the geography and the distinguishing characteristics of his diocese better than any of his predecessors after many years. He was a wonderful judge of character, and I found that he knew what sort of a man a given rector or vicar was better than I could tell him, and he never forgot the facts and history of each parish when he had once learnt them.'

He took extraordinary pains about every detail of his Ordinations, and entered minutely into the circumstances of each candidate. 'At one of these private interviews a candidate 'was somewhat disconcerted because the Bishop, after look-'ing at him some time without speaking, asked him if he 'were engaged; he then went on to give him some sound 'advice on the social difficulties of the large town to which 'he was going.' The relations thus begun were continued afterwards whenever he met the clergy he had ordained. 'The happiest evenings in our lives,' writes one of them, 'were those nights after some long function when he used 'to sit with all of us round him, and encourage us to attack 'one of those delightful paradoxes of his.'

The most notable incident in his life at Peterborough was his intervention—kept completely in the background, and for that very reason the more effective—in the dispute in the boot trade in 1895. The Bishop returned from a spring holiday in Italy to find that lock-out notices were on the point of being issued to 120,000 work-people. Creighton at once sought to impress upon his clergy the difficulty of coming to a fair decision on the questions raised from time to time by the complexity of industrial life. Trade disputes are not to be explained by any rough and ready process. The obstacles to a settlement need not be either greed or ignorance. They may simply be 'the limitations of human 'foresight.' His advice not hastily to take sides in the quarrel was founded on no wish to avoid responsibility, but on the absence of any material beyond imperfect and one-sided statements. But a strike or a lock-out might be turned to good account. The parties 'could not agree 'before because they had not time both to work and to 'investigate great questions. They have stopped work 'without any ill feeling towards one another that they may 'give their attention in common to provide for the future.'

This is not the common view either of strikes or of the duty of the public in regard to them, but it was the view that Creighton urged upon his clergy and wished his clergy to urge upon others. Later on, a conference was arranged between Sir Courtenay Boyle, the Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, and representatives of masters and workmen. The Bishop wrote frequently to Sir Courtenay to tell him 'all that he had been able to discover about the 'attitude of both sides,' and this all was a great deal. Creighton soon came to the conclusion that the men asked too much and the masters refused too much. As not infrequently happens in these cases, the masters wanted not so much to arrive at a settlement as to deal a blow at Trade Unionism. Creighton saw that no compromise was possible unless this position were given up. In the end all difficulties were overcome, and an agreement was arrived at.

'Throughout the contest the Bishop had felt and shown great sym-
'pathy with the men, but he had distrusted their judgment, and had
'not felt confidence in the wisdom of their leaders. He understood
'how industrial questions were complicated by international competi-
'tion, and saw the need for expert knowledge. He felt that the real
'difficulty was to get the ordinary man to recognise the value and
'importance of that knowledge, or to have any means of discovering
'whether it was possessed by the leaders whose brave words attracted
'him.'

One admirable suggestion has once at least been acted on 'with immensely satisfactory results.' It was that employers should send two of their number to visit the great seats of foreign competition, and pay the expenses of two workmen who should go with them and judge for themselves the conditions of the trade in which they were both interested. Creighton took pains in the frequent lectures he gave to working men to 'train their judgment by lifting them into 'a bigger world.' The Armada, Common Sense, Carthage, Benedictine Monasteries were among his subjects, and the information he gave was 'good enough, and conveyed agree-'ably enough, for princes.'

The visit to Moscow on the occasion of the Czar's coronation delighted Creighton. The splendour of the ceremonial, and its unlikeness to anything in the West greatly 'fired his historic imagination'! He returned with a profound and lasting conviction 'of the absurdity of 'Englishmen attempting to suggest schemes of reform for 'Russia or to solve her problems. Her conditions, her

'civilisation, the character of her people, he saw to be so 'different from ours that it was vain to apply our standards 'to her.' This was the position that Creighton invariably took up when approaching a new subject. He had a strong sense of the difficulty of really getting at the heart of our home problems, and he was not likely to lose sight of this when the subject was so vast and complex as the condition of a great Empire which he was visiting for the first time. His attitude in Russia 'had been that of one who tried to 'understand rather than to criticise, and this he felt should 'be the attitude of the English towards the Russians.' He greatly admired M. Pobiedonostzeff. 'He is a most interest-'ing man, of powerful mind, clear vision, and large know-'ledge. . . . I find him one of the ablest men I have ever 'met.' On another aspect of the Russian question Creighton was wholly free from illusions. Writing in 1896 about Armenia, he says:

'I am not prepared to shriek, because those who shriek are not prepared to pay. There is no practical step possible except to hand the whole thing over to Russia. Is the public who shrieks prepared for this? I do not think so. . . . Since my return I have had a talk with —— in which I very frankly stated my own opinions in favour of a pro-Russian, or rather cum-Russian, attitude on our part. I am doing all I can to promote it. . . . The defect of our policy as expressed by public meetings is that it is hopelessly Pecksniffian. We do not recognise differences of civilisation, modes of thought, above all, conceptions of freedom. If English public meetings will say, "We recognise Russia as a great civilising power, with great advantages for the work of pacifying South-Eastern Europe; we will take our jealousies and suspicions out of the way, and will do our best to work hand in hand for the good of the East"—well. But will they?'

All that the 'Life' discloses of Creighton's character and grasp of principles will make some people regret that he was not sent to Canterbury on Archbishop Benson's death. The less constant and less exacting work might have saved his life, while in shaping an ecclesiastical policy his exceptional powers would have had a field far better suited to them than in applying a policy shaped for him by others. At the time, indeed, the see of London seemed a position of almost equal importance with the primacy. The wisdom of Bishop Temple's policy on the Ritual question had latterly been challenged, and there was a general feeling that Creighton would bring to the consideration of it an amount of insight and resolution rare in the English episcopate. In all the posts he had already filled these qualities had been clearly

shown, and had his life been prolonged they would probably have been equally visible in his administration of the great diocese of London. As it was, he died worn out with routine work when his policy was still in the making, and when its application, so far as it was made, had been hampered by the action of others. The hopes that were entertained of him may be read in two letters. Lord Salisbury, when asking him whether he would 'be willing 'to accept translation,' added: 'There is probably no one 'in Christendom whose mind is better equipped for appre-'ciating the work to which you are invited.' The present Archbishop of Canterbury wrote: 'You will be overwhelmed 'just now with the glad letters of all who realise what need 'there is for courage and power, and level-headed common 'sense, and largeness of sympathy and steadiness of purpose 'in the occupant of Fulham at such a juncture in the 'Church's history.' Unhappily the occupancy of Fulham entailed much which made little demand on these great qualities, while they overtaxed the physical strength of their possessor. Creighton was a great believer in the advantages of interviews over letters, and his faith was tried to the uttermost. 'Some when their turn came thought his 'manner almost curt, so quickly did he cut the knot of the 'difficulty, and so little time did he give to further discussion 'when once the real question was settled.' But if 'a 'question were submitted to him which really required 'discussion he would talk it over as deliberately as though 'he had nothing else to do that morning.' The strain, however, was very great. Creighton's patience was rather self-imposed than natural. He had no intellectual arrogance. He knew too much, and was too conscious of the limitations, even of those who knew most, to be tempted in that way. But he could and did feel a strong intellectual contempt for ignorance and self-conceit. The irritation provoked by these characteristics 'was well disguised, though it was a 'satisfaction to let it out sometimes. A friend met him once 'at the door showing out a deputation of discontented 'parishioners, and as he turned back with him, the Bishop 'replied to the question how he was, "As well as can be 'expected when every ass in my diocese thinks that he 'has a right to come and bray in my study."' This story may be supplemented by the Bishop's description—not given by Mrs. Creighton—of a long day's work: "Seeing one Reverend Tom Noddy after another for twelve hours at a stretch.' In a graver mood he wrote: 'I never seem to be

'free from interviewing candidates [for Ordination]. Con-'firmations go on steadily from February to July, and are 'almost always in the evening. . . . My time is spent in 'meetings of every sort. It is a very inhuman life.' The multiplicity of routine duties did not prevent him from trying to cope with all others that came in his way. His business capacity found a congenial field in the Estates Committee of the Ecclesiastical Commission. He was an active Trustee of the British and Natural History Museums, and of the National Portrait Gallery. He was a member of 'The Club,' of Grillion's, and of 'Nobody's Friends,' and a guest at innumerable other dinners, public and private. He 'liked to entertain all manner of men' and for that reason lived at London House during the early part of the season, after which dinners gave place to Saturday to Monday parties at Fulham. Besides all this there was the Jubilee and the Lambeth Conference—both happening in the same year—the Lambeth Hearing, and the meeting of the Church Congress in London—all in their several ways adding to the mass of the Bishop's work, and leaving little or no time for the old recreations. 'I have not had a walk for ages,' he writes, 'and the joys of spring are invisible to me.' Again, 'the great nuisance of London is, one never sees anybody 'intimately,' and he 'often lamented that he saw so few 'children.'

The chief difficulty which Creighton encountered in his new post was 'the divergence in the method of conducting 'the services of the Church.' We have said that in this matter Bishop Temple had left his clergy alone. He 'worked like a horse himself, and let everybody else work 'in the way they liked.' His successor took a different view. There should be, he said, 'a recognised type of 'the Anglican services, so that worshippers may not be 'confused by the multiplicity of variations.' This, however, left the question what this type should be, unsettled. Each variation in the services had its origin in a corresponding variation in the reading of the type. In the first instance, however, the difficulty presented itself in an easier form. The Prayer Book has the disadvantage, inseparable from its age and from the circumstances of its origin, of leaving many modern occasions uncared for. These occasions have been met in various ways by more elastic organisations, whether of Nonconformity or of Roman Catholicism, and the more energetic clergy had been in the habit of following such of these examples as they happened to like.

In this way a large variety of additional services had come into use, in most, or at all events in many, cases, without any reference to the Bishop, and one of these had drawn on it the ominous attention of Mr. John Kensit. Creighton's course in regard to these services was made very much easier by the action of a large number of the High Church clergy. They met in conference in the spring of 1898, at the instance of Canon Carter of Clewer, and passed two resolutions: (1) 'That this Conference recognises the full 'authority of the Bishop to prohibit any service not con-'tained in the Book of Common Prayer'; the other: 'That this Conference recognises the full authority of the 'Bishop to prohibit any omissions from, or additions to, 'the services contained in the Book of Common Prayer.' These resolutions formed the basis of the letter which the Bishop addressed to his clergy in the following June. No additions were to be made to the services in the Prayer Book, nor anything omitted from them, and all services additional to the Prayer Book were to be submitted to him for his sanction. It seemed, no doubt, to many at the time, and has seemed to many since, that these directions should not only have been obeyed, but obeyed without murmur or hesitation. But to think this would be to leave two things out of account. Attention had first been drawn to these services by Mr. Kensit's action, and that had not been of a kind to dispose the clergy to submission. The Vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn, had said, some weeks before the Bishop's letter was issued, that he could do nothing in regard to additional services, 'until the intimidation of 'mob law was at an end.' It was not till November, however, that the Bishop was able to satisfy him on this point, and then the services were at once sent for approval. But the second difficulty now came into view. The services in this church and in a few others were, the Bishop thought, 'of the nature of a permanent supplement to the Book of 'Common Prayer, in many cases for purposes which are not 'there recognised at all.' Consequently, in the Bishop's opinion, it was necessary 'that they should be entirely 'recast and that many of them should be discontinued.' These additions had been made, however, to meet what their authors regarded as proved defects in the Prayer Book, and to prohibit them would, it was represented, be a cause of much distress. To this the Bishop could only say that to make appreciation by the congregation the sole criterion 'would rob the Church of any positive system and reduce it

'to Congregationalism.' The Bishop talked the matter over with the clergy of St. Albans more than once, and in the end Mr. Suckling announced the required changes to the congregation, and pointed out that the Bishop was entirely within his rights, and that, whatever it might cost the clergy, it was their duty loyally to obey. 'It would be 'well,' says Creighton's biographer, 'if those who were 'loud in rebuking the "lawlessness of the clergy" had 'tried to understand the real sacrifice made in this and 'other cases at the bidding of the Bishop. The submission 'at St. Albans was a very real help and comfort to him in 'the midst of all his difficulties.'

These difficulties, however, were only beginning. Circumstances made it impossible—at all events made it appear impossible—to rest satisfied with the success already obtained. The condemned services had been used in very few churches and for the most part at times when no objectors were likely to be present. There remained the larger question of the changes which had been introduced in the course of years into the regular services of the Church. In describing Creighton's policy on this question, we do not here propose to pass on it any judgement. The opinions of the 'Edinburgh Review' are too well known to make any fresh statement of them necessary. We shall only try to show what the temper of the clergy with whom Creighton was to some extent brought in conflict really was, and what were the methods by which he essayed to control and guide it.

The origin of what is incorrectly called Ritualism dates back to the almost despairing period in the history of the Oxford movement which followed upon the second great group of secessions—those caused by the judgement of the Judicial Committee in the Gorham Case. For some years after the movement seemed at an end, and Newman could say triumphantly to those he had left behind in the Church of England: 'My dear brethren, a movement is a thing that 'moves.' But the stream had only gone underground, and, by the time it came again to the surface, some of the clergy had begun to ask themselves why the Tractarians had made so little way outside a narrow circle of refined and educated men and women. The conclusion they came to was, that the appeal had been made to the wrong sense. The older men had preached to deaf ears. The younger men determined to try whether something could not be done with blind eyes. The doctrine of the Real Presence in the Sacrament, they argued, had made but little way, because the ceremonial

which expressed that doctrine had not been brought back at the same time. This change of policy was accompanied by another of perhaps greater importance. Newman had staked everything on the immediate acceptance of his teaching by the ecclesiastical authorities. It was the open repudiation of it by the bishops that drove him out of the Church. The Ritualists took a different line. 'We,' they said, 'are but workers in a counter-Reformation which has 'been going on, with varying fortunes, ever since the days 'of Elizabeth. The men of 1833 accepted their first defeat 'as final. To us reverses are but isolated incidents in a long 'struggle. But the object of that struggle is no longer to 'impose our reading of the Prayer Book upon others; we 'ask only to be allowed to accept it for ourselves.' The reverses in question were numerous. Prosecution after prosecution went against the Ritualists. They held their own, however, and increased in numbers—though at the cost of some imprisonments—until, in 1874, Archbishop Tait and Mr. Disraeli combined to put them down by an improvement in ecclesiastical procedure. The Public Worship Regulation Act was passed in circumstances of great excitement, and proved to have its full share of the faults incident to such an origin. Further prosecutions followed, until nine years later Archbishop Tait became satisfied that they were useless, and his last act was a virtual proclamation of an ecclesiastical peace. That peace remained unbroken till Bishop Temple's translation to Canterbury. As he afterwards told the House of Lords, 'since the time when there was the general agreement not 'to prosecute,' he had let things alone. To have done otherwise, he thought, would have been 'to interfere, and 'by interfering to stop what is really religious work, and 'religious work sometimes of the very best kind.'

In the autumn of 1898 the maintenance of this attitude of non-intervention seemed becoming more and more difficult. The extreme Protestants had not been content with the suppression of a particular type of additional services. They demanded the suppression of a particular type of ceremonial in the regular services. The correspondence columns of the 'Times' were filled with little else than the alleged lawlessness of the clergy. Possibly not much would have come of this if it had been limited to those who ordinarily take part in newspaper warfare. But Sir William Harcourt's intervention gave the controversy a new importance. The Government—always anxious to

stand well with Lancashire—grew uneasy, and their uneasiness imparted itself to the House of Commons. This was the state of affairs that Creighton had to face when he had been little more than a year in his new diocese. The problem was distinct from that presented to him by the additional services. There he had simply to prohibit something which was not in the Prayer Book. Here he had to interpret something which was in the Prayer Book. But this latter power Creighton never dreamed of claiming. The directions in the Prayer Book are binding alike on bishops and clergy, and a bishop has no more right than an individual clergyman to interpret those directions for any one but himself. To attempt anything more would be to usurp the function of the Ecclesiastical Courts. But an appeal to these Courts was surrounded with difficulties. Their jurisdiction was rejected by the whole High Church party; it was certain that the accused persons would not appear, and so the case would be decided after hearing only one side. Creighton's letters at this time show pretty plainly that, had he been left to manage matters for himself, he might have counted on moderating the action even of the most extreme clergy. But he was not so left. Early in 1899, Archbishop Temple determined to take action upon a passage in the preface to the Prayer Book, which provides that, 'for 'the resolution of all doubts, concerning the manner how to 'understand, do, and execute the things contained in this 'Book, the parties that so doubt . . . shall always resort to 'the bishop of the diocese,' and that if he 'be in doubt he 'may send for the resolution thereof to the archbishop.' The supposed advantage of this plan was that it gave the accused clergy an opportunity of stating their case. But the objections to it were grave. The authority with which these words were supposed to invest the archbishop had never been exercised. On the contrary, the Court of Arches, and on appeal, first the Court of Delegates and afterwards the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, had uniformly heard and determined the very cases which the archbishop now proposed to decide for himself. Moreover, it seemed hardly possible that this interpretation of the words could ever have been intended by their authors, since it would have defeated that uniformity which the Prayer Book was intended to secure. No appeal is provided from the bishop of the diocese to the archbishop unless the bishop be in doubt. Supposing him to be quite clear what a rubric means, that is what it must mean in his diocese. There

is nothing, therefore, to forbid as many interpretations as there are dioceses, and the preface gives the archbishop no power of either harmonising them or of preferring one to the other. The real object of the provision was probably to provide a rapid way of getting at the meaning of the new Book when it was first put out, and the words were retained in subsequent revisions because they had been present in the first. Probably, indeed, if the Court of Queen's Bench had been applied to, it would have prohibited the archbishop from exercising the novel jurisdiction which he claimed. No objection, however, was raised, and it was agreed that the Bishops of London and Norwich should each present a clergyman to the Archbishop. It was not without a good deal of pressure from persons of influence in the High Church party that this agreement was arrived at, and this influence would never have been exerted but for what turned out to be a complete misconception of the Archbishop's intentions. He was supposed to contemplate the virtual creation of an independent ecclesiastical court which should treat all the points in the Prayer Book which have been the subject of dispute as cases of first instance and disregard all previous judgments. Archbishop Benson had done something of this kind in the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln, and it was hoped in some quarters that the new departure of Archbishop Temple might result in the creation of a somewhat similar tribunal. It is difficult to believe that these expectations were really entertained, but we believe that if the facts were fully known the accuracy of this account would be admitted. There were others, moreover, not associated with the High Church party, who argued that the Archbishop's motive, in taking so anomalous a jurisdiction upon himself, must be the hope of discovering some compromise in regard to the selected points. This was what Archbishop Benson had done in the Lincoln case. The Eastward Position and Altar Lights had been sanctioned as alternative customs, and the Judicial Committee had not disallowed the Archbishop's judgement when it was brought before them on appeal. Archbishop Temple's action disappointed both these expectations. It condemned the practices complained of, and it condemned them on the narrowest possible grounds. More than this, it took no notice of the argument on which the incriminated clergy rested their case. The second Act of Uniformity, the Archbishop said, prohibits 'the use 'of any ceremony not ordered in the book.' It was 'clearly

'meant to exclude all variations.' But to apply these words to the use of incense was, in the eyes of the users, to overlook the Ornaments Rubric altogether. That rubric is an excellent illustration of the inconveniences of legislation by reference. It orders the retention of certain things, not by name, but by a reference to what was in use by the authority of Parliament in the second year of Edward VI. This reference is open to at least three interpretations, one of which would certainly have covered incense—and a good deal more—while another might possibly have covered it. But the Archbishop passed them all over. From his copy of the Prayer Book the Ornaments Rubric seemed to have been left out. The irritation of the clergy concerned was great. Their arguments, they said, had been heard, but they had neither been considered, nor disposed of.

The calming process which Creighton had been applying to ritual difficulties in London was thus abruptly arrested. He had sought to check various ceremonies, not so much on the ground of illegality as in the interests of order, of goodwill, of avoidance of needless causes of offence, of consideration of peace in the Church rather than of giving satisfaction to particular congregations. On these grounds any clergyman might yield without sacrifice of principle. But now Creighton was met by a different plea. To do what you ask, it was said, is not merely to follow the directions of our own bishop—directions not professing to determine any question of law, but intended simply to further the peace of the diocese. It is to accept a judgement which passes over our arguments without so much as notice, while it comes from a source the jurisdiction of which, as exercised on this occasion, is more than doubtful. Undismayed by this change in the position, Creighton set to work to apply his old method to the new circumstances. He instructed his Rural Deans to convey to the clergy concerned his request that they would abandon the usages in question and explain to their people that they did so at his special desire. Of the fifty-eight clergy whom this letter concerned, all but three consented to abandon the ceremonial use of incense, in compliance with the Bishop's wish, 'and in 'dutiful regard for his person and office, and for the good of 'the Church.'

The last aspect of the controversy which was to come before him seems to have given Creighton more anxiety than any other. In September, 1900, he was informed that a certain Colonel Porcelli intended to proceed against five

London clergymen under the Church Discipline Act of 1840. Was this a case for the use of the episcopal veto? Creighton was under no illusion as to what the effect of a prosecution would be. 'Of course,' he wrote to the present Archbishop of Canterbury, 'everybody disapproves of a prosecution 'the moment it is started. It means a certain loss to 'the Protestant party of their present popularity. It means 'that incense and reservation will in five years' time be in 'the same class as vestments.' In a second letter he described the attitude of one of the clergy against whom the suit was directed. It was, '"I would meet you if I '"could, but I am not going to be bullied by a handful of '"Prots." In fact, "Catholic principles" are now in the back-'ground, and we are going to have British pluck instead. 'He will not appear before the Arches Court and will pay no 'attention to the sentence. Doubtless he will be ejected by 'the police ultimately amidst universal sympathy, and no one 'will be able to work his parish. Two parishes in the slums 'of East London will be devastated, and then the Protestant 'fervour will disappear for our lifetime. Incense will come 'back and reservation for the sick will become general.' Still, for some time Creighton did not see his way to using his veto. The episcopal discretion, he argued, must be a legal discretion, and being so it could only bar suits on the ground that they were either frivolous or unnecessary. Neither of these pleas could be sustained in the present case, and on what other plea could he justify a refusal to let the suit go on? Probably his very eagerness to discover such a plea made the interval of hesitation longer. He hated the idea of a prosecution. It went against the convictions that he had held and preached throughout his life. But the more he hated it the more scrupulous he became. The veto must be used for the precise ends for which Parliament had meant it to be used and for no other. In the end help came from an unexpected source. The Church Discipline Act allows a prosecution to be instituted by any one, the Public Worship Regulation Act limits the right to parishioners. The Public Worship Regulation Act had ritual offences specially in view, and it enacted that the prosecutor should have a personal interest in the matter. Consequently, to allow proceedings to be taken by a non-parishioner under the Act of 1840 would be to defeat the intention of the Act of 1874. The reasoning was more ingenious than conclusive, but it answered the purpose. Colonel Porcelli did not live in any of the five parishes to

which his complaints related; his only address was a London club. Accordingly, the Bishop vetoed the prosecution on that ground.

Had Creighton consulted merely his own feelings, the controversies which played so large a part in his London life would not have greatly troubled him. He had his own opinions, but he was not at all anxious to impose, or even to impress, them upon others. 'I have no belief,' he wrote, 'in my exclusive possession of wisdom. . . . My sympathies 'are genuinely with every form of opinion. . . . My object is 'to bring them all into close union without asking them to 'compromise, but only to be large-hearted. Differences do 'not matter, but the way in which we express them.' On the other hand, he did not wish to see one set of opinions merged in another. He laid great emphasis on the distinctness of the Anglican position as defined in the Prayer Book. 'The services there contained must not be resolved into 'other services even of a similar type.' The 'great English 'tradition,' the 'belief of England in its mission,' were of paramount importance to him. His objection to the extreme High Church party was that 'they do not care for the 'Church of England.' They think only of 'what they call 'the Catholic Church.' He was not in the least indifferent to doctrine, but very anxious not to make doctrines of what are only matters of opinion. Thus about the Real Presence he writes: 'The Church of England recognises as strongly 'as possible the *fact*, but has declined to express any opinion 'on the *method*.' So long as this was excluded he thought the strongest expressions in the Greek Liturgy 'quite in 'accord with the spirit of the Prayer Book.' About particular points he wrote and spoke to his clergy with great freedom, never keeping back his own views or concealing his divergence from theirs. But all this was coloured and interpreted by his excessive dislike to anything like an appeal to force. 'When differences of opinion disturb the 'peace of the Church,' he wrote to Mr. Kensit, 'it is the 'duty of those in authority to behave with strict regard to 'justice, and to remember that they are dealing with matters 'which are connected with the deepest sentiments of the 'human heart and the most profound convictions of the 'human mind. Human wisdom as well as Christian charity 'prescribes tenderness and patience in dealing with conscientious convictions.' Underneath all his frankness and all his plainness of speech lay the conviction that persuasion and argument were the only weapons a bishop could command on

points which involved real differences of opinion. There is a letter of his to Mr. T. Cheney Garfit which puts this with special clearness. 'Every Englishman,' he says, 'when he 'feels that he is in a strong majority, considers it very easy 'to wipe out the minority. Unfortunately . . . minorities 'are very troublesome, especially when they are driven into 'a corner.' And then he asks his correspondent to 'consider 'a few general truths of history.' Two of these are: 'The 'history of the English Church is a history of vain attempts 'to obtain peace by exclusion.' 'When we look back upon 'the past we sympathise with those who were excluded, 'forgetting the points at issue, and remembering only the 'value of liberty as a principle of our national life.'

We take leave of this singularly interesting book with a feeling of regret that in reviewing it we have been compelled to leave so many aspects of Creighton's character unnoticed. We have hardly touched, for example, on the strength and sincerity of his religious convictions, on the wide range of his affections and tastes, on his keen enjoyment whether of work or of holidays, on his generous sympathy alike with the pleasures and the griefs of others, on his passionate love of liberty and his corresponding dislike of anything like dictation how liberty should be used. We must not, however, bring this Review to a close without one word of praise for the admirable way in which Mrs. Creighton has performed a most difficult duty. She has known on the one hand how to keep her own personality in the background, and on the other how now and again to give the principal figure the advantage of an appropriate background. We may instance as one striking example of this latter characteristic the vivid sketch of a North-country village and of North-country villagers which serves as a preface to the chapter on Creighton's life at Embleton. They are pages which it would be hard to beat in descriptive literature.

Art. VI.—SWEDEN.

Sweden: its People and its Industry. Published by order of the Government. Edited by Gustav Sundbärg. Stockholm Government Printing Office. P. A. Norstedt & Söner. 1904.

As a resort of the multitudes, now generally classed as tourists, who spend their periodical holidays in visiting foreign countries, Sweden has been practically thrown into the background by its near neighbour Norway. The splendours of the Norwegian coast scenery are heightened by the comparative rarity of its distinguishing feature, the fiord-formation—which is found on anything like a similar scale only in New Zealand and Western Patagonia—and they can be viewed at ease from the luxuriously-appointed steamers which visit the country at the best season of the year. A great deal of the internal scenery of Norway also is highly picturesque. It is no wonder, therefore, that the country is visited by tens of thousands of tourists.* By the side of such figures those which Sweden could show would, no doubt, look small. Yet, even as regards scenery alone, a visit to Sweden will well repay the traveller. Railways have now made the northern part of the country easily accessible: and views in the forest region and the so-called 'Alpine districts' will bear comparison with much to be found in the adjoining kingdom. Though not imposing, the aspect of great part of Southern Sweden is very attractive. The immense number of lakes, alternating with low tree-clad hills and tracts of cultivated land, forms a picture hardly to be met with elsewhere, and the view is often agreeably diversified by the presence of stately castles and manor-houses or venerable churches. The Baltic coast scenery of Sweden is all but unique. Nowhere else, except in Finland, is the peculiar *skärgård* (pronounced 'share-'gord') met with. This extraordinary archipelago of islets and rocks—for which our word 'skerries' is the linguistic, but imperfect topographical equivalent—fringing the Swedish coast for hundreds of miles and running across by the Aland group to Finland, is an almost ideal cruising-ground. The guidance of experienced local pilots is, however, just as

* In 1895 the number of 'travellers for pleasure' visiting Norway was given as 27,138. It now probably equals, if it does not surpass, 40,000.

essential as it is amongst the Norwegian fiords. It is not only on account of its remarkable appearance that the *skärgård* deserves attention. It has had an important influence on the arrangement of the national defences, and has helped to shape the history of the country.

Stockholm is the most beautiful capital—probably the most beautiful city—in the world. The beauties which 'Lisboa first unfolds' do not surpass those of Stockholm, and even the glories of Sydney pale before those of the capital of Sweden, which are due to a rare harmony of natural features and well-placed imposing architectural monuments. The Swedish taste, even in its *rococo* manifestations, has seldom failed to turn a favourable site to the best advantage; and on Lake Mälar favourable sites are many. Though Stockholm is in about the same latitude as Northern Kamschatka and the Alaskan peninsula, the climate for great part of the year is delightful, and the mortality statistics show that in the matter of healthiness it takes a high place amongst cities.

There is much in Sweden to make it attractive besides its scenery and climate, about the latter of which we shall have a few words to say farther on. Its history is extraordinarily interesting. For three generations the small Swedish nation played an astonishingly prominent part in the world, and Sweden for a time was justly looked upon as a Great Power. Why it became, and why it ceased to be, one have not been adequately explained, though it is probable that an explanation can be found without much difficulty. If its external history was impressive, its internal history has been illustrated by episodes of an interest equal to that of the most captivating romances. Gustavus Vasa, Gustavus Adolphus, and Charles XII. were singularly dramatic figures, and Gustavus III. was hardly less so. The constitutional history of Sweden has in several points a fascinating resemblance to our own. The annals of a kingdom in which great families struggled for predominance and aimed occasionally at supreme power naturally supply materials for many a romantic situation. The condition of the country generally, and the standard maintained by it in the intellectual and in the material domain, are well worth our attention. The commercial developement, if looked at carefully, will be found to justify admiration or surprise quite as great as that which we are fond of expressing when the progress of larger countries is discovered by us.

The Swedish Government has—very judiciously, in our opinion—removed every excuse for our ignorance of the present condition and recent advance of the kingdom and its people. It has lately published an English edition of the handbook of statistics prepared for the Paris Exhibition of 1900. This goodly volume, the title of which heads the present article, gives us a fairly full account of everything that we can reasonably wish to know about the people of Sweden and their country. It is characteristic of the patriotic temper of the Swedes that, when the sum voted by the Riksdag for the publication of the work in French, Swedish, and English was found to be inadequate, a private person, Mr. K. A. Wallenberg, of Stockholm, came forward and made up the deficiency. The munificent support accorded to public objects by individual subjects of King Oscar, and the readiness with which taxpayers and ratepayers contribute to State and municipal institutions, are made evident to every visitor by a number of stately buildings.

The volume, which is edited by Mr. Gustav Sundbärg, of the Royal Bureau of Statistics, assisted by many collaborators with special qualifications for dealing with the different sections, is divided into two parts, and each part has many subdivisions. It is written in generally excellent English. Occasionally, but rarely, a modern eye may detect quaint forms of expression, apparently due to the influence of models now looked upon as old-fashioned or to a close translation of Swedish phrases. The smoothness of the diction in this edition is a pleasant proof of the general similarity of the English and the Swedish idiom and of the near relationship between the two tongues.

The first part of the work contains an account of the country and its people, with a summary of its history; a description of the constitution and the system of administration; disquisitions on the educational methods in use, the state of literature, art and science; and also an explanation of the facilities for touring and sport. The second part is devoted to a consideration of the occupations of the people, and deals very fully with their several industries and the commercial conditions in the kingdom.

A glance at an orographical map of the great Scandinavian peninsula enables us to see the difference in the superficial aspect of the two countries composing it. It also offers an explanation of the distribution of population in Sweden and much of its history. Historical Sweden, the

old Svea-land and Göta-land of the legendary period which combined to form the kingdom of the Folkungas and the Vasas, extended in effect but little to the north of Uppsala; and the district generally, including, as it does, the great Lakes Vener and Vetter, may be described as low. The loftiest point of the so-called 'Småland Highlands,' Tomtabacken, is only 1,216 feet above sea-level. The geology of Sweden is discussed with some fulness in the special section of the work under notice. Therein we are informed that

'Sweden, geologically viewed, is a very old country. By far the largest part of its rocks were formed during early geological times—the so-called Primitive or Archæan age—and during the next or Pre-cambrian, anterior to the appearance of organic life. Furthermore, at most, the whole of the area now called Sweden has been raised above the sea during the immeasurably long ages which have passed away since the Silurian strata were deposited. . . . Its continental character during the above-named long ages Sweden had in common with Norway, Finland, and adjoining parts of Russia. Within these lands the rocks are almost entirely of Archæan or Precambrian age, while in most other European countries young formations, hundreds and thousands of metres in thickness, prove them to have been submerged during the larger part of the time when Sweden was dry land.' *

With regard to the vegetation the country may be divided into several regions. There are the Alpine region, principally characterised by the absence of trees and occupying the highest part of the kingdom in the north-west. Dwarf willows and other shrubs abound in certain places, and when the snow melts in summer the Alpine heaths are found. The Birch region, characterised by woods of common birch interspersed with occasional aspen and mountain-ash trees, forms an irregular belt below the Alpine. The Fir-wood region occupies the north of Sweden below and south of the Birch. Then comes the Oak region. The Beech region embraces the southern part of the country. The flora of Sweden consists of about 1,600 species of wild flowering plants. Of these about 1,050 are found in the area of the former province of Skåne. It is interesting to connect with the above the distribution of agricultural products. As regards cereal cultivation Sweden may be said to be divided into three regions. Barley is the predominant crop in the northern part. 'Central and southern 'Sweden are divided into an eastern half with a large culti-'vation of rye, and a western half with a still greater culti-

* P. 36.

'vation of oats.' The department of Malmöhus, in the extreme south, has nearly double the wheat acreage of any other section.

Like its flora, so the fauna of Sweden entered the country at a comparatively late period. We are told that, 'on account of climatic conditions and the still extensive 'forests, a number of forms have been able to survive here 'which have long since disappeared from Southern and 'Central Europe.' A feature of the Swedish fauna is the 'white winter dress of certain birds and mammals.' In some cases, as in those of the hare and the ptarmigan, this is protective, as it helps concealment from enemies; in others, on the contrary, it facilitates the stealthy attacks of predatory animals on their prey. The common bear and the common wolf are often met with on the mountains. The elk is found as far south as the old province of Småland. Amongst the birds the capercailzie, the ptarmigan, and the grouse in several varieties may be mentioned. 'The fauna 'of Sweden is marked by its poverty in reptiles and batra-'chians.' The rivers and lakes of Sweden are rich in fish, of which the greater number are edible. There are forty salmon rivers with a length of 3,700 kilomètres (2,300 miles) accessible for the salmon.

A visitor to Sweden will soon infer, from the robust appearance of the people of all classes, that the climate generally is a healthy one. 'Scandinavia enjoys a most 'favourable climate, considering its northerly situation. The 'principal reason for this is to be found in the warm seas, 'tempered by the Gulf Stream, which wash the coasts of 'Norway.' The length of Sweden from north to south is equal to about one-seventh of the distance from the North Pole to the equator. This is sufficient to produce consider-able climatic differences. The annual average temperature of the northernmost part is somewhat below the freezing-point (32° F.); whilst on the southern and south-western coasts it is 45° F. or a little higher. The summer, however, in the north is not much inferior, in the matter of heat, to that of Southern England; and if the Swedish summer season is short the days in it are long, giving an aggregate of many hours' sunshine. 'At Karesuando the sun remains 'above the horizon during fifty-three successive days, from 'May 26 to July 18.' The twilight in the north adds several hours to the length of the summer day. 'In fact 'there is uninterrupted day as far south as Hernösand 'from June 16 to June 27.' A knowledge of these facts

will enable us to understand why it is possible to carry on agriculture successfully even north of the Arctic circle. It is claimed for Sweden that it has 'a relatively hot summer 'and a not very cold winter.' In the southern half of the kingdom, at all events, and especially in the capital and the larger cities, the winter is the festive season. In winters of exceptional severity the waters off the western and southern coasts are covered with ice. This, however, does not stop navigation there except 'once or twice in a century.' On the Baltic coast, on the other hand, navigation can go on, after the cold returns, only during mild winters.

Few, if any, parts of the work which we are noticing will be found more interesting and valuable than those treating of the Swedish people and their history. Scandinavian archæologists have achieved well-deserved renown for their inquiries into the antiquities of their group of countries, and probably it is they who have set the fashion of beginning the history of a nation with a discussion of its condition in the earliest times.

'The nation which at the present day inhabits the kingdom of Sweden is considered to have had its dwelling-place there for an unbroken period of at least six thousand years—a longer period than any other European nation can look back upon within its present boundaries, with the exception of the kindred race in Denmark. There are traces of an earlier population than the present, one dating back perhaps ten thousand years ago; but it is not possible to determine whether those tribes of hunters and fishers belonged to the present race or to another. Since the beginning of the Stone Age at least, Sweden has been uninterruptedly inhabited by its present race of *Swedes* belonging to the Germanic branch of the great Aryan family.'*

The Swedish people, it is estimated, number at present about seven millions, of whom about 5¼ millions live in Sweden; 1½ million in America; 370,000 in Finland; and about 100,000 in other European countries. About 20,000 Finns and 7,000 Lapps are to be found in Sweden. The Swedish people claims to be, and there is little doubt that it is, 'the purest remainder now extant of the old Teutonic 'race.'† The Swedes are tall. The average height of the

* P. 68.

† P. 134. The different views on the appearance of the Germanic race in Sweden are summarised by Emil Hildebrand in § 2 of the First Book of his 'Svenska Statsförfattningens historiska Utveckling,' Stockholm, 1896.

men between 30 and 35 is 1·70 mètres (5 feet 7 inches). They have, as a rule, light hair, broad and lofty foreheads, and blue or gray eyes. They are dolichocephalic and orthognathous. The exceptions are not numerous. Only 13 per cent. are brachycephalic; and less than 25 per cent. are not strictly blondes.

In the Iron Age, which followed the Bronze Age, and may be said to have had its beginning about 500 years B.C., the population of Sweden was grouped in Svealand, principally round the Mälar Lake, and in the district known as Götaland farther south. It was divided into different communities or tribes, governed or at least headed by chiefs known as 'small kings.' How these separate tribes gradually combined into large groups—those of Svealand, who acknowledged the Uppsala King, and those of Götaland, also acknowledging a single chief—has not been recorded. A knowledge of the process of nation-making as exhibited amongst races at an analogous stage of development—for instance, the Samoans, Tongans, and Fijians of the second half of the nineteenth century—enables us to form a fairly accurate idea of what went on in Sweden in the remote ages referred to. We may feel sure that in similar ways the consolidation of the Swedish nation was brought about, and the acts by which Ingjald gained possession of his contemporaries' 'kingdoms,' about 700 A.D., and laid the foundation of the actual kingdom of Sweden, closely resembled those in the Polynesian communities just mentioned. It followed, in fact, the normal course of development from the tribal stage to that of nationality; and Ingjald may be taken as playing a part similar to that of Egbert in England a century later.

The misty and almost legendary Ynglinga dynasty reigned in Sweden throughout a period in which the Scandinavian peoples took an active part in the making of European history. The interval between the end of the seventh century and the middle of the eleventh covers the era of the Vikings. The Danes and Norsemen made expeditions, which had lasting effects, to the British Isles, to the coast of Western Continental Europe, and even to Mediterranean countries. The Swedish Vikings crossed the Baltic. Their fellow-countrymen had already formed settlements on the shores of the Finnish Gulf. One of their leaders, whom we know under the name of Rurik, founded near Lake Ladoga a dominion which gradually obtained the name of Russia. Some of them went as far as the Caspian and the Black

Seas, and even threatened the capital of the Byzantine Empire. Twice over these Varingians, as they were called, extorted a ransom for sparing the city in which for centuries afterwards many of them served as part of the Emperor's guard.

About 1000 A.D., or a little later, King Olof accepted baptism; and Christianity, which had already been preached at intervals in Sweden for more than a century and a half, obtained a firm footing in the land. It was not, however, till the latter part of the twelfth century that the country could be regarded as effectually Christianised; and the final triumph of the religion is dated as late as 1248. The early confederacy of small States had become a homogeneous kingdom. Another great change had taken place, that 'from an ancient Germanic peasant society to an aristo-'cratic and hierarchical one.'

'By degrees extensive changes took place in the life of the people. A class of land-owning nobles gradually emerged, as in the rest of Europe, out of the old peasant aristocracy, and it gained greater power in opposition to the peasants who had of old formed the flower of the people and had had a decisive voice at the Thing meetings. Above them all rose the Folkunga line, a gifted but turbulent family in Östergötland which soon gained the highest dignities of the State, and made and unmade kings.' *

In this statement we may find the key to much of the later history of the country—the strength of the aristocratic element in Swedish society and the successive predominance of great families. The want of cordiality in the relations between Norway and Sweden—which the friends of both countries will be glad to know is being ameliorated—was no doubt largely due to the essential social differences between the two peoples. Whilst Swedish society had long been pressed into an aristocratic mould, the Norwegian was practically democratic †—notwithstanding the absolutist form of the Danish Government, which ruled or was supposed to rule Norway. The fact is that the Norwegians were left much to themselves; and, as long as their officials were natives of the country and in sympathy, as was generally the case, with the local feeling, they lived in contented

* P. 74.

† 'Le roi était fixé hors du pays, d'où il résulta que la défense militaire fut négligée, en même temps que les grandes familles s'éteignèrent ou finirent par se fondre dans la classe des paysans.'—'La Norvège, ouvrage officiel,' Christiania, 1900.

disregard of the formal constitution of the central government. In Sweden the influence of the nobles as a class, and the predominance of some particular house, explain the frequency with which attempts at the union of Scandinavia were wrecked. Powerful as it might be in Sweden itself, the predominant family or group of families could not hope for the same influence in the other countries; and the nobles generally must have felt that an adroit sovereign of a united Scandinavia would be able to bring into play against them the resources derived from his other kingdoms.

In the middle of the thirteenth century the Folkunga family ascended the Swedish throne in the person of Valdemar, son of the celebrated Birger Jarl. The Folkungas reigned for more than a hundred years. The most celebrated personage in Sweden during the period was St. Bridget, 'the first Swede, either man or woman, since the days of 'the Viking expeditions, to become a figure of international 'importance.' The Kalmar Union, counting formal dates, lasted for more than a century and a quarter. The conduct of Eric of Pomerania and his Danish bailiffs caused great discontent in Sweden, culminating finally in a great popular rising under the celebrated Engelbrekt, which ended with the deposition of Eric. It was in the Engelbrekt insurrection, we are told, 'that the national consciousness of Sweden 'was brought to life: . . . and a united self-conscious 'Swedish nation appears for the first time upon the stage 'of history.' The rising led to an event of cardinal importance in Swedish constitutional history. At a great assembly at Arboga, in 1435, in addition to the state-councillors and others of the noble classes, there were present representatives of the towns and of the lower peasantry.

There exists, indeed, an important document, a summons to a general assembly for the year 1359, at which peasantry and townsmen, as well as other classes, were to be represented. The meeting did not take place, and 'it is even 'possible that the summons was never issued.'* The intention, nevertheless, was significant. It was during the tribulations of the Union period that the necessity of co-operation by all classes made itself felt, and the effect on the constitutional history of the nation was great and long-lasting. In many respects the early course of developement taken by the legislative institutions bears an interesting

* Emil Hildebrand, 'Svenska Statsförfattningens historiska Utveckling,' p. 180.

resemblance to that taken by similar institutions in England.*

The latter part of the Kalmar Union period was a time of almost unbroken strife between Sweden and Denmark. The influence of certain great houses, cultivating as they did the popular favour in order to secure popular support, again showed itself; and three rulers, bearing the title of 'Pro-'tector of the Realm,' issued from the two Sture families. This added greatly to the power of the nobility as a class. The ghastly tragedy known as the 'Massacre of Stockholm' † aroused throughout Sweden violent hostility to the continuance of the union with Denmark. There was a general rising, at the head of which Gustavus Vasa placed himself. He became king as Gustavus I., and in 1523 the Kalmar Union was dissolved for ever.

Legends have accumulated about the early history of Gustavus Vasa, as they have about that of many another illustrious personage; but there are enough authentic tales concerning him to prove that he was no ordinary man. He certainly had the qualities necessary in the circumstances in which he was placed. Though even in his lifetime a popular hero, he could be firm and indeed harsh when opposition had to be suppressed and enemies intimidated. He made the crown hereditary in his family. 'The line of the Vasas 'is one of the most gifted and illustrious families known to 'history, and Gustavus Vasa is one of the foremost figures 'amongst the rulers of the world.' We shall not consider this estimate exaggerated when we remember that besides the first Gustavus the family produced in the direct line such sovereigns as Charles IX. and Gustavus Adolphus. Swedish historians count the accession of the Vasas as the beginning of the period of Sweden's Re-birth. For the first time the country assumed a position as a distinguished

* As an illustration we may quote a passage from Bishop Stubbs ('Constitut. Hist.' i. p. 611), and one from Emil Hildebrand (p. 113). Speaking of the early National Council, the Bishop says, 'The name given these sessions of Council was often expressed by the Latin *colloquium*, and it is by no means unlikely that the name of parliament, which is used as early as 1175 by Jordan Fantosme, may have been in common use.' Mr. Hildebrand says, 'The State Council, which title was common during the years of a minority, assembled under much the same regulation as the meeting which was usually called *parlamentum* or *concilium generale Suecie* (ad habendum pro negotiis regni COLLOQUIUM congregati, 1324).'

† 'Stockholms blod-bad,' November 8, 1520.

member of the European political system. The doctrines of the Reformers had been introduced into Sweden in 1519. Gustavus Vasa adhered to the Reformation, 'making use of 'it as the most powerful agent in his scheme of national 'reorganisation.' The final victory of the reformed faith is dated in 1593, when the clergy and people of Sweden united to uphold the Augsburg Confession.

About the middle of the sixteenth century Sweden resumed her efforts to obtain territory in continental Europe. It is claimed for her that she had to engage in the undertaking in self-defence. In any case it was an introduction to her period of political greatness. Then ensued a 'protracted conflict for the mastery of the Baltic 'which carried Sweden to the height of its power and to 'the brink of destruction. The mastery of the Baltic was a 'necessity for Sweden at a time when ways more frequently 'led across the sea than over land.' It is here that we may look for the explanation, already alluded to, of Sweden's appearance as a Great Power, and the subsequent abandonment of the character. The country throughout the particular period in question was for all practical purposes as much an island as though it were surrounded by the sea. As long as Sweden retained her position as the leading Baltic naval state it was possible to preserve the character of a Great Power. As soon as the naval pre-eminence vanished, claims based upon it had necessarily to be abandoned. No more convincing illustration of that with which Captain Mahan has made us familiar—viz. the influence of sea-power on history—can be found than in the annals of Sweden. The subject is an interesting one, and worthy of being followed up.

Swedish affairs in the seventeenth century were directed by an extraordinary succession of great men—Charles IX., Gustavus Adolphus, Axel Oxenstierna as head of the regency in Christina's minority; and, after the extinction of the direct line of the Vasas, Charles Gustavus and Charles XI. Capable as many of its members were, the Palatinate family which succeeded the Vasas did not fully comprehend the practically insular character of the realm which it had come to reign over, and did not correctly appreciate the influence of sea-power. In the latter part of his reign Charles XI. paid much attention to his navy, but too late. At the end of the Thirty Years' War, in 1648, Sweden was mistress of the mouths of all the German rivers, and of the greater part of the shores of the Baltic. In 1658 the power of Sweden

had reached its highest point. In the war of 1675-9 the Swedish navy could hardly hold its own against that of Denmark.

The crash which was sure to come occurred in the reign of Charles XII., in whom the spirit of the commander of an army predominated over that of the sovereign of a naval State. The affection in which the memory of Charles XII. is still held in Sweden is proof of the fascination of his extraordinary career. Yet we may apply to him the words which Mahan, speaking of the French king's indifference to the creation of 'a strong sea-power,' uses of Louis XIV. 'In the pride of his strength, conscious of absolute control 'in his kingdom, Louis cast away this strong reinforcement 'to his power, and proceeded to rouse Europe against him 'by repeated aggressions.'* Charles' 'aggressions' may have been but anticipations of the needs of self-defence: but the lesson is the same.

The circumstances in which Sweden found herself in the seventeenth century, as well as the strong personality of the kings of that age, imparted to the constitution a distinctly monarchical tone. Though absolutism was virtually introduced about 1680, the legislature was not abolished. The king generally governed without it. It was never once called together by Charles XII. This can hardly fail to remind us of the history of our own Charles I., who proclaimed that he 'should account it presumption for any to 'prescribe a time to him for parliament, the calling, continu-'ing, or dissolving of which was always in his power'; † and of whom we read that 'all mention of calling a parliament 'grated on his ear.'

The absolutist revolution in Sweden in the seventeenth century almost deserves to be called a popular movement. It was directed against the increasing power of the nobles, whose wealth latterly had been greatly augmented, in no small degree by lavish grants of crown lands. The number of times that minors ascended the Swedish throne is extraordinary. In an early period Olaf-Skötkonung was a minor. Birger Jarl's son Waldemar was one also. The successor of Magnus Ladulås was nine years old: and the next king succeeded at the age of three. The great Gustavus Adolphus himself became king at seventeen. Christina inherited the crown when she was six; Charles XI. when he was four;

* Influence of Sea-power on History, p. 199.

† Hallam, 'Constitut. Hist.' chap. viii.

and Charles XII. when he was fifteen. This must have facilitated the acquisition of increased power by the nobility, or at least by the greater houses. The three non-noble (*ofrälse*) estates—the Clergy, the Burgesses, and the Peasantry—resented the predominance of the nobles whose representatives formed the 'House of Knights,' one of the estates. The king, relying on the support of the three estates first mentioned, forced through the Riksdag the Act of 'Reduc-'tion,' that is resumption of grants from the royal domain. The victory of the lower estates ended by placing 'in the 'king's hands absolute power.'

After the death of Charles XII., the Riksdag not only reappeared but also became the governing authority, which it continued to be for more than half a century. The spectacle presented by Sweden during this period—that of the contests between the Hats and Caps—was not such as to convince observers of the merits of parliamentary government; and the re-establishment of monarchical authority by the coup d'état of Gustavus III. in 1772 was regarded by many as a real reform. In 1789 the king went a step farther and made the form of government still more absolute. The dissatisfaction amongst the nobles caused by this led to the murder of the king; but there could not have been any very general disapproval, for the new system continued until 1809, and might have continued longer had the new sovereign, Gustavus IV., been a man of capacity.

The unusual step taken by the Swedes of electing in 1810 a French marshal as heir to the throne of Sweden has had the happiest results. The country has enjoyed uninterrupted peace since the fall of Napoleon; and the remarkable gifts and patriotic spirit of the members of the new royal family have won them the admiration and affection of their subjects and the respect of foreigners. With the exception of the great change in the composition of the Riksdag made in 1866, viz. its division into two houses instead of into four, the constitution remains nearly as it was settled by a group of laws enacted in 1809 and 1810. The crown is hereditary in the male line of the Pontecorvo branch of the Bernadotte family. The powers of the Riksdag are nearly the same as those of other central legislatures, but there are some curious differences. 'The king has one sphere of legis-'lation as his own—the so-called "Administrative and Eco-'"nomic Legislation"—embracing not merely instructions 'or regulations for public offices and institutions, but also 'laws referring to the public economy and industries.'

Concerning these 'the Riksdag can only address its desires 'to the king.'

In Sweden the king not only reigns, he also governs a good deal more than most constitutional sovereigns. The king is present at Cabinet Councils. The Cabinet Councillors (*Anglice*, 'Ministers') are appointed and dismissed by the king, but are responsible to the Riksdag. 'The 'Cabinet Councillors, as a rule, are not permitted to come 'to a decision themselves, and even most insignificant 'matters are brought under the king's immediate notice.' Though in practice his functions are delegated to the High Court of Justice, the King of Sweden is still, as in very ancient times, the supreme judge. If he is present when a case is being tried he has two ordinary votes and a casting vote in addition.

The old Riksdag, consisting—at any rate since 1617—of four houses—nobles ('knights'), clergy, burgesses, and peasantry—was, as already mentioned, replaced in 1866 by one of two houses. The members of the First Chamber are elected for nine years by provincial and municipal councils. There are 230 members of the Second Chamber—150 from country districts and 80 from towns—elected for three years. The manner of election, direct or indirect, is decided in each constituency separately. In 1903 there were only fifteen constituencies in which the indirect method prevails. According to the proposal just laid before the Riksdag (in 1904), the number of voters was to be increased from 380,000 to about 950,000. The Speaker and Vice-Speaker of each house are appointed by the Government. The Government may dissolve one house or both.

The wars carried on by Sweden against Russia in the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth had as a practical result the total loss of Finland by the former country. Towards the close of the Napoleonic predominance it was decided that Norway should be separated from Denmark and united with Sweden. The Norwegians resented this transfer of their country from one sovereign to another without their being consulted, and even began to resist it in arms. The war, if such it can be called, did not last many days. It was ended by the Convention of Moss in 1814. Taking advantage of the unsettled status of their country, the Norwegians had formulated a constitution which established parliamentary institutions of a highly democratic type. By the Act of Union it was settled that Norway should be a free, autonomous, indivisible, and

inalienable kingdom united with Sweden under the same king. The Union, therefore, is merely dynastic. Owing partly to the manner in which the Union was brought about without the consent of the Norwegians, partly to the difference in social organisation of the two peoples, the arrangement has not been altogether a comfortable one. The friends of both must regret any occurrence of friction between two nations belonging to the same race, speaking nearly the same language, and having the same religion. The Norwegians naturally feared that they might be placed at a disadvantage in connexion with the much greater population of the predominant partner. The Swedes have been irritated by the excessive readiness of the Norwegians to take offence and by what seems to them their unreasonable pettishness. Of late greater cordiality promises to prevail. The Norwegians have at least one practical and well-founded grievance—the protectionist legislation of Sweden:

'We had formerly rather important exports of textile fabrics, principally to Sweden; but in August 1897, the exemption from customs dues which had been long established between the two countries for their respective products having been abolished these exports have almost entirely ceased. At the same time, the exports to us from Sweden have fallen from about 474,000*l.* in 1896 to 50,000*l.* in 1898.' *

Probably a small group of Swedish manufacturers has profited at the expense of the rest of their countrymen by this legislation, but the commerce of Sweden generally seems to have suffered. At p. 928 of the work on Sweden which we are noticing there is an amusing illustration of what can be done with statistics. A table is given on that page showing for a series of years Sweden's exports to Norway in Swedish and in Norwegian figures. We may begin with 1897, the year in which the treaty was annulled:

	Swedish Figures.	Norwegian Figures.
	Kronor.	Kronor.
1897	20,639,433	42,277,800
1898	5,549,007	23,618,100
1899	6,451,052	25,567,500
1900	7,186,593	27,163,500
1901	6,652,931	24,028,500
1902	24,336,000	24,343,000

* La Norvège, p. 442.

It is not claimed that the enormous jump in the Swedish figures of 1902 was due to increased trade. It is attributed to a plan by which defects in the Swedish statistics were 'remedied.' It is said that Sweden's export to Norway 'has not by any means decreased as greatly as might be 'supposed,' a decrease not being disputed.

The historical provinces of Sweden are not yet forgotten, and, as in the case of France we still speak of Normandy, Brittany, Provence, &c., so the names Småland, Skåne, &c., are still in use. The kingdom, however, is officially divided into twenty-five administrative districts, or *läns*. We may, perhaps, translate *län* by 'department,' though Swedes often use our word 'county.' The representative assembly of a *län* is called *Landsting*. Every town and, as a rule, every country parish, constitutes a *Kommun*, with an assembly called in the country *Kommunal-Stämma* and in towns *Allmän-radstuga*. Rural districts are divided for administrative purposes into bailiwicks, which are subdivided into constabulary districts. Each *län* has a governor, and the central Government appoints one of the members of the local council as its president. In towns the municipal authority consists usually of a mayor and 'aldermen.' The latter are elected by the townspeople, as also are the mayors, though in their case the Government appoints to the post one of the three candidates at the top of the list. A mayor in Sweden retains his salaried post for life or till pensioned. The city of Gothenburg has two mayors. Stockholm forms a *län* by itself, and has a governor-in-chief and a deputy-governor.

The administration of justice in Sweden has a distinguishing feature which cannot fail to be of interest to Englishmen—the presence in the lower courts of 'twelve 'unsalaried jurymen.' This is not, as in many Continental countries, a modern innovation copied from the English system. It is of ancient date, and is thus described:

'The *nämnde-män*, of whom at least seven must be in attendance, are called upon to assist the district judge in deciding upon both legal and practical questions. When a difference of opinion arises the vote of the judge is decisive unless all the *nämnde-män* present are unanimous on the other side. The above statement, however, may be misleading in so far as the reader will scarcely be likely to deduce from it an adequate idea of the real extent of the influence accruing to the *nämnde-män*, an influence largely due to their accurate knowledge concerning persons and affairs in their locality.' *

There is at least a certain historical interest in recalling the observation of Bishop Stubbs in his 'Constitutional History of England'*:

'Many writers of authority have maintained that the entire jury system is indigenous in England, some deriving it from Celtic tradition, based on the principles of Roman law and adopted by the Anglo-Saxons and Normans. Others have regarded it as a product of that legal genius of the Anglo-Saxons of which Alfred is the mythic impersonation; or as derived by that nation from the customs of primitive Germany, or from their intercourse with the Danes.'

He adds, 'One scholar maintains that it was brought by the Norsemen from Scandivania.' Pollock and Maitland, in their 'History of English Law before Edward I.,' make a remark which deserves to be repeated here. It is this: 'There seem, however, to be good reasons for believing that some of the Scandinavian nations came by a route of their own to something that was very like the jury.'

As regards the lower courts of justice the country, as distinguished from the towns, is divided into judicial divisions. In a town justice is administered, in the first instance, by the Town Court. The members of this tribunal are elected and paid by the citizens. In Stockholm they are appointed by the Government, the choice being restricted to a list of three elected candidates. There are three Courts of Appeal: one in Stockholm, one in Jönköping, and one in Kristianstad. The highest tribunal is the High Court of Justice, with a membership of eighteen professional lawyers. There are various special courts—the Court of Impeachment, constituted when necessary, the Audit Court, the Ecclesiastical Courts, the Landed Property Courts, &c.

The Swedes look back with justifiable pride on the history of their army. It once occupied the leading military position in Europe. Important changes were made in the Swedish military organisation by the law of 1901. The old *indelningsverk*, or military tenure system, was abolished. Liability to serve in the army is now universal and neither exemption, except for incapacity, nor substitution is allowed. The liability lasts from the age of twenty-one to forty. The service is distributed over three periods—eight years in the first levy, four in the second, and the remainder in the reserve. The country is divided into twenty-six regimental districts, and an infantry regiment usually corresponds to a district. The conscripts for the

* Chap. xiii. Sect. 164.

infantry, fortress artillery, and fortress engineers are bound to serve for 240 days in the first year, 150 days in the second, and 30 days in each of the remaining years of the first levy. In other corps the conscripts serve 281 days in the first year, 42 days in the second, and the same number in the third. On the peace footing the cadres amount to some 21,000 men, and the conscripts to 24,000. The total number of soldiers and trained men bound to serve in the army in time of war is about 500,000, of whom 204,000 would be in the reserve.

Like the English, the Swedish navy has a long history. Gustavus Vasa is regarded as its founder; and, as we have seen, it obtained and kept for its country in the seventeenth century the mastery of the Baltic Sea, which permitted Sweden to play the part of a Great Power. In 1697 it still had in its lists thirty-five line-of-battle ships, of which five were first-rates. In the war with Russia of 1788–90 Sweden was able to send twenty-six ships of the line, twelve large frigates, and more than 350 smaller vessels against the enemy. Up to the middle of the nineteenth century the fleet was of a respectable strength. In 1841 on the Karlskrona station there were ten ships of the line and eight frigates, the number of smaller vessels on the different stations being considerable. Steamers had, however, begun to appear on the lists. The enormous increase in the cost of naval material has restricted the possession of powerful fleets to the greater States, and even on their revenues it is a heavy burden. During part of its history Sweden maintained two different navies. One was the navy proper and the other was the *skärgårds* fleet, the latter originally intended to operate in the peculiarly conditioned Swedish and Finnish coast-waters. This division of the naval force of a country into two parts was not entirely unknown elsewhere. For instance, the French divided theirs into the ordinary fleet and the galleys; but in no country was the division so distinct as in Sweden, where the *skärgårds* fleet has its separate history.*

The navy is now a single body. Though its ships are in no case of great size, as measured by the standard of the present day, the excellence of its crews and the attention paid to their training make it still a highly respectable force. There are eleven armoured ships of 3,100 to 3,650

* 'Studier öfver Svenska Skärgårds Flottans Historia,' by Mankell. Stockholm, 1855.

tons, and many smaller vessels and torpedo-boats. There are two naval stations, corresponding to the English 'home ports,' viz. Karlskrona and Stockholm. The navy is recruited partly by conscription, partly by voluntary entry, and partly by the enrolment of boys specially trained to become seamen. Readers of Sir Harris Nicolas and Mr. M. Oppenheim will find it interesting to compare the accounts given by those officers of the contribution of the Cinque Ports to our early fleets with that of the old Swedish institution for naval defence: 'The coast provinces were liable for the equipment of ships, warriors, and rowers, and with that object were subjected to a special division into *skepp* (ship) or *skeppslag* (ship-law), havens, and *åror* (embarking-places).'* The occupiers of certain farms, it may be added, were required to support the army by payments in kind till as late as 1901.

Whilst in the period from 1870 to 1900 the population of Sweden has increased by about 25 per cent., the national revenue has been more than tripled. Including balances brought over, in the former year it was 50,345,113 kronor (about 2,800,000*l.*), and in 1900 it was 166,635,579 kronor (about 9,250,000*l.*). The proportionate expenditure has kept pace with this. In 1900 the expenditure an account of the army and navy was rather more than 3,000,000*l.*; that on account of the national debt, about 475,000*l.*; and for other departments, nearly $4\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling. In 1900 the national debt amounted to rather more than $18\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling, and to about 3*l.* 12*s.* per head of population. The customs' revenue, which exceeds 3,000,000*l.*, is more than a third of the whole revenue. Since 1903 an income-tax has been in force. Incomes of less than 1,000 kronor (about 55*l.*) are exempt. For incomes between that sum and 6,000 kronor (330*l.*) certain deductions are allowed. For greater incomes the impost is progressive, a multiplier not exceeding four being introduced and the tax being levied on the result. Thus, an income of 145,500 kronor—at which sum the highest multiplier four begins—is assessed as though it were 582,000 kronor. In 1903 the income-tax yielded about 580,000*l.*

'Of the population of Sweden there is hardly one in a thousand who does not belong to the Protestant faith, while more than ninety-nine per cent. are members of one and the same religious organisation, the Swedish Lutheran Church.'

* Emil Hildebrand, *op. cit.* pp. 43, 147.

Notwithstanding this there are many sects in the country. There are Roman Catholics, Anglicans, French Reformed, Baptists, Methodists, 'Irvingites,' Mormons, Adventists, Jews, &c. Only the Catholic Apostolic Church ('Irvingites') and the Methodists are recognised by the State as separate communions. The Baptists are the largest body; they number more than 40,000. The Salvation Army has a large following in the country. The members of the Swedenborgian or New Church are not numerous.

During two centuries and a half—1617 to 1866—whenever the Riksdag met, the clergy, who formed a separate estate, met in a separate house. When the bicameral legislature superseded this arrangement a Convocation was instituted. It is composed of thirty laymen and thirty clergymen; amongst the latter the twelve bishops and the *Pastor Primarius* of Stockholm take their places *ex officio*. The King is supreme administrator of the Church, and there is a Minister for Ecclesiastical Affairs and Education. For ecclesiastical legislation the unanimous decision of King, Riksdag, and Convocation is necessary. The Convocation meets once every five years.

Sweden is divided into twelve dioceses. There is one Archbishop (of Uppsala), who is the Primate. There are 186 rural deaneries, as we should call them, and 2,556 parishes, some united with others to constitute the 1,391 livings in the Church. In each cathedral city and in Stockholm, which is not an episcopal see, there is a Chapter, or, as it is sometimes called, a Consistory. This is composed of the dean or rector of the cathedral parish and the senior masters of the public college in the city. In the University cities, Uppsala and Lund, the professors of the theological faculty take the places of the latter. In Gothenburg two rectors of city churches as well as the dean have seats in the Chapter. A bishop is selected by the king from the three candidates who have received the highest number of votes in an election by the clergy of the diocese. Incumbents, called in the book before us 'rectors,' are appointed either by the Crown, by the chapters, or, in a few cases, by private patrons. Assistant-ministers, except in the rare cases of private patronage, are appointed by the chapters. The ecclesiastical and school business of a parish is managed by a church assembly divided into two boards for each department.

The religious freedom permitted by the law of Sweden has still some exceptions. No one can leave the Swedish

Church without stating his intention to become a member of some other religious body. Dissenters must contribute to the support of the Church. Monasteries cannot be established in the country. The King, the Ministers of the Crown, and the teachers of religion in the government schools, must, just as the clergy, profess the Lutheran doctrine.

With reason the Swedes congratulate themselves on the state of education in the kingdom. Government effort and private munificence combine to endow the country with a multitude of excellent and often sumptuously equipped teaching institutions. There is a close connexion between education and the Church. Under the ecclesiastical department of State, the diocesan boards (bishop and chapter), have the superintendence of all public schools in the diocese. Attendance at school is compulsory. Each parish constitutes a school district under the school-board, a committee of the Church assembly. When possible a school has to be divided into an infant school and a school proper. The common-school teachers have to prove their qualifications by passing an examination at a State seminary, the full course at which lasts four years. Gymnastics form a by no means unimportant part of the system of education. Swedish gymnastics are now known and adopted all over the world. To Sweden also we owe the so-called *slöjd* scheme of education.

Higher instruction is imparted in the public colleges, of which 82 are supported by the State. In the Ministry there is a special department called 'Bureau for Higher Educational Affairs." The pupils in the higher institutions increase in number more rapidly than the population. Sweden has two State universities, at Uppsala and at Lund. In Stockholm and also in Gothenburg the generosity of private individuals has established municipal colleges, almost ranking as universities. There is also the great medical faculty at the Caroline Institute in the capital. The Archbishop is Vice-Chancellor of the University of Uppsala, and the Bishop of Lund of the university in his episcopal city. The immediate supervision of a university is exercised by the rector, elected from amongst the professors.

Sweden is well provided with institutions intended to advance and disseminate mental culture, such as museums, libraries, art galleries, &c. The average standard of culture is creditably high. To this in no small degree may be attributed the artistic and literary activity which

distinguishes the Sweden of to-day. The total Swedish-speaking population at home and outside the limits of the kingdom does not greatly exceed that of Bavaria or of the London 'metropolitan district.' It is to a public no greater than this that Swedish authors have to appeal, and the encouragement given to them shows that the proportion of those who can appreciate their works must be large. Compared with the relative smallness of their numbers, the Swedes have contributed an unusually large number of names to the list of celebrities in the various branches of literature, art, and science. Some of these names are and have been long familiar to the civilised nations of the world.

In three-quarters of a century the population of Sweden more than doubled itself, and this in spite of a great emigration. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was 12·56 per cent. of the population of Europe; at the end it was 12·85 per cent., in other words, had maintained its position. The general death-rate in Sweden is 16·94 per 1,000; in England it is 17·7. As is so often observed elsewhere, the birth-rate in Sweden, having steadily increased up to the second half of the last century, is now stationary.* The increase of the urban population has been greatly in excess of the increase of the rural. In about forty years the urban percentage rose from a little over eleven to more than twenty-one. At the same time, agriculture in Sweden appears to be in a fairly prosperous condition. The production of cereals increased between 1860 and 1900 by nearly 100 per cent. The importation of agricultural products of all kinds is, however, greater than the exportation. During the last few years efforts have been made to add to the number of farmers by breaking up the large estates, and of the whole number of farms in 1900 only 15 per cent. were farmed by tenants.

An account of the Swedish people would be incomplete if it did not contain some reference to the temperance movement, and to that Gothenburg system which has been made so familiar to us in this country of late years. The system was really devised in Falun as far back as 1850, and was more fully developed in 1865 in Gothenburg, in which city Peter Wieselgren, the great champion of temperance, was

* On p. 150 it is said that 'both the frequency and the fecundity of marriage have increased.' It is probable that effective fecundity due to a lower death-rate is meant.

dean. The system has been too often described to need further description here. Its effects are still to some extent a matter of dispute, but it is probable that nearly every stranger, between whose visits to Swedish cities a considerable interval has elapsed, will note that visible drunkenness, at any rate, has considerably diminished.

The great mining industry of Sweden is represented as in an advancing condition. The average yearly mining production in the period 1896–1900 of 2,807,530 metric tons was increased to 3,536,751 in 1902. The export of iron in 1902 was 600,000 tons greater than the 1896–1900 average. Swedish manufacturing industry generally has undergone a marked developement of late years. In 1896 the number of hands employed in it was 202,293; in 1900 the figure had increased to 265,479, and the value of the manufactures had risen in a still higher proportion.

The United Kingdom is Sweden's largest customer, taking in 1902 not less than 38·21 per cent. of the total Swedish exports. There had, however, been a steady decline in the figures since 1875. Of the total imports into Sweden the British accounted for 25·75 per cent. The proportion had fluctuated, but the decline was not large. The German percentage of imports has moderately but steadily increased, whilst that of Swedish exports to Germany had doubled in about fifteen years. The annual value of the German imports has surpassed that of the British for nearly a quarter of a century.

The Swedes retain their characteristic as a maritime nation, which added so much to their importance in former days. Since 1895 their steamer tonnage has doubled, whilst their sailing-ship tonnage has only slightly decreased. Relatively to population the mercantile marine of Sweden stands very high, though it falls far behind that of the sister kingdom. A table giving the statistics for 1898 * shows that the tonnage per head of population was: in Norway, 1,162; in the United Kingdom, 634; in Sweden, 186; in Germany, 76. It is worth our while to note such conditions in all neighbouring countries, and not concentrate the whole of our attention on a single one, as we are accustomed to do.

The picture presented in the book under notice is that of a progressive and prosperous people, worthy heirs of the nation that once played so great a part in European history.

* La Norvège, p. 420.

The picture, indeed, is not without those shadows which are everywhere cast by our modern civilisation. The increase of the urban population in a country comparatively so sparsely inhabited as Sweden has its dark side as well as the brilliant one indicating developement of commerce and increase of wealth. The great emigration from a land in which there is so little overcrowding cannot but occasion some concern to those to whom it is known. In forty-five years 'the net amount of emigration is nearly 800,000 'persons: of a truth, a most material loss for a people 'counting but five millions' (p. 129). The increase in the number of strikes and lock-outs is another sombre symptom. These have increased from 65 in 1895 to 133 in 1900. In 1902 the number of work-days lost on account of strikes and lock-outs was 350,000, against 331,600 in 1900. Notwithstanding these facts, Sweden compares favourably with other industrial States; and as in every picture there must be light and shade, we may say that the lights in the condition of Sweden are quite as bright as they are anywhere else, and that the shadows, though they undoubtedly exist, are less gloomy in the interesting country which we have been describing than they are amongst peoples whose progress we ourselves are much given to extolling.

Art. VII.—SPENSER IN IRELAND.

1. *The Complete Works in Verse and Prose of Edmund Spenser.* Edited, with a new Life, based on original researches, and a Glossary embracing notes and illustrations, by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, LL.D. (Edin.), F.S.A. In ten volumes (whereof only nine appeared). Printed for private circulation only. 1882–4.
2. *The Lismore Papers,* viz.: Autobiographical Remembrances and Diaries of Sir Richard Boyle, First and Great Earl of Cork. Edited by the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, LL.D. (Edin.), F.S.A. First and Second Series. Ten volumes. Privately printed, 1886–8.
3. Calendars of the State Papers relating to Ireland of the Reign of Elizabeth, preserved in the Public Record Office, 1574–1599. London. Printed for His Majesty's Stationery Office.
4. *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century* (Essay No. V. Edmund Spenser, pp. 154–212). By Sidney Lee, Litt.D. London: Archibald Constable & Co., Lim. 1904.

In a recent article in this Review * we took occasion to observe on the remarkable degree in which the careers of many among the most famous Elizabethans were involved in the affairs of Ireland. Men of action and men of letters alike found on Irish soil a field for adventures and an opportunity for advancing their fortunes, and flocked to it in numbers. In an age when pen and sword were wielded with equal facility by the accomplished courtiers of a sovereign whose favour might be won as readily by a sonnet as at a siege, Ireland had its full share in the activities of those versatile servants of the Crown who were equally ready to serve in Court or in camp. The names of Barnaby Googe, the poet, and Barnaby Rich, the pamphleteer; of Sir Geoffrey Fenton, the translator of Bandello and Guicciardini, and of Bryskett, one of the lyrists of 'Astrophel,' by no means exhaust the list of those literary stars of lesser magnitude which shone in the Viceregal Courts of Sussex, of Sidney, or of Grey. Mr. Sidney Lee's volume reminds us very forcibly of the part which Ireland played in the fortunes of much more illustrious men. Of the six representative Elizabethans discussed in

* No. 409, July, 1904, p. 206, 'Sir John Davis.'

'Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century,' two were identified in the closest and most direct manner with the wars and politics of Ireland, while to a third, as the son of a statesman who thrice held the reins of Irish Government, the sister kingdom must have been a familiar theme. But of the three great careers of Spenser, Raleigh, and Sidney, it is that of the poet of the 'Faery Queene' which was most closely connected with Irish affairs, and which was most largely influenced by the connection. Sidney, though he visited his father in Ireland in 1577, soon passed to the wider arena in which he was to find his untimely fate. To Raleigh, though his earliest successes were achieved there, and though he acquired in the Munster confiscations a princely territory whose developement might well have filled the interests and absorbed the energies of a less mercurial temperament, Ireland was never an abiding home. But to Spenser, from his twenty-eighth year, Ireland was the place of his actual residence and the sole scene of his struggles for worldly advancement.

It would, perhaps, be an exaggeration, though hardly a grave one, to assert that no poet of equal fame is less read than the author of the 'Faery Queene.' The poet's poet, as Charles Lamb truly called him, Spenser has indeed received the fullest meed of fame in the unstinted admiration he has won from so many of the most illustrious of his descendants in the great line of English poets. But, though he has unquestionably found fit audience, it cannot be pretended that the students of his poetry have ever been numerous. And, having regard to the place which he admittedly occupies of right in the history of English literature, it is quite remarkable how little attention has been bestowed either upon the circumstances under which his work was produced, or upon a study of the influence exerted by those circumstances, not merely upon the form and direction which Spenser's art assumed, but upon the actual texture of his poetry.

That this is so is, doubtless, due in part to the extreme length of the work on which Spenser's fame mainly depends. Not all of those who open their Spenser at the first canto of the 'Legend of Holiness' are in, as Macaulay put it, at the death of the Blatant Beast. And Macaulay's reference to that incident proves, as has been pointed out, that the brilliant essayist had not himself reached, or if he reached it, had not accurately remembered, the unconcluded conclusion of this most elaborate and longest drawn of allegories. For the Blatant Beast, though subdued, is not slain. But

in part, also, the comparative superficiality of the study given to Spenser's poetry, even by those who have felt the poet's spell most strongly, may be attributed to the scantiness of our knowledge of the facts of the poet's life. For above two centuries from his death not much more was known of the circumstances of Spenser's career than of Shakespeare's. Indeed, in certain material respects the record of the elder poet was the more scanty of the two; the facts as to Spenser's origin and early life resting as they did on a few vague autobiographical allusions scattered through his own works, and on the unsubstantiated traditions recorded by such antiquaries as Aubrey and Oldys. That the poet was a Londoner; that his birth took place somewhere about 1552; that he was somehow connected with the ancient house of Spencer; that he was educated at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge; and that shortly after he had graduated at the University he retired into the North of England for some years—this was as much as was certainly known on these points. Who his father was and whence his origin; where the poet's school-days had been passed, and in what locality his earlier manhood had been spent; who was the fair 'Rosalind' of the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' so long, so passionately, and so vainly wooed; and what was the scenery which formed the setting of Colin Clout's pastoral lamentations: who, again, was Rosalind's late found but more complaisant successor, the last of his trinity of Elizabeths:

> 'The third, my love, my life's last ornament,
> By whom my spirit out of dust was raised'—

these were all of them questions which long remained not only unanswered but almost unasked, so thick was the obscurity which veiled all the more intimate associations of the poet's career. That some time after leaving the University he made the acquaintance of the gifted Philip Sidney, the Astrophel of his famous elegy; that either through the influence of this powerful friend, whose father was one of the most eminent of Elizabethan Viceroys of Ireland, or through that of Sidney's uncle, Leicester, he was appointed to an official position in the sister kingdom, and subsequently accompanied Lord Grey de Wilton to that country; that he received successive grants of land there, and was subsequently visited at his castle of Kilcolman by Sir Walter Raleigh, by whom, as the poet himself relates in 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again,' he was brought to

Court and graciously received by Elizabeth; that he married towards the close of his career the fair unknown to whom the 'Amoretti' are addressed, and whom he adorned with such wealth of worship in that 'song made in lieu of many ornaments,' the 'Epithalamion,' with its splendid ritual of impassioned adoration; and that finally, with fortunes overwhelmed by the lava of the Irish volcano, he died in London at the age of forty-six—these are substantially all the facts which the wreck of time had left us knowledge of prior to the patient discoveries of nineteenth century research.

In years still recent, however, the diligence of a few Spenserian enthusiasts has added very considerably to the number of authenticated facts concerning the poet's career. From the date of Archdeacon Todd's edition of the poet's works, first published exactly a century ago, to that of Dr. Grosart's monumental and elaborately annotated 'Life and 'Works,' issued some twenty years since, a continuous stream of discovery has poured fresh light on many long hidden incidents in Spenser's career. The last-mentioned editor, in particular, devoted many years of assiduous industry to the patient exploration of fresh sources of knowledge, and the careful co-ordination of evidence already available. Dr. Grosart's tireless zeal was rewarded by the discovery or independent corroboration of a number of facts which not only add materially to our knowledge of the actual course of Spenser's life, both before and after his coming to Ireland, but shed an informing light on the developement of Spenser's poetical genius. By a careful analysis and comparison of the facts previously ascertained; by a diligent search through State papers, legal records, parish registers, and so forth; and especially by a minute etymological study of the archaic vocabulary of the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' Dr. Grosart succeeded in establishing a number of interesting and valuable certainties which greatly add to the clearness of our conception alike of the poet and his writings. It is true that, like all his predecessors, Dr. Grosart has failed to conclusively identify the poet's father, or to do more than confirm the evidence already available of Spenser's connexion with the Spensers of Hurstwood, near Clitheroe, in North-East Lancashire, a family of respectable and long-established position, though its precise relationship to the 'house of 'ancient fame' with which the poet claimed to be allied has not been established. But he has shown beyond question that the country district in 'the north parts' to which Spenser retired after leaving Cambridge was Pendle Forest,

near Clitheroe, on the borders of Lancashire and the West Riding of Yorkshire: and he has established the identity of much of the idiom of the 'Shepherd's Calendar' with the north country provincialisms of that neighbourhood. If the editor's efforts to identify 'Rosalind' with a supposed Rose Dineley—conjectured to have been the daughter of a yeoman of that name known to have resided in the district in Spenser's time—can hardly be accepted as successful, Dr. Grosart has undoubtedly recovered for us the name and lineage of the poet's wife. That lady he has proved to have been Elizabeth Boyle, of Youghal, and a near kinswoman of that remarkable personage who, succeeding Spenser in his office of Clerk of the Council of the Presidency of Munster, was busy during the poet's last years in Ireland in laying the foundations of the splendid fortunes of the Great Earl of Cork.*

But while Dr. Grosart's labours have placed lovers of Spenser under a heavy obligation, the value of his services has not been fully commensurate with the labour he bestowed on his researches. Privately printed in two elaborate editions, which together numbered no more than two hundred and fifty copies, his volumes are necessarily known only to students; and even in this form the series of volumes which he proposed to devote to the edition remains incomplete. A large mass of laboriously acquired information intended to form the tenth volume has never reached even the limited public for whom it was designed. Again, the minute attention bestowed by Dr. Grosart upon the earlier poems, and the microscopic comparison of the descriptions and language in the 'Shepherd's Calendar' with the scenery and dialect of Pendle Forest and its neighbourhood, have not been paralleled in the case of the poet's later and more important work. Though a visit to Youghal and its neighbourhood probably contributed to his identification of the poet's wife, Dr. Grosart's knowledge of Ireland was certainly not as great as his familiarity with North-East Lancashire. He was unable to criticise the descriptions in the 'Faery Queene' from the same topographical standpoint which served him so well in dealing with the earlier

* The evidence of the identity of Spenser's wife is furnished by the Earl of Cork's diary, edited by Dr. Grosart, and by an entry in the Council Book of the Corporation of Youghal. The facts are summarised in his introductions to both series of the 'Lismore Papers,' in which Lord Cork's diary is printed. It may be noted that the 'Lismore Papers' are not cited among the authorities for Spenser's life in the notice of the poet in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.'

work of the poet. And although Dr. Grosart's zeal led him to explore with all the enthusiasm of an editor the most minute scraps of Spenser's extant reports as an Irish official which can be traced in the Record Office or elsewhere, he has given comparatively little attention to the evidences which the poems contain of the influence exerted upon Spenser's genius by his Irish surroundings.

Dr. Grosart is not alone in his disregard of the effects of Spenser's Irish environment upon the character of his work. Indeed, it is not an aspect which has been much noticed by any recognised editor or critic of the poet. In an admirable article, which deserves to be better known, contributed nearly thirty years ago to 'Fraser's Magazine,' Dr. P. W. Joyce has examined elaborately and with a wealth of local knowledge Spenser's account of the Irish rivers in the eleventh canto of the fourth book of the 'Faery Queene,' as well as the references to the streams in the neighbourhood of Kilcolman which are so prominent in 'Colin Clout's Come 'Home Again.' The late Mr. Keightley, too, in some valuable contributions published many years ago in 'Notes and 'Queries,' has dwelt upon the same topic, and asserted the title of Spenser to be viewed as in a special sense the poet of Ireland. But with these exceptions little or nothing has been written on the subject of Spenser's indebtedness to the country in which his later lot was cast for much of the scenery, many of the allusions, and even some of the topics handled in the 'Faery Queene' and others of his poems. Dean Church, indeed, in the admirable monograph which he contributed to the 'Men of Letters Series' has some excellent remarks on the similarity between the actual Ireland of the sixteenth century and the imagined world of Spenser's romantic invention. But he has not attempted to work out the parallel either in regard to the political significance or the descriptive realism of Spenser's poetry. And even so profound and capable a student as Mr. Sidney Lee, in his admirable essay cited above, alludes to Spenser's Irish experiences in connection with his prose work, rather than with his poetry. In such circumstances an attempt to trace in some detail the connection of the poet of the 'Faery 'Queene' with the Ireland of Elizabeth may not appear wholly superfluous.

That Spenser was himself conscious of the influence exerted upon his poetry by the conditions of his Irish career, and that he felt his work to be impressed in a marked degree with the stamp of his surroundings, is apparent from

his own language. Whether he was right in representing the 'Faery Queene' as having lost something of grace and perfection of form through his Irish exile, or whether his deprecatory expressions are to be taken as the merely conventional language of affected modesty, it is certain that many such sentiments are to be found in his later writings. In the dedicatory sonnets prefixed to the 'Faery Queene' this language of self-depreciation is frequently employed, and always in relation to the misfortune of his situation, remote from the culture and charm of the Court of Elizabeth. Thus, in the sonnet addressed to his principal patron in Ireland, the ex-Viceroy Lord Grey de Wilton, he apologises for his poetry as no better than

> 'Rude rhymes, the which a rustic Muse did weave
> In salvage soil, far from Parnasso Mount
> And roughly wrought in an unlearned loom.'

Again, in addressing the Earl of Ormond, one of the most eminent of contemporary Irishmen, and a kinsman through the Boleyns of Elizabeth herself, the poet holds almost identical language:

> 'Receive, most noble Lord, a simple taste
> Of the wilde fruit which salvage soil hath bred,
> Which being through long wars left almost waste
> With brutish barbarism is overspread.'

Nor indeed was this kind of language peculiar to the poet of the 'Faery Queene.' It was the common form of every writer connected with Ireland in Spenser's day. To the subjects of Elizabeth the sister kingdom seemed a place as far apart from England as though it were situate in another hemisphere. Its trackless forests and unexplored fastnesses were a fit theatre for the malign enchantments of fairy land. There, as Dean Church puts it, 'men might in good 'truth travel long through wildernesses and great woods 'given over to the outlaw. There might be found, in most 'certain and prosaic reality, the ambushes, the disguises, the 'treacheries, the deceits and temptations, even the supposed 'witchcrafts and enchantments against which the fairy 'champions of the virtues have to be on their guard.' In the estimation of the courtiers of Elizabeth, and indeed in that of every subject of the Queen of gentle birth, Ireland was no better than an unreclaimed backwoods, wholly given over to savagery and 'incivility,' little fit for the habitation of people of character and refinement, but to which in the last

resort a spendthrift or a scapegrace might perhaps venture to repair, to restore his shattered fortunes in the vast area of its confiscated lands, or to win reputation in its incessant wars. It is of such an one that Bishop Hall speaks, in his 'Virgidemiarum,' in the lines

> 'So slips he to the wolvish western isle
> Among the savage kerne in sad exile.'

And it is of a piece with this conception of Ireland that in the fourth book of the 'Faery Queene' Sir Arthegall, the knight who is afterwards charged with the task of succouring Irena, the fair princess in whom Ireland is personified in the allegory, is introduced under the designation of 'the 'Salvage Knight,' all whose armour

> 'was like salvage weed
> With woody moss bedight, and all his steed
> With oaken leaves attrapped, that seemed fit
> For salvage wight.'

To realise adequately the extent to which the poetry of the 'Faery Queene' was influenced by Spenser's surroundings in Ireland, it is necessary to examine a little carefully the course of his career as a servant of the Crown in that country, and to compare his successive migrations with the stages of the composition of his great poem. The poet's connexion with Ireland certainly began as early as 1577, when, as already noted, he was appointed to the position of Secretary to Sir Henry Sidney. Neither then, nor later under Lord Grey de Wilton's viceroyalty, does Spenser's name appear in the lists of viceregal officers; the Secretary of State under both Sidney and Grey being John Chaloner, who in 1581 was succeeded by the well-known Sir Geoffrey Fenton. Evidently Spenser's position was only that of private Secretary. Sidney left Ireland in August 1578, and Spenser did not remain behind him; so that the poet's first connexion with Ireland must have been of the briefest. Some of his biographers have even doubted whether he came over. But though no document of any sort survives to attest the fact, it is impossible to doubt the poet's own statement in his 'View of the State of Ireland,' that he was present at Limerick 'at the execution of a notable traitor 'Murrough O'Brien,' an event which is known to have taken place in July 1577.

This first brief visit to Ireland can have given Spenser but few opportunities of learning his way about the country. He

was certainly absent from Ireland between 1578 and 1580, that is, from the retirement of Sidney to the appointment of Grey. He may, indeed, have acquired just such an impression of the country as an untutored wilderness, filled with wild and semi-civilised people, as would suggest his making its solitudes of wood and waste and mountain the background or scenery of the action of the great allegory he was already meditating. But it was impossible that he could learn enough in so short a stay to enable him to give those intimate descriptions of familiar scenes which are abundant in the later books of the 'Faery Queene' and elsewhere in his later poetry. In the summer of 1580, however, Spenser entered definitely upon that Irish career which was to last until his death. Except for occasional visits, sometimes lengthened, but still never more than visits, to England, Ireland was henceforth his continuous, though no doubt uncongenial, residence, and in the fullest sense his home. We know from a letter to Gabriel Harvey, written in April 1580—four months, that is, before his coming to Ireland for the second time—that before that date he had already begun work on the 'Faery Queene.' Some portions of the poem had been drafted, though probably not precisely in the form in which they ultimately appeared. But evidently no great progress had been made; for he writes to his literary confidant and critic, 'I will in hand forthwith with my "Faery "Queene," which I pray you heartily send me with all 'expedition.' In the years immediately following his appointment, and in fact throughout his chief's tenure of the Viceroyalty, Spenser can have had little leisure to cultivate the Muse. The Deputy was constantly moving about, and for the first six months his secretary had abundant opportunities of seeing rural Ireland. He was present with Grey at Smerwick, and as is evident from the 'View of the State of Ireland,' was perpetually at his chief's elbow until his duties were terminated by the Viceroy's recall, precisely two years after his coming over. Meantime, he had been appointed, in March 1580–81, to the office of Registrar or Clerk of the Faculties in the Court of Chancery, a position of considerable importance, and probably proportionate emolument, in Dublin. He was succeeded in this office in 1588 by Arland Ussher, father of the great Primate, and it may have been in this connexion that the latter formed the acquaintance to which he testified heartily many years afterwards, as Aubrey relates, by his indignation at Sir William Davenant's slighting remarks on his 'old friend

'Edmund Spenser.'* For six years from this date, until he took over from his brother poet, Ludovic Bryskett, the office of Clerk to the Council of the Munster Presidency, Spenser's headquarters must have been in Dublin. In the same year in which he acquired his Chancery post he received his first grant of Irish property, procuring a lease of 'the house 'of Friars of Enniscortie, the Manor of Enniscortie, and a 'ruinous castle and weir there.' Of this he was only three days the master, parting with it to one Richard Synot, who some years later transferred the lands to Sir Henry Wallop, ancestor of the Earls of Portsmouth, by whose descendants they are still held. But he was not long in acquiring a similar interest in property more conveniently situated, being granted in August 1581 a lease of 'the site of the House of 'Friars called the New Abbey, co. Kildare,' which had lapsed to the Crown through the attainder of Rowland Eustace,

* None of Spenser's biographers, not even the industrious Dr. Grosart, have been at much pains to investigate the nature of the office in the Irish Court of Chancery to which Spenser was appointed, shortly after his arrival in Ireland. There is certainly nothing in the title of that office or the enumeration of its duties which suggests that it can have had much attraction for the poet. It was, however, a position of considerable importance and substantial emolument; and so far as regards this office, and his later post in Munster, Mr. Lee's remark that 'the record of Spenser's worldly struggles is sordid and 'insignificant' is hardly warranted. The office of 'Registrar or 'Clerk in Chancery for the Faculties' was constituted by the Act of Faculties, 28th Henry VIII., Chapter 19. This statute was levelled against the 'intollerable exaction of great sums of money by the 'Bishop of Rome' for dispensations, licences, and faculties. After repudiating the Pope's authority it declared the authority of the King and Parliament to dispense upon due occasion with the laws, it provided that such dispensations should be given under faculties to be obtained under the Great Seal, or the seal of the Archbishop of Dublin. For the due performance of its prescribed functions, the Act further provided for the appointment of 'one sufficient Clerk, being learned in the 'course of Chancery, which shall always be attendant on the Lord 'Chancellor or the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, and shall make, 'write and enroll the confirmations of all such licences, dispensations, 'instruments and other writings as shall be brought under the Arch-'bishop's seal, there to be confirmed or enrolled, taking for his pains 'such reasonable sums of money as hereafter, by this Act, shall be limited 'for the same.' What the precise remuneration amounted to does not appear, as it was paid out of the fees charged on the faculties. With this office was united the cognate office of Registrar of Ecclesiastical Appeals, constituted as a separate post under the Act, but which in practice was amalgamated with the Registrarship of Faculties.

Lord Baltinglass, the head of a family whose distinction it has been to supply at a distance of two centuries two eminent occupants of the Irish Woolsack. He likewise acquired the custodiam of the lands of Newlands in the same neighbourhood, and a lease for six years of the same nobleman's Dublin residence. New Abbey was a house of the Franciscans which had been founded by the ancestors of Lord Baltinglass in 1460, and had been regranted to that peer on the dissolution of the monasteries. Seven years later this property had passed out of Spenser's hands, being leased to one Thomas Lambyn, from whom it passed within a few years to Sir Henry Harington. The poet had by that time settled in Munster, and had no further need of it. But there is evidence that it remained for some years in his hands, and must often have been visited by him, even if he did not actually reside there. In 1583 and 1584 Spenser is named in successive commissions to the principal gentry of Kildare as one of the commissioners of musters for that county. New Abbey lay within riding distance of the metropolis, the river Liffey flowing through its grounds, and adjacent to the north-eastern border of the great Bog of Allen. At least two passages in the 'Faery Queene' are reminiscent of its surroundings. The well-known line in the description of the Irish rivers in the Fourth Book—

'There was the Liffey rolling down the lea,'

is strictly applicable to the aspect of the river at this part of its course, where, having left its mountain sources, it assumes the proportions and the vigour of an ample stream. And a passage in the ninth canto of the second book, which may be presumed to have been written about the period of his residence in this district, and prior to his residence at Kilcolman, bears still stronger testimony to the poet's familiarity with the neighbourhood.

'As when a swarme of gnats at eventide
Out of the fennes of Allan do arise,
Their murmuring small trompets sounden wide,
Whiles in the air their clustring army flies,
That as a cloud doth seeme to dim the skies;
Ne man nor beast may rest nor take repast
For their sharpe wounds, and noyous injuries,
Till the fierce northerne wind with blustring blast
Doth blow them quite away and in the ocean cast.' *

* Book II. Canto ix. Stanza 16.

Spenser's earlier biographers seem to have considered that his connexion with Ireland ceased for some years with his patron's withdrawal from the country. But this suggestion is unwarranted by what we now know of the facts. The documents just referred to in connexion with New Abbey show him to have been resident in Ireland in the summer of 1584, and the fact that he retained his appointment as Registrar of the Court of Chancery till 1588, only resigning it within a week of his being gazetted Clerk of the Munster Council, affords a strong presumption that he remained continuously resident in or near Dublin. The date of the well-known meeting of Spenser and other friends, many of them persons of distinction, at Bryskett's cottage near Dublin, at which time the poet is known to have been busily at work upon his poem, cannot have been earlier than July 1584, and may have been a year later. Spenser must manifestly have been resident in Ireland when, in June 1586 in the articles for the Munster undertakers, he was set down for the lands of Kilcolman, for in this year he addressed a sonnet from Dublin to his old friend Harvey. From the date of the poet's acceptance of the Munster Secretaryship, and actual settlement at Kilcolman, our knowledge of Spenser's career is sufficient to enable us to say that he was almost continuously in the South of Ireland. From 1588, when he succeeded Ludovic Bryskett, until about 1593, when he appears to have surrendered his office to a deputy, he must have passed his time between Limerick, the official seat of the Presidency, and his own home at Kilcolman, his only absences being occasioned by his visits to London with Raleigh in 1589 or 1590, when he arranged for the publication of the first three books of the 'Faery 'Queene,' and again in 1595, in connexion with the publication of the last books of the same work.

It is plain from the foregoing analysis of the known facts of Spenser's official career in Ireland that his residence there falls into two clearly marked periods. In the first, which extended from his arrival in August 1580 to his acceptance of the office in Munster in 1588, he was in general resident in Dublin, though his duties took him frequently into the country. During a part and perhaps the greater part of this period he had an alternative residence in a country seat not far from Dublin, in which he could at times enjoy the sylvan scenery in which he delighted. But it is evident that while he would thus have acquired an excellent general knowledge of Ireland, he was not in a position to acquire

an intimate familiarity with any particular locality. In the second period, on the other hand, he was in uninterrupted occupation of a permanent home, and enjoying a comparative leisure which would enable him to explore the whole of the neighbouring country. For although his official position must have rendered it a matter of obligation that his headquarters should be in Munster, it did not of necessity involve residence in Limerick, where the routine duties of the Secretaryship were discharged by a deputy.

These differing characteristics of the two main periods of Spenser's Irish life will be found to be closely reflected in his poetry. In the first three books of the 'Faery Queene,' the *genius loci* is indeed apparent, not only in the general setting of the imagery, but in many specific allusions; but there is no detailed description of familiar haunts. In the second portion of the poem, on the other hand, the scenery and the associations of Kilcolman and the South of Ireland colour the whole texture of his work, and the concluding books abound in passages wherein not all the poet's idealism nor the veil of his elaborate allegory can conceal the influence of his actual surroundings, both upon the trend of his fancy and the form in which that fancy found expression. And what is true of the 'Faery 'Queene' is true of Spenser's minor poetry. In the poems written between 1580 and 1590 the local allusions, though not entirely wanting, are few and far between, and they are the allusions of a stranger in a strange land; in his later pieces they are frequent and even elaborate. Thus in 'Astrophel' the forest of Arlo, which he afterwards celebrated so affectionately, is mentioned only to be contrasted with the more peaceful woodlands of England:

> 'So wide a forest and so waste as this
> Nor famous Arden, nor fowl Arlo is.'

But in the fragment on 'Mutability' this synonym for the terrible is transformed by 'the magic of ownership' into a paradise, and represented as having been anciently

> 'the best and fairest hill
> That was in all their holy island's heights,'

though transformed by wars and the hand of man into a wilderness.

In illustration of these remarks it is worth while to examine the 'Faery Queene' with some attention from the point of view of its topographical allusiveness. In the first

three books, as already remarked, there are to be found by the careful reader reminiscences of Irish scenery and of Irish social conditions which are tolerably distinct. Thus in the Legend of Temperance, it is sufficiently obvious that in the description of the attack on Sir Guyon and his comrades we have a picture of the lawless banditti who commonly formed the bodyguard of an Irish chief, much as they are represented by Derricke in his 'Image of Ireland,' or by Spenser himself in his prose works, and as they are depicted in the almost contemporary drawings which accompany Derricke's work:

> 'Thus as he spoke, lo, with outrageous cry
> A thousand villeins round about them swarmed
> Out of the rocks and caves adjoining nigh;
> Vile caitiff wretches, ragged, rude, deformed,
> All threat'ning death, all in strange manner armed;
> Some with unwieldy clubs, some with long spears,
> Some rusty knives, some staves in fire warmed;
> Stern was their look, like wild amazed stears,
> Staring with hollow eyes and stiff upstanding hairs.' *

Again, in the two following quotations it is plain that the poet is drawing not from imagination but from memory:

> 'As when a foggy mist hath overcast
> The face of heaven, and the clear air engrost,
> The world in darkness dwells; till that at last
> The watery south-wind, from the seaboard coast
> Upblowing, doth disperse the vapour loos'd,
> And pours itself forth in a stormy shower:
> So the fair Britomart,' &c.†

In the lines just quoted we may have a reminiscence of Kilcolman, which lies not very far from the sea, and it is little to be doubted that in the following we have a picture of the vale of Arlo:

> 'Into that forest far they thence him led,
> Where was their dwelling; in a pleasant glade
> With mountains round about environed,
> And mighty woods which did the valley shade,
> And like a stately theatre it made,
> Spreading itself into a spacious plain;
> And in the midst a little river played
> Amongst the pumy stones, which seemed to plaine
> With gentle murmur that his course they did restrain.' ‡

* Book II. Canto ix. Stanza 13. † Book III. Canto iv. Stanza 13.
‡ Book III. Canto v. Stanza 39.

The witch's cottage in the same Book is plainly reminiscent of an Irish cabin of Spenser's day :

> 'There in a gloomy hollow glen she found
> A little cottage, built of sticks and reeds
> In homely wise, and walled with sods around ;
> In which a witch did dwell in loathly weeds
> And wilful want, all careless of her needs.' *

While the lordlier apartment, described in the 'Legend of 'Holiness,' may well have been drawn from the hall of one of the greater Irish castles, even if the scene depicted be not the Earl of Ormond's 'brave mansion' at Kilkenny :

> 'And forth he comes into the common hall :
> Where early waits him many a gazing eye,
> To weet what end to stranger knights may fall.
> There many minstrels maken melody,
> To drive away the dull melancholy ;
> And many bards that to the trembling chord
> Can tune their timely voices cunningly ;
> And many chroniclers that can record
> Old loves, and wars for ladies done by many a Lord.' †

Many similar illustrations might readily be adduced from the earlier books of the 'Faery Queene,' to show the degree in which Spenser's imagination was haunted by the wild charm of the 'salvage soil' in which he found himself, even where the context shows that he had no express concern with Ireland in the evolution of his allegory. But these must suffice. It is to be noticed, however, concerning these and all similar passages, that however obvious the reflections of the sights and scenes of Irish life which they exhibit, it is only in the earliest cited example, the description of the gnats of the fens of Allen, that any express use is made of Irish scenery or that an Irish name is used. With that exception it is only in the later books that the scenery of Ireland is avowedly introduced. In those books, however, and in those of his minor poems which can confidently be ascribed to the last decade of the poet's life, the references to the rivers, hills, and woods of Ireland are many and widely scattered, though it is curious that the account of Sir Arthegall's 'adventure hard' in the 'Legend of Justice,' in which Lord Grey de Wilton's Irish experiences are almost undisguisedly commemorated, contains no mention of the

* Book III. Canto vii. Stanza 6.
† Book I. Canto v. Stanza 3.

country in which it is represented as occurring more express than the anagram Irene for Ierne, in which the parable is subtly indicated. With the exception already specified, the first clear note of Spenser's acquaintance with Ireland which is heard in the 'Faery Queene' occurs in Book IV, and refers appropriately to the Irish Channel. It is to be found in Canto i. Stanza 42, where the shock of the onset of the two knights in the encounter between Blandamour and Scudamour is likened to

> 'two billows in the Irish sounds
> Forcibly driven with contráry tides.'

The next, in Canto iii. Stanza 27, of the same Book, is also an aquatic simile for a knightly duel. It will be found in the story of Cambell's fight with Triamond, and is borrowed from the tidal conflict of sea and river in the estuary of the Shannon, which Spenser must often have noted during his official visits to Limerick:

> 'Like as the tide, that comes fro' the ocean main,
> Flows up the Shannon with contrary force,
> And, over-ruling him in his own reign,
> Drives back the current of his kindly course,
> And makes it seem to have some other source;
> But, when the flood is spent, then back again
> His borrowed waters forced to redisburse,
> He sends the sea his own with double gain
> And tribute eke withal, as to his Soveraine.'

But by far the most famous of the Irish passages in the 'Faery Queene' is of course the well-known catalogue of the Irish rivers, who are represented as attending the spousals of the Thames and the Medway, which, often as it has been quoted, must be quoted here once more:

> 'Ne thence the Irish rivers absent were,
> Sith no less famous than the rest they be.
> . . . . . .
> There was the Liffey rolling down the lea;
> The sandy Slane; the stony Aubrian;*
> The spacious Shenan spreading like a sea;
> The pleasant Boyne; the fishy, fruitful Ban;

* 'The Stony Aubrian' has puzzled Dr. Joyce and all the topographical critics. May it not be the Owenbrin which flows into Lough Mask? a river certainly known to the Elizabethan captains who soldiered in Connaught and to whom Spenser was certainly indebted for some of his local knowledge. The epithet 'stony' is particularly applicable to this river.

Swift Awniduff, which of the English man
Is cal'de Blackewater, and the Liffar deepe;
Sad Trowis, that once his people overran;
Strong Allo, tumbling from Slewlogher steep;
And Mulla mine, whose waves I whilom taught to weep.

And there the three renowned brethren were:
. . . . . .

The first the gentle Shure that making way
By sweet Clonmell adorns rich Waterford;
The next the stubborn Newre, whose waters gray
By faire Kilkenny and Rossponte boord,
The third the goodly Barow, which doth hoord
Great heapes of salmons in his deepe bosome:
All which, long sundered, do at last accord
To joyne in one, ere to the sea they come;
So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

There also was the wide embayed Mayre;
The pleasant Bandon, crowned with many a wood;
The spreading Lee, that, like an island fair,
Encloseth Cork with his divided flood;
And baleful Oure, late stained with English blood,
With many more whose names no tongue can tell.' *

Dr. Joyce, in the article in 'Fraser's Magazine' already mentioned, has dealt, with great fulness and intimate knowledge of the local geography of Ireland, with this enumeration of the Irish rivers, as also with the detailed references to the neighbourhood of the poet's home, which are so numerous in the largely autobiographical poem of 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again,' and in the fragmentary cantos of 'Mutability.' We have no intention of entering here into a detailed examination of the use made by the poet of the scenery of Kilcolman. The pictures of his home in the former poem and in the 'Epithalamion' are photographic in their accuracy to anyone who has viewed the scene for himself, though its aspect to-day is of course less homely, since, of the once substantial building, only the gaunt peel tower of the castle remains, and almost all traces of its precincts are lost. For the wild solitudes of Kilcolman, with its lonely lake and barren marsh, peopled only by wild-fowl, and the desolate levels of moor and bog which stretch between the mountains and the mere are not less but more a solitude to-day than in the poet's time. Those familiar with its present appearance will hardly agree

* Book IV. Canto xi. Stanzas 40–44.

with Mr. Lee that 'the surrounding scenery has gained 'in fulness and in richness of aspect' in the interval. This reminiscence of the poet ruminating in his farm is more attractive than the present-day reality, though it testifies to his unaffected enjoyment of his home:

> 'One day (quoth he), I sat (as was my trade)
> Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hore,
> Keeping my sheep amongst the cooly shade
> Of the greene alders by the Mulla's shore.'*

Similarly the panegyric on the stream at Kilcolman as an angler's joy, though it may perhaps exaggerate the piscatory qualities of the Awbeg as we now know it, expresses all the pride of an owner in the attractions of his home, and recalls with accurate suggestiveness the surroundings of Kilcolman:

> 'Ye nymphs of Mulla, that with careful heed
> The scaly river trouts do tend full well,
> And greedy pikes which use therein to feed;
> (Those trouts and pikes all others do excel)
> And ye likewise which keep the rushy lake
> Where none do fishes take,
> Bind up the locks, the which hang scattered light.
> . . . . . .
> And eke ye lightfoot maids which keep the dore
> That on the hoary mountain use to toure:
> And the wild wolves which seek them to devour
> With your steele darts do chace from coming near.' †

But neither the express references to the poet's home, nor the specific descriptions of the natural features and scenery of Ireland already quoted, exhaust the illustrations which Spenser's poetry affords of the influence exerted upon his literary developement by the circumstances which cast his lot in Ireland. There are also clear indications of the effects produced by his official experience upon his opinions on the political problems presented by the Ireland of his day. Of Spenser's official connexion with Ireland, by far the most important memorial is his prose 'View of the State of Ireland.' But scarcely less remarkable, and even more minute in its references to the actual scenes in which the poet participated, is the narrative already referred to of the 'Adventure of Irene,' in the fifth book of the 'Faery Queene.' It has been observed, and not unjustly, that

* 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again.' † 'Epithalamion.'

the pure allegory of the poem is much more perfect in the earlier than in the later books, and that the vividness of Spenser's purely poetical imagination is injured in some parts of the poem by the substitution of the historical for the strictly romantic allegory. That is no more than to say that even the astonishing wealth and fecundity of Spenser's imagination were not absolutely inexhaustible, and could not be entirely independent of the pabulum supplied by the actualities of life in the material world in which he lived and moved. But the poetry as poetry is none the worse for this. It is doubtless true that if we insist on dissecting the poetry, and on laying bare the political moral which may be found to underlie it, our appreciation of the poetry is likely to be affected by our sympathy with or dislike for the political or religious ideals of the poet. But there is no reason why the reader who comes to the 'Faery Queene' for its poetry should trouble himself about its politics, real or supposed. It is only from the point of view from which we are now writing that the hidden or obscure allusions to contemporary persons and events are of any serious interest. It is, however, precisely those portions of the poem which are most obviously historical that are the most likely to yield sidelights on the poet's personal history. And there is no portion of the 'Faery Queene' or of any of Spenser's works more charged with autobiographical significance than the 'Legend of Justice.'

As everyone knows, the 'Legend of Justice' portrays in the person of its hero, Sir Arthegall, Spenser's political chief in Ireland, Lord Grey de Wilton. Already in the 'Legend of Britomartis' he had hinted not obscurely at Elizabeth's dissatisfaction with Grey in the early part of that statesman's career, when, for some now unknown offence, the Queen imprisoned him in the Fleet, and he had eloquently vindicated his patron through the mouth of the Redcross Knight:

> 'Faire martial maid,
> Certes ye misadvised been to upbraid
> A gentle knight with so unknightly blame;
> For weet ye well of all that ever played
> At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
> The noble Arthegall hath ever borne the name.'*

Spenser had also drawn in the same canto a splendid portrait of his hero. But although in the fourth canto Sir

* Book III. Canto ii. Stanza 9.

Arthegall is again introduced and his restoration to the Queen's favour is intimated in the knight's relations with Britomartis, the poet does no more at that stage of his story than foreshadow his intention of dealing with the episodes of his patron's Irish career, by representing the knight as leaving his lady in quest of the 'hard adventure' he had long propounded, and the 'Legend of Friendship' is concluded without any development of Arthegall's adventures in Irene's behalf. In all probability what determined Spenser's choice of the topic of the fifth book was the death of Lord Grey. This event, which occurred in October 1593, must have been nearly coincident with the date at which the 'Legend of Justice' was commenced. The book must certainly have been written about this period, and it is easy to imagine that the death of his friend and former patron, to whom, amongst others, he had dedicated the earlier portions of his poem, and for whom he lost no opportunity of evincing a warm and grateful regard, would have given a fresh impulse to the poet's Muse, and led him to commemorate Grey's career. It is certain that in the 'Legend of Justice' and especially in the portrait of Sir Arthegall there is a personal note which is wanting elsewhere, and which intimates how closely the poet's sympathies were aroused in this part of his narrative. It is at once an elegy on his much admired patron and an assertion of the principles upon which, in Spenser's judgement, the government of Ireland could alone be successfully conducted, principles by which Grey had certainly been animated, but of which little trace was to be found in the administration of his successors.

The twelfth canto of the fifth book recounts accordingly, under a thinly veiled disguise, the stirring incidents of Lord Grey's vigorous government, the hostilities with the Spanish force, whose landing at Smerwick had been almost coincident with Lord Grey's arrival in Ireland, their annihilation by the Viceroy's army, the reduction of the country by a stern enforcement of the law, and the vacillation of Elizabeth and her ministers in England, by which his policy was thwarted and which soon led to his recall and disgrace. Of these latter aspects of his patron's career in Ireland the poet's views are expressed in these nervous stanzas:

> 'During which time that he did there remain,
> His study was true justice how to deal,
> And day and night employed his busy pain
> How to reform that ragged commonweal:

And that same Iron Man, which could reveal
All hidden crimes, through all that realm he sent,
To search out those that used to rob and steal
Or did rebel 'gainst lawful government,
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment.

But ere he could reforme it thoroughly,
He through occasion called was away
To Faerie Court, that of necessity
His course of justice he was forced to stay,
And Talus to revoke from the right way
In which he was that Realm for to redresse.
But Envye's cloud still dimmeth virtue's ray!
So having freed Irene from distress
He took his leave of her, there left in heaviness.' *

Spenser has been reproached in relation to Irish politics with an arrogant contempt for Ireland, and Mr. Lee censures his 'View of the State of Ireland' as 'a mere echo of the 'hopeless and helpless prejudices which infected the English 'governing class.' But whatever may be said of the narrowness of Elizabethan views of the Irish question, this picture of the difficulties of an Irish Viceroy is intensely modern. So little difference have three centuries wrought in Ireland, so perennial are the problems that at recurring periods compel the attention of English statesmen, that they might with equal applicability have been written by some uncompromising Unionist of the present day in reference to Mr. Arthur Balfour's Chief Secretaryship and his administration of the Crimes Act!

The political motive of the 'Legend of Justice,' and especially of Sir Arthegall's adventure with Irene, has of course been often noticed, and indeed is almost too obvious to be missed by any reader at all acquainted with the history of the time. But the like intention has not been so generally recognised in the two cantos of 'Mutabiility.' Yet their applicability to Ireland and to the changes in the attitude of English policy after Lord Grey's recall is too striking to be merely accidental. It would seem as though the 'Legend of Constancy' of which these fragments were meant to be a part was designed to furnish that supplement to the 'Legend of Justice' which is promised in the last stanza of the fifth book. It is at any rate manifest that the evils which the poet bewails in these cantos are precisely those which the ex-official deplored in his 'View of the State of Ireland,' and which the Munster

* Book V. Canto xii. Stanzas 26, 27.

undertaker reprobated in the last known writing of Spenser, that letter addressed to the Queen which he either brought with him on his last journey to London, or composed as he lay sick in King Street on what proved to be his death-bed.

The parallel between the two works is indeed astonishingly close. The chief burden of the 'View,' in its constructive suggestions, is the need for consistency in the policy to be pursued by the Crown in Ireland. Spenser's ideal administration was the stern and inflexible but never purposeless severity of the administration of Lord Grey. He could conceive no greater injustice to Ireland, nothing more injurious to the well-being of his adopted country, than the making her the sport of English politicians, or the arena for the rivalries of the English courtiers who contended for the favour of Elizabeth. Inconsistency or inconstancy in action, lack of purpose and vacillation on the part of the representatives of the Crown, he considered injurious alike to both the English and the Irish elements of the population. Spenser's acute sense of the mischief wrought by this unfortunate feature in a system of government whose working he thoroughly understood, and whose actions he had had the best means of noting during fifteen years' residence in Ireland, is stated with great clearness and emphasis in the remarkable passage in his prose treatise in which he reviews the motives and conduct of successive Deputies:

'The sequel of things doth in a manner prove, and plainly speak so much, that the governors usually are envious one of another's greater glory, which if they would seek to excel by better governing it should be a most laudable emulation. But they do quite otherwise. For this (as you may mark) is the common order of them, that who cometh next in place will not follow that course of government, however good, which his predecessors held, either for disdain of himself, or doubt to have his doings drowned in another man's praise, but will straight take a way quite contrary to the former: as if the former thought (by keeping under the Irish) to reform them; the next, by discountenancing the English, will curry favour with the Irish, and so make his government seem plausible, as having all the Irish at his command: but he that comes after, will perhaps follow neither the one nor the other, but will dandle the one and the other in such sort as he will suck sweet out of them both, and leave bitterness to the poor country, which if he that comes after shall seek to redress, he shall perhaps find such crosses as he shall hardly be able to bear, or do any good that might work the disgrace of his predecessors.'

Such is the burden of the song which was continually on Spenser's lips as often as he referred to Irish problems, and such is the significance of the stanzas of 'Mutability,' which sound like its musical accompaniment. The date at which

these posthumously published cantos were written is not known, but they almost certainly belong to that period of trouble and disorder in which the poet's closing years were spent, and were inspired by the apprehension of that calamitous rising in which the Munster plantation was overwhelmed and his own fortunes ruined. So read, and it is impossible for anyone who knows the historical facts to read them otherwise, they are full of a melancholy personal significance from the commencement to the close. The metrical argument prefixed to each canto indicates not obscurely the motive of the allegory and its application to the ills of Ireland, while the fact that the scenery of both cantos is laid in Munster, and that the machinery moves in the solitudes of the Galtee mountains, is even more clearly indicative of the poet's meaning and purpose.

> 'Proud change (not pleased in mortall things
> Beneath the moon to reign)
> Pretends as well of gods as men
> To be the sovereign.'
>
> ''Pealing from Jove to Nature's bar
> Bold alteration pleads
> Large evidence; but Nature soon
> Her righteous doom areads.'

The first stanza of Canto VI., with the two stanzas which have alone reached us of the 'unperfite' eighth canto, plainly bespeak the pessimism of the poet in his latter days. Convinced of the ultimate triumph of the principle of constancy in the moral and spiritual world, he yet despairs of witnessing the effective assertion in the actual world in which he moved of the principle of unswerving consistency of purpose and action. These cantos are the dirge of the system of selfish, unprincipled and purposeless methods of government which had lasted through the poet's Irish career, and which were to be replaced, as a result of the anarchy which they inevitably produced, by the very different scheme of administration and of settlement which Spenser did not live to see.

> 'What man that sees the ever-whirling wheel
> Of Change, the which all mortal things doth sway,
> But that thereby shall find, and plainly feel
> How Mutability in them doth play
> Her cruel sports to many men's decay.*
>
> . . . . . .

* Canto vi. Stanza i.

When I bethink me of that speech whileare
Of Mutability, and well it way!
Me seems that though she all unworthy were
Of the heavens' rule; yet very sooth to say,
In all things else she bears the greatest sway;
Which makes me loath this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vain to cast away;
Whose flowring pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming sickle.

Then 'gin I think on that which Nature said,
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But steadfast rest of all things, firmly stayed
Upon the pillars of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutability:
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight,
O! thou great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoth's sight.' *

As the larger moral of this concluding portion of Spenser's great poem is plainly to assert the faultiness of the methods of government employed by English statesmen in their dealings with Ireland, so the machinery of the allegory is utilised to indicate its effects in producing or helping to produce the desolation which the resulting anarchy in the Irish provinces had wrought in Munster and in the near neighbourhood of his own home. Of the affection he had grown to feel for Kilcolman and his surroundings abundant references throughout the poem are eloquent. But nowhere is this trait more apparent, though his language in the later reference is charged with melancholy and foreboding, than in the first of these cantos of 'Mutability,' the scene of which is laid amid the hill and vale of Arlo. After adverting to the old days—

'When Ireland flourished in fame
Of wealth and goodness far above the rest
Of all that bear the British islands' name,' †

the poet narrates how Cynthia, as 'sovereign queen professed 'of woods and forests,' had chosen Arlo for her home:

'But mongst them all as fittest for her game
(Either for chase of beasts with hound or bow
Or for to shroud in shade from Phoebus flame
Or bathe in fountains that do freshly flow
Or from high hills, or from the dales below)
She chose this Arlo.' ‡

* Canto viii. Stanzas 1, 2. † Canto vi. Stanza 38. ‡ Stanza 39.

Then after explaining by what offence against her modesty Diana was driven from her loved resort, he gives the picture of its modern desolation:

'Natheless Diana full of indignation,
Thenceforth abandoned her delicious brook,
In whose sweet stream, before that bad occasion,
So much delight to bathe her limbs she took;
Ne only her, but also quite forsook
All those fair forests about Arlo hid;
And all that mountain which doth overlook
The richest champain that may else be rid,
And the fair Shure in which are thousand salmons bred.

Them all, and all that she so dear did way,
Thenceforth she left; and, parting from the place,
Thereon a heavy, hapless curse did lay;
To weet, that wolves, where she was wont to space
Should harboured be, and all those woods deface,
And thieves should rob and spoil that coast around,
Since which, those woods, and all that goodly chase
Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound:
Which too-too true that lands indwellers since have found.'*

Such and so melancholy are the last references to Ireland to be found in Spenser's verse. It is significant that they are also the last lines of all his poetry that have reached us.

* Stanzas 54–55.

Art. VIII.—HOMER AND HIS COMMENTATORS: A REVIEW OF MODERN RESEARCHES IN THE PREHISTORIC MEDITERRANEAN.

1. *Homeri Ilias.* Bekker. Berol.: 8vo. 1843.
2. *The Iliad of Homer.* Done into English prose by A. Lang, W. Leaf, and E. Myers. London: Macmillan. 1883.
3. *The Iliad.* Edited by W. Leaf. Second edition, 2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1900-1902.
4. *Homeri Odyssea.* Bekker. Berol.: 8vo. 1843.
5. *The Odyssey of Homer.* Done into English prose by S. H. Butcher and A. Lang. London: Macmillan. 1888.
6. *Homer's Odyssey*, XIII–XXIV. Edited by D. B. Monro. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1901.
7. *Les Phéniciens et l'Odyssée.* 2 vols. By Victor Bérard. Paris: Armand Colin. 1902-1903.
8. *The Annual of the British School at Athens.* No. IX.

AT a time when the attention of the English public has just been rightly called to the successful explorations of Cnossus by Mr. Arthur Evans and his comrades, it may be well to consider the general value and extent of our present knowledge about the Mediterranean in prehistoric ages, and about the Homeric poems which are our chief literary source of information concerning it. The results of some such survey of the position of modern scholarship, however brief it be, should be twofold: for it will appear that no really valuable advance can be registered until we co-ordinate the labours of many various workers and the contributions made by several nations; and it will also become evident that if, in one direction, our conceptions of historic developement must be very widely extended in time, so, in another direction, our criticism of various Homeric descriptions must be radically modified in space. The work of the archæologist, in fact, must be appreciated in its true relation to that of the historian, the geographer, and the literary critic. For any logical unity of interpretation, either of sites or texts, the whole of the materials now before us must be utilised. It will also probably be admitted that destructive methods of criticism are growing out of date, and out of place, in connexion with the Odyssey at any rate. Not only is the poet literally exact

in his description of his hero's wanderings, but every bit of knowledge provided by the antiquarian, by the traveller, by the excavator, can now be added to the proofs of Homer's accuracy.

There is a note of modern criticism which has been heard almost as much in classical scholarship as in Italian art, and which may roughly be summarised in the question: 'Who among all known or unknown painters may have 'painted this picture, hitherto universally attributed to N. ?' It seems that as soon as one of these critics observes the more cultivated section of the general public confronted by a literary or artistic masterpiece, undoubtedly ancient, he delights in picking that treasure-trove to pieces, in demonstrating its inferiority, in questioning its authenticity, in belittling its value. The innocent spectator has hitherto been humbly struggling to imagine what manner of man its maker was, and to realise what things he loved to do or sing; but he is forthwith smothered in the trivial pessimism of Slawkenbergius his tribe, who plunge him in a very mist of tortuous verbal commentary, while he longs to breathe the free air of Homer's poetry, or to sail the open seas with Odysseus for his comrade. This does not mean either that all destructive criticism is invariably wrong, or that any criticism which is fruitful must necessarily be constructive. Textual emendation cannot be abolished, nor can it be ever held, again, that the digging and delving of the archæologist is a barren labour. But we think the time has come when broader views of such literary matters as the Homeric Question may be taken with advantage to everyone who cares for poetry or for the ancient civilisations; and therefore we welcome any man who is bold enough to believe his Homer, and to say so, to study him in the open air that inspired him, and to tell us about the Mediterranean he knew.

When Schliemann found what he imagined to be the relics of a historic Agamemnon, he was in reality in much the same position as were Cuvier and his immediate disciples when they dug up the fossils of unknown animals that once had lived. The discoveries of both were, in their way, of great and incontestable value. But those huge and fragmentary vertebras and femurs would alone have taught us little of what they now imply, had not the geologist stepped in to insist that nothing which was found upon or beneath the earth could be explained without some knowledge of the earth itself. Based as they were

on nothing but bones, the conclusions of the first palæontologists were necessarily vague, pardonably fantastical. But as soon as the great stage of the world was geologically reconstructed, as soon as the scenery had been properly set up, these fossil actors appeared in their right perspective; and we saw, as it were, the great drama of creation moving onward, logically and irresistibly, from its beginning until now. The history of life became clearer as the history of the earth which was its theatre became more evident.

A narrow view of archæology may fairly be described as the application of the old principles of palæontology to the relics of human workmanship; and where that view obtains we invariably find the precise results that might be expected. At first the sentimental fallacy runs riot. 'Ce mode d'exploration,' write MM. Perrot and Chipiez, 'a permis de retrouver, sous les restes de l'âge classique, 'la trace du naïf et touchant effort de l'artisan primitif. 'Tout gauche qu'il soit encore, cet artisan nous intéresse 'passionnément. . . .' Soon afterwards the mere assertion of a writer is expected to prevail without any further argument. 'Archæology demonstrates,' announces M. A. Bertrand, 'that apart from their coinage and their alphabet, 'Gaul owed nothing, or almost nothing, to the Greek 'colonies.' It is difficult to imagine what greater debts M. Bertrand would desire a primitive civilisation to acknowledge than those of a medium of exchange and a method of communication between themselves and foreign traders. But because none of the cylinders, or scarabs, or pottery, dear to the collector's heart, can be discovered, the disappointed investigator refuses to admit any traces of contact, and deliberately shuts his eyes to all those broad principles which have governed human intercourse in every age of human progress.

Sometimes, however, the archæologist takes a different view. He unearths a pointed helmet in a tomb in the Marne district, and immediately a 'Marnian Epoch' is foisted upon history. Discoveries at Hallstadt produce a similar instance of confusing nomenclature. Because the ruins of Mycenæ happened to be dug out before those of Pylos, Ithaca, or Cnossus, we have at once a 'Mycenæan 'Age.' Mr. Arthur Evans has given that name its deathblow at any rate; yet even he would substitute 'Minoan,' fortifying his terminology behind such ramparts of antiquity that the supplanting title—which will no doubt arise in its

turn—will have to be provided by a locality which can produce remains older than the first Egyptian dynasty.

Even before the wonders of Cretan civilisation had been revealed, it had become clear that the treasures discovered at Mycenæ were, not only older than Homer himself, but older than the heroes Homer wrote of. How, then, was their wealth and splendour to be explained? Clearly, neither the excavator nor the literary scholar could find a satisfactory reply. The most conclusive answer is that suggested in the volumes of M. Victor Bérard of the Ecole des Hautes Etudes, who was formerly at the French School in Athens, and has just been awarded the Prix Vitet by the French Academy. On the occasion of that award M. Boissier pointed out that some of his conclusions had been contested, and that great benefit to learning resulted from the ensuing discussions. Whether all his details may be correct or not, M. Bérard's method is both original and illuminating. Its full scope will be indicated later; at present it is sufficient to say that, with regard to Mycenæ, he had the courageous idea of discarding museums for the moment, and of going to see the place and its surroundings for himself. His observations and conclusions may be briefly summarised.

Mycenæ is on the flank of the hills, and possesses good springs, that great treasure in the thirsty plain of Argolis. Its fine military position is guarded by rocky defiles. Its watch-towers command every vale from which a land force could attack, and every space of seacoast that might reveal a pirate's raid. It is the very gate of the pass that leads from the plain of Argos to the beach of Corinth, and to this day the train takes travellers past its portals from Nauplia to the north-western gulf. Such land-passages as this, from one sea to another, were of the highest importance to merchant-shipping in the old days of small, light vessels, and continued to be so until comparatively recent times. The riches of the barons of Mycenæ were solely due to the fact that they could levy toll on passing caravans of merchandise without fear of an overlord. It was to guard the fortune thus amassed that the ramparts were constructed, which the astonished antiquarian (who could not see over them) describes as 'built for the love 'of building'! Up to the middle of the nineteenth century many an Albanian Bey, at Elbassan, at Bérat, at Tépéléni, made his money in exactly the same way, by levying toll on the muleteers who brought merchandise from Durazzo

and Aulona to Macedonia and Thessaly. But when larger vessels, built for steam, made longer voyages possible, the revenue of the Beys grew as scanty as the occupation of the muleteers. The gradual policing of the seas, and the disappearance of corsairs, assisted the same end. The Beys' palaces are now almost as ruined as the sumptuous halls of the first barons of Mycenæ; for Ali Pacha's fortunes fell like Agamemnon's.

The glory of Troy itself is due to the same causes. Never since the days when history has recognised commercial traffic, could Troy have possessed a tithe of the riches Schliemann found in the prehistoric Ilion. But in the age of small ships, when men gladly cut corners across the land to save a hazardous voyage round a cape, inland Ilion was the Byzantium of prehistoric Hellas, and built upon a citadel as lofty and strong as that of inland Mycenæ or of inland Thebes. For the plain of the Scamander was in some sort an isthmus between the Bay of Besika, the last harbour of the archipelago of Asia Minor, and the Port of the Achæans, or Koum-Kaleh, which is the first harbour in the Dardanelles. The hill which holds Sigæum was once an island, and has been joined to the mainland by the alluvial deposits of the Scamander and other rivers of the plain. Just at the middle point of the road which lay past the marshes, between the southern and the northern sea, stood the Acropolis of Ilion. Even to-day the 'Pilot's Guide' is full of warnings about the difficulty of sailing through the Dardanelles at certain seasons. Far more severe must have been these perils to the light craft of Phœnician merchandise. It was from the toll on caravans which went by land that Ilion was enriched; and Ilion was the gate of that new world of commerce and adventure which was opened to Hellas by the Euxine sea; a world as rich and strange as that which Drake and Raleigh won for England, and as full of future possibilities. Close at that gate was placed the scene of the first great Hellenic epic.

The 'Law of the Isthmus,' of which Ilion and Mycenæ are two examples, is the important generalisation which M. Bérard deduces from the many facts referable to similar processes; and the light it throws on ancient commerce will explain many a difficulty in classical geography.

At first sight it seems strange, for instance, that the capture of Decelea by the Spartans should have immediately affected the food supply of Athens (Thucyd. vii. 27–28), especially as Athens was mistress of the sea at the moment.

But the chief source of her food supply was Eubœa; and though in these days a voyage from Egripo round Cape Colonna to Phaleres would be quite simple, the merchantmen of ancient Chalcis never contemplated sailing to the Piræus round Cape Sunium. They crossed the Strait to Aulis, Delion, or Oropus, and from Oropus the muleteers took their goods on by way of Decelea, between the mountains, towards Athens; and, in the sentence which sums up the difference between his commercial methods and our own, Thucydides explains the situation: *ἥ τε τῶν ἐπιτηδείων παρακομιδὴ ἐκ τῆς Εὐβοίας, πρότερον ἐκ τοῦ Ὠρωποῦ κατὰ γῆν διὰ τῆς Δεκελείας θᾶσσον οὖσα, περὶ Σούνιον κατὰ θάλασσαν πολυτελὴς ἐγίγνετο. . . .*

In the same way Thebes, though founded by Cadmus, the great navigator, is inland, in the middle of Bœotia. That is because it is placed at the exact spot where about five different routes converge, which led from sea to sea, and it is about a day's march from harbours at every quarter of the compass. The merchandise, in fact, was brought by land 'across the isthmus,' instead of going round the longer way by sea, and Thebes profited largely by its passage.

It is only by combining such indications as these, with traces in language, in excavations, or in ethnology, that we shall arrive at any true understanding why the Odyssey is older than historic Greece in names, routes, habits, ideas, and memories, all of which only seem contrary to 'Hellenic' notions because they are the survivals of a society older than the Hellenic, of a Pelasgia more different (for example) from the Arcadia which Lycurgus knew than even classical Sparta was from the Morea of the Venetian traders.

Venice herself provides an admirable example of the influence of geography upon every age of a city's progress. At the head of a long gulf that penetrates the very heart of Europe she provided the furthest point of disembarkation at which a cargo could be kept entire for distribution in the mainland; and she was therefore the focus of mediæval trade between Turkey, Egypt, Syria, Persia, and India, on the one hand, and Germany, Flanders, France, and England on the other. She held the necessary coastwise passes. She held the trade-route and commanded its waters, by virtue of possessing the best ships and crews. She policed the Adriatic after the Dalmatian pirates had been conquered, and she was supreme in the Levant after the Fourth Crusade. In addition to all this she possessed, in the salt-monopoly, a home trade which was as valuable to her

neighbours as is England's coal ; and she took measures to secure the carrying trade of the world by statutes (passed in 1229 and 1255) which are closely similar to the English Navigation Act of 1651. As soon as the Turk's power rose, she lost the trade of Cyprus, Crete, and the Levant. As soon as the art of navigation had sufficiently advanced to open a trade-route round the Cape, she lost more and more. Her maritime supremacy passed on to Portugal, to Holland, and to England, and in turn these countries provided the best ports of discharge. Only with the cutting of the Suez Canal has any fragment of her old trading activity returned to her, and even that will soon be lost by the destruction of the lagoons which once received the commerce of the world.

The laws which governed the rise and fall of Venice were not peculiar to her. They hold true of every centre of population round the Mediterranean coasts. This M. Victor Bérard has realised, and he therefore argues that, since it was a Phœnician Odysseus whom our Hellenic Homer has described, the various sites mentioned in the poem will be discoverable only if we transplant ourselves into the days of the Phœnician maritime supremacy. Further, if Homer's descriptions agree in detail with what we should expect to hear of a Phœnician voyage, there will be certain unchanging physical features which will also be predicated of the same places in the latest logbooks for mariners who sail the sea under somewhat similar conditions. We shall, in fact, be able to check the Odyssey by the 'Hints for Navigation,' or the 'Pilots' Guides,' sold at the present moment to the modern sailor. To make all sure, M. Bérard himself followed nearly the whole route of Odysseus in a sailing-boat. His discoveries provide a startling answer to those critics who have proceeded on more conventional lines.

It will, perhaps, be best to take a few typical conclusions drawn from these critics' writings, and then compare what M. Bérard has to say on the same point; and though some obviously wrote before M. Bérard published anything, it is a singular comment on the alertness of modern English scholarship that several writers have continued in the old obscurantist attitude for some time after M. Bérard's volumes had made their final appearance, and even after Mr. W. M. Ramsay's eloquent and impartial consideration of them in the 'Classical Review' for April 1904, a publication which seems to have escaped the notice of the somewhat

too enthusiastic author of 'The Mother of Navies' in the 'Fortnightly Review' for November 1904.

If we are to believe such writers as Mr. Maurice Hewlett or M. Hilaire Belloc, there is just now in progress a certain reaction both against railways and against the excessive literary (or perhaps we should say 'printed') output which is a feature of the same period of developement. Between the extremes of sedentary study and of rapid locomotion, there seems to be appearing a regretful longing for those leisurely days of travel, afoot or by postchaise, which were accompanied by a literature that was almost equally leisurely both in production and in publication. Of this latter school we suspect that M. Bérard would avow himself a disciple, and those who are not troubled by improper prejudices against the mention of the word 'Phœnician' will find a mine of information and suggestion in the geographical portions of M. Bérard's volumes; for by the help of the leisurely traveller Geography is at last coming to her own again. Turner was perhaps the last Englishman who knew the best of his own country, and much of Europe, from having walked or driven over it 'in search of pictures.' It is the strangest whirligig of chance that has bestowed upon the motor-car the privilege of teaching Englishmen once more the beauties of their own island.

M. Bérard is not, of course, invariably infallible. His generally stimulating results are, however, so valuable in these pessimistic days, and the balance of benefits conferred is so largely in his favour, that one or two weaknesses, as they appear to us, may be pointed out in his two large and closely-packed volumes. It is a profound truth that man can never learn much from Nature unless the answer is implicit in his question, unless the hypothesis he has imagined will already suggest the facts he must discover. But there is always the danger that the enthusiastic inquirer may strive to prove too much. Mr. Butler's theory concerning Nausicaa and Trapani is a case in point. Pietro Sugameli's interpretation of the Odyssey as an elaborate allegory of social evolutions is another.* We now and then have an uneasy feeling that M. Bérard is about to provide us with a third, when he allows his Semitic derivations and Phœnician influences to distort the facts before him. Even his geographical identifications, charming as they all are, do not satisfy us in every instance. Both Signor Sugameli

* See *Quo Vadis?* Trapani, 15 Dicembre 1901, 6 Novembre 1902.

and Mr. W. M. Ramsay have already pointed out the difficulties of suggesting the island of Perejil as the home of Calypso, in spite of the pretty coincidence that Perejil is full of the sea-parsley which gained its Spanish name, and that in Odyssey V. 72 we read:

ἀμφὶ δὲ λειμῶνες μαλακοὶ ἴου ἠδὲ σελίνου.

or of the further coincidence that the 'Pilot's Guide' speaks of a 'Grotto of Pigeons,' and in Odyssey V. 57 and 63–67 we read . . *μέγα σπέος* . . *ἔνθα δέ τ' ὄρνιθες τανυσίπτεροι εὐνάζοντο.* For we find that this cave has no entrance save from the sea, that there is no trace of any communication between it and the mainland, and that there is no symptom of fresh water springs on the island of Perejil.

However, the study of other localities and of the poem in relation to them is so fascinating, especially in the case of the palace of Nausicaa and the home of Odysseus, that, without unfairness to what is necessarily a complicated and lengthy disquisition, it may be possible to suggest at least two of M. Bérard's identifications in sufficient detail to indicate his method. Though there are many others, which the reader is recommended to discover for himself in M. Bérard's pages, we shall choose the land of the Cyclopes and the journey of Telemachus, as typical instances, alike of the easy scepticism of other modern critics, and of the laborious and almost reverent study of M. Bérard.

In the introduction to the admirable translation of the 'Odyssey' by Messrs. Butcher and Lang, we find the following sentence: 'Later Greece feigned that the Cyclopes 'dwelt near Mount Etna in Sicily. Homer leaves their place 'of abode in the vague.'

Let us see what Homer's 'vagueness' can tell us. He says that the Phæacians were transplanted to Scheria by Nausithous after they had been chased out of their original home in Hyperia by the Cyclopes. Now 'Hyperia' and 'Cyclopes' are Greek words. If Homer's account of history be correct, both places had a name in a different language when the Phæacians were driven out. In Greek, *ὑπερεία* means 'the uplifted city'; the Semitic equivalent for which is *Koum'a*, Cuma, Cumæ; and Cumæ was a town on the coast of Campania, to the west of Naples and Vesuvius, the *Κύμης τῆς ἐν Ὀπικίᾳ πόλεως* of Thucydides vi. 4. *Ὀπικία*, in fact, the Land of Eyes, is *Κυκλωπία*, the Semitic equivalent for which is composed of two words: *oin*, the eye, and *otar'a*, a crown or circle; *Oin-Otar'a*, Oenotria.

Nothing is more often misleading than classical place-names; so we must hasten to see what these hints are worth. Cumæ, *ὑπερείη, αἰπὺ πτολίεθρον*, is on the coast of Italy north-west of the Bay of Baiæ, and west of the Phlegræan Fields, those 'burning plains' studded with the craters of extinct volcanoes. A profile map of the district shows these craters standing up like eye-sockets, some of them with what seems a 'pupil' erect in the midst of the black orbit. But if this is indeed the 'Country of Eyes,' the land of the Cyclops, there must be somewhere on its coast 'a waste islet, stretching without the harbour, neither nigh 'at hand nor yet far off, a woodland isle wherein are wild 'goats unnumbered . . . also there is a fair haven, where 'is no need of moorings, but men may run the ship on the 'beach . . . at the head of the harbour is a well of bright 'water issuing from a cave, and round it are poplars 'growing. Thither we sailed, and some god guided us . . . 'a mist lying deep about the ship.' (Od. IX. 116–144.) This is the modern islet of Nesida, or Nisita, a crescent of land with the opening seawards on the other side of the Bay of Baiæ, forming a harbour like the eye on a peacock's feather, and now called Porto Pavone. It presents every necessity for the primitive mariner, and Odysseus has enumerated a few of its advantages, which still exist. The Roman poets knew it too:

> Sylvaque quæ fixam pelago Nesida coronat.

Pliny mentions its excellent vegetables:

> Quod in Neside Campaniæ insula sponte nascitur, longe optimum existimatur.

The goats that fed on it in Odysseus' days gave their name to Capri later on in the neighbouring bay. But the game his sailors hunted there was hunted by fashionable Romans in the days of Cæsar. 'Fui apud Brutum multas 'horas in Neside,' writes Cicero. There, in some solitary hunting-lodge, was plotted the murder of Julius; there Portia slew herself at the tidings of Philippi. But as time went on the island-harbour, ready for strangers and turned towards the sea, became more and more neglected. There is now a prison on it, and not much more; but the spring is still there, protected by a wall.

The morning after his companions had rested, Odysseus, without troubling to raise the sail, rows his boat round the harbour-point towards that volcanic mainland whose

sulphurous fumes had 'laid deep mist about his ships'; as Lucan says:

tali spiramine Nesis
Emittit Stygium nebulosis aera saxis.

Two obelisks of rock, one east and one westward, are at either end of the island. You pass one of them to-day as you make the passage that Odysseus made some nine-and-twenty centuries ago. They are the rocks the Cyclops hurled:

καὶδ' ἔβαλε προπάρυιθε νεὸς κυανοπρώροιο . . .
καὶδ' ἔβαλεν μετόπισθε . . . (Od. IX. 482, 539)

the 'Aiguille du Levant' was the stone he cast 'before,' the 'Aiguille du Couchant' was that which fell 'behind.'

Arrived at the mainland, and walking up the torrent-bed of S. Basilio, the modern traveller reaches the great cavern called the Grotto of Sejanus. This is the cave of Polyphemus, guarded by tall pines and oaks. The line

μακρῇσίν τε πίτυσσιν ἰδὲ δρυσὶν ὑψικόμοισιν (Od. IX. 186)

is generally explained to be 'full of otiose epithets.' Yet it is a curious coincidence that the pines which still grow round this cave are of a taller variety than any to be seen near them on that part of the coast. But we must not ask too much of botany, after so many years. The line before may give us better evidence:

περὶ δ' αὐλὴ
ὑψηλὴ δέδμητο.

'About it a high outer court was built with stones.' The entrance is walled up to this day, and through a brick archway you must still penetrate to the great hall wherein the lambs and kids of the Cyclops were penned, among his milk-pails and his bowls. For fifty-five mètres it extends into the rock at a height of some ten mètres, like the entrance. Long after Odysseus ceased from wandering it was continued by an artificial tunnel, some eighty-fifty mètres further through the Hill of Pausilippo to the slopes above the Vale of Bagnoli, but this more modern excavation is only three mètres high by some two mètres broad. The original, natural cavern was evidently long used by the country-people as a safe refuge for their flocks, and for themselves, as long as that pastoral primitive life endured of which Polyphemus was a terrible Homeric type, an incarnation of

the volcano, 'vomiting stones and fire and smoke' which ever brooded sullenly above the shepherds' pastures.

This anthropomorphism of the poet can be easily paralleled elsewhere; but we would chiefly draw attention to the accuracy with which Homer describes natural features, and the use he makes of them. In the land of Lotos-eaters natural features are purposely left vague; forgotten; and much is made of the wondrous nature of their food. In the land of the Cyclops the two pinnacles of rock are carefully noted, but they are 'explained' as well. They are there because Polyphemus threw them. In Scheria, the land of the Phæacians, the same process occurs; for the rock off Corcyra which is still called 'Karavi,' or the 'Boatrock,' by modern Greek sailors, is 'explained' by Homer as the Phæacian ship which Poseidon smote into stone as she was on her way back from the voyage with Odysseus to Ithaca; and another of M. Bérard's identifications provides a well-known instance that becomes Calypso:

δεκάτῃ δέ με νυκτὶ
νῆσον ἐς Ὠγυγίην πέλασαν θεοί· ἔνθα Καλυψὼ
ναίει ἐϋπλόκαμος. (Od. XII. 447.)

Throughout the whole art and mythology of Hellas this insistence on the personification of Nature is obvious and universal, and it is one of the best proofs of Homer's essentially Hellenic character, wherever he may have written, and whatever may have been the sources from which he drew details for his own information.

It is just as clear, too, that if the scene of the Iliad, the epic of a constantly divided Greece, was laid in the one place where Greek efforts were united, that Gate of the Euxine which was the citadel of Troy, so also another epic had become necessary by that very voyage to Troy, the epic of the seas of Hellas, the story of Odysseus. Again it is not Greece herself which can provide a background. Only outside their own boundaries were the Greeks ever united in their double task of beating back the materialism of the Barbarians, or of carrying their own best influences throughout their colonies in the Mediterranean. But our next example of M. Bérard's work shall be deliberately chosen from the soil of Greece herself; and it shall be his solution of the problem of the journey of Telemachus.

'It is a notorious blot on Homer's knowledge,' says a writer on 'The Homeric Question' in the 'Quarterly Review' for January 1904, 'that he sends Telemachus from

'Pylos to Sparta without a word of the mountain range 'between them, and that he evidently conceives the whole 'country as a flat plain, or at least as easily traversable for a 'chariot. It is equally notorious that his description of 'Ithaca is impossible.' Whatever may have been 'notorious' in the nineteenth century, it is singular that one who writes with so much authority should apparently be unaware of the work done by M. Bérard on this very subject, which, in the case of the journey of Telemachus, was published in Paris in 1902, and in the case of Ithaca appeared in 1903. The journey of Telemachus is described in the first four books and part of the fifteenth book of the Odyssey. The poet mentions Ithaca, Pylos, Pheres, and Sparta in the course of it. Of these names only the first and the last had hitherto been identified with certainty. Homer, therefore, can only be understood if we can also fix and identify the 'Pylos' and the 'Pheres' he mentions in this connexion. From the armchair of a comfortable study, this, of course, is an easy matter to anyone who simplifies the task by accusing Homer of 'notoriously impossible' geography. But was Homer, so accurate in all else, wilfully inaccurate in the opening episode of the Odyssey? It is at any rate worth while to visit the places he describes before giving a verdict against him. Let us follow M. Bérard's footsteps.

There were, to begin with, three different places known to Strabo as Pylos.* The first, the most northern and the nearest to Ithaca, was in Elis, rather far from the sea, at the valley which leads down to the coast from the hills, close to the modern village of Agrapidokhori. As its name implies, it was the 'gate' of a double route, one leading eastwards to Arcadia by the Peneus valley, the other going more north and south, between Olympia and the coastwise valleys of Achaia. The second 'Pylos' lay further south, in Triphylia, above a point about the middle of the Cyparissian bay, between the mountains and the sea. The third 'Pylos' was a seaport of Messenia, opposite the island of Sphacteria. All three have laid claim, since the earliest days of history, to the honour of being Nestor's residence. It will be found that the second is the right one.

Far more numerous are the places called Pheres or Pheræ. Even confining ourselves to the Peloponnesus, we can distinguish one in the Eurotas valley, a day's march

* Strab. viii. 339: Ἔστι Πύλος πρὸ Πύλοιο· Πύλος γέ μέν ἐστι καὶ ἄλλος.

from the port of Gythium; another near the shore at the north-eastern corner of the Messenian bay; a third in the western district of Achaia, in the valley of the Pirus. None of these can be connected with Telemachus.

Clearly it is by the words of Homer alone, compared with the actually existing physical facts, that we can make our choice between the various possible combinations. Homer tells us that in the evening Telemachus took twelve jars of wine and twenty measures of bruised barley-meal and stored it on the ship of Noëmon, which Athene had picked out for him; and a fresh north-west wind filled his mainsail as he started in the night from Ithaca, and the ship sped on her way 'all night long and through the dawn.' After sunrise they reached Pylos, 'the established castle of Neleus,' where men were sacrificing to Poseidon on the sand of the seashore, and from the numbers mentioned (Od. III. 7–8) it seems likely that the Pylian Amphictyony of nine towns, which sent ninety ships with Nestor to the siege of Troy, were celebrating their federal rites at the central shrine of the community.

This is a sufficiently faithful analysis of Odyssey II. 337–434. The more closely we look into the poet's details, the more literally exact we find him, even to the precise hour of their starting:—

δύσετό τ' ἠέλιος σκιόωντό τε πᾶσαι ἀγυιαί,

the hour when 'the streets are darkened,' after sunset. It is the hour the Suitors choose to start on their ambush for Telemachus' return; and it is the hour when Odysseus starts homeward from the land of the Phæacians. Seven times this phrase, which does not occur in the Iliad, marks in the Odyssey a different stage in a journey. It is still the same hour which is recommended for such voyages in the French 'Instructions Nautiques' (No. 691, pp. 1–2) to all sailors who wish to take advantage of the north-west wind, 'which remains constant during the nights of July and 'August from Gibraltar to the coast of Palestine; and to 'meet it the sailing-ship has only to take advantage of the 'land wind which blows off shore about eleven o'clock on 'summer nights and ceases soon after dawn.' Both start and finish, therefore, of the voyage of Telemachus, as described by Homer, would be in accordance with the advice of modern pilots. But how are we to explain a voyage of some eight or nine hours only for the distance covered? First of all by a consideration of the necessity of that 'Law

'of the Isthmus,' already explained, in the conditions of Homeric navigation; and secondly by fixing a 'Pylos' which is only some eight or nine hours' sail before the wind from Ithaca.

Obviously this Pylos must be at the beginning of a route to Sparta, and the natural route from the west of the Peloponnesus is that which follows up the valley of the Alpheus from its mouth to its source, and goes down the valley of the Eurotas to the Laconian Gulf. Close to the very beginning of this route lies the Triphylian Pylos which Strabo has picked out.

To choose from a map the Messenian Pylos, near Sphacteria, is to suggest a distance of 120 miles, as the crow flies, from Ithaca, and nearly 160 as Telemachus would have sailed it from the harbour of Odysseus, upon the north-east coast of Ithaca; for he never went more than fifteen miles from shore, and often crept in much closer round the capes. Now, from the exact details, given in the Iliad, of the voyage in which Odysseus takes back Chryseis to her father, it is possible to calculate that from five to seven miles an hour was the maximum speed of the Homeric sailing-ship.* Applied to the 'eight or nine hours' of Telemachus' voyage from Ithaca, this obviously makes the Messenian Pylos impossible.

More than this. Navarino Bay may be an excellent anchorage for modern steamboats, which can enter or leave it whatever be the wind, and are protected by the island of Sphaghia. But the Homeric sailor's favourite harbour was within easy reach of the open sea, upon the low sandy shore of a peninsula, or on the outer coast of some small islet near the mainland. Off Messenia the rock of Koryphasion cuts sheer down into the deep sea, and behind it is a bay which proves a dangerous *cul-de-sac* in certain winds; for the Pacha had once to look on helplessly while his fleet were burning to the water's edge. Besides, if the Pylos which Telemachus visits is this one in Messenia, the Pheres to which he proceeds must obviously be the Pheræ in the north-east of the Messenian Gulf, and not only would he have many mountains to pass to get there, but the Taygetus chain would lie beyond, between him and Sparta. The armchair critic who has heard of a piece of ancient paved road at this city of Pheræ imagines that he

* This agrees very well with measures given by Herodotus, whose statements (iv. 86) may be compared with Iliad I. 475–485.

knows as much as Homer; but the tourist who has tried to-day that perilous goat-track along the stony gorges from Calamata towards Sparta will know that wheeled traffic is impossible. 'Evidently then,' retorts the unruffled critic, 'it is the poetry of Homer, and not my explanation of him, 'which you must consider as absurd.'

Again, the Pheræ which Telemachus visits is described by Homer as the property of King Diocles, son of Orsilochus, son of the river-god Alpheus; whereas the Messenian Pheræ is part of a Heptapolis in Messenia under the control of Agamemnon, who offers the seven cities, as their overlord, to Achilles.* Lastly, it may be pointed out that the former town has fields of grain around it (Od. III. 495), whereas the Messenian Pheræ is on the barren foothills of the Taygetus.

These considerations, then, have eliminated at least one Pylos and one Pheræ from the list of possibilities—at any rate in the opinion of those who still attach more importance to Homer's words than to their own comments, and who prefer the test of travellers' eyes to that of a pair of compasses and a classical atlas.

A balance of probabilities has already suggested that the Pylos just south of the Alpheus is the one which Homer meant. Its territory evidently comprised a strip of coastwise land from the mouth of the Alpheus to that of the Neda, which is the northern border of Messenia; and, among all those rocky coasts of Greece, almost alone it can offer sandy harbourage: so 'sandy Pylos' it is called wherever Homer mentions it. Nestor, its king, is a great breeder and lover of horses on the plains inland; and above the seashore itself, whereon was set the temple of Poseidon, rises the citadel of his folk, upon a cliff. At the present day there are just those differences in the coast-line which can be traced on a larger scale at the Deltas of the Rhone and of the Nile. Here, just as in other instances on the shores of the tideless Mediterranean, the rivers have been unable to roll down all their detritus into the sea; lagoons have been formed, and beyond them the coast-line has moved further forward. Its changes can be traced within the last century, and they have been rapid enough to make it certain that there was no 'lazy long lagoon' in front of Pylos in Homer's day. But with these exceptions we can find what Homer saw. For at the foot at Mount Kaiapha (close to the seaward end of the

* Compare Iliad IX. 149–152 with Odyssey III. 488–489, and see Iliad V. 542–549.

road marked on plate 53 of the 'Expédition de Morée') is the rock upon the beach which held Poseidon's temple. Mount Kaiapha rises nearly 2,500 feet precipitously; but a great buttress points northwards at a height of about 1,000 feet above the sea, and upon this stood the ancient acropolis of Nestor, accessible only from the shore, towards which the houses of the common people crowded down the fan-like slope from the palace of the king at the summit. Upon that summit are the ruins of the palace still . . . Πύλον, Νηλῆος ἐϋκτίμενον πτολίεθρον . . . Πύλου αἰπὺ πτολίεθρον . . . as Homer calls it, 'the finest possible specimen of polygonal 'masonry, and certainly of great antiquity,' writes the modern editor of Pausanias (Frazer, iii. 480); Strabo knew them too (viii. 346). The traveller can go up and examine them to-day. After he passes Tavla, Mount Kaiapha will be on his left hand by the road which follows the coast from Pyrgos to Kyparissia; and he can see upon their mountain site the stones of the palace where Telemachus was entertained by Nestor. It is here that Schliemann should have carried out those explorations which remained so significantly barren when undertaken at the Messenian Pylos near Sphacteria. The excavation of the true Pylos near the Alpheus remains to be achieved, and it is not likely to prove unfruitful.

The site here discovered agrees as well with the indications of the Iliad as with those of the Odyssey; for when Nestor recalls his own battles in conversation with Patroclus (Iliad XI. 670–761) he speaks of the relief of Thryoessa, 'a steep burg, far off on Alpheios, the uttermost city of 'sandy Pylos,' which had suddenly been attacked by the Eleians. There is a night alarm in Pylos, and the cavalry, who were first to get away towards the north, waited for the footmen by the 'river Minyeios that falleth into the 'sea near Arene.' At the dawn they marched on together and reached the Alpheios 'at midday.' Arene is the modern Anemochori, rather more than five miles north of Mount Kaiapha, and some seven miles south of the Alpheus. Again, when Nestor urges on the Greeks to find a champion to fight against Hector (Il. VII. 132–154), he recalls his own prowess against the champion of the Arcadians:

> ἀγρόμενοι Πύλιοί τε καὶ Ἀρκάδες ἐγχεσίμωροι
> Φειᾶς πὰρ τείχεσσιν.

For Φειᾶς here, the scholiast reads Φερᾶς (cf. Ebeling, Lexic. Hom. s.v. Κελάδων), inasmuch as Pheia is a cape (and a

river) at the north-west corner of Elis, whereas the city where Nestor slew Ereuthalion was the Pheræ of King Diocles, the Pheræ at which Telemachus rested, the modern Aliphera, a citadel upon a hill some 2,500 feet in height, guarding the approaches to Pylos from the Arcadian valley of the Alpheus. Polybius describes its importance (iv. 77) in the campaign of King Philip against Triphylia, for as soon as it was taken the capital, Lepreum, fell; and Pausanias calls the stream that flows near it into the Alpheus the river Celadon.

This is some fourteen miles from Pylos, and the details of the departure of Telemachus from Pylos are closely given in Od. III. 430–497. At dawn Nestor issues his orders. The heifer, the smith to gild its horns, the wood and water and meal for sacrifice to Athena, the message to the crew who had slept beside the ship from Ithaca—all are duly mentioned. Telemachus is bathed by the fair Polycaste, and only after the long feast is over does Peisistratus drive round the chariot and a pair of horses in the afternoon. By sunset they reached Pheræ, which is Aliphera, having made no haste to leave Pylos, and driving slowly up the hill on which the citadel of Diocles was built. From the coast they had, in all, a rise of 2,400 feet to surmount; fifteen miles in distance is all they were likely to have done, and they had to quicken their pace at the start even to do that. The return journey was much quicker (Od. XV. 189–193):

αἶψα δ' ἔπειθ' ἵκοντο Πύλου αἰπὺ πτολίεθρον·

for it was all downhill, and by starting from Pheræ at dawn they got back to Pylos in time to make sacrifice on the shore to Athena, to rescue Theoclymenus, to set sail, and to have passed, before sunset, the springs of Crouni and the fair-flowing river of Chalcis.*

Far longer was the journey from Aliphera to 'Lacedæmon lying low among the caverned hills.' They had to start at early dawn and press their horses.

ἷξον δ' ἐς πεδίον πιηφόρον, ἔνθα δ' ἔπειτα
ἦνον ὁδόν· τοῖον γὰρ ὑπέκφερον ὠκέες ἵπποι.

* There is no reason either to delete Od. XV. 295, or to translate Χαλκίδα καλλιρέεθρον as 'Chalcis, a land of fair streams' (Butcher and Lang, p. 249), for Strabo knew both the springs and the river Chalcis. The spring is still marked on the Ordnance maps, and the Chalcis is the river Tavla. Both would be visible from the sea before the ship had reached the Cape of Pheia.

The road itself was easy. After a long slope up the valley of the Alpheus, they would reach the valley of the Eurotas and be going downhill all the way. Their chariot was light. In the Iliad we hear of such chariots being driven safely across ditches. Eumelus can pull his own. Diomede offers to carry that of Rhesus. For two horses the burden would be a simple one.* They covered fifty miles at least; and, taking a short rest in the midday heat, they did not reach Sparta till after sunset, without having passed a single 'mountain-range' upon the way, for they had gone round the north of the Taygetus.

The journey of Telemachus follows the 'Law of the 'Isthmus' already explained; for instead of going round Cape Matapan, as a modern traveller by steamer would do, he lands at the nearest point of the Western Peloponnese from which a good land-road would lead across to Sparta. The route he took has been the trade-route of the stranger ever since. At one part of it, the ancient Lykosoura guarded the approach to Sparta from the Parrhasian plains. At another, Aliphera was the market where the merchants of the western coast bought from the inland and south-eastern traders. Pylos itself was the most famous port of the Achæan Peloponnese; its reputation lasted long after its real power had faded, for the descendants of its Neleus and its Nestor were the aristocracy of the Ionian cities on the coast of Asia Minor. From Nestor was descended that Melanthus who, driven from Pylos by the Heracleidæ, founded the Ionian metropolis at Athens, and, through her, the Ionian colonies of Asia Minor. The glories of the Pylos of the Homeric Nestor lasted long, and in minute detail, among the aristocracy which traced their blood, in Asia Minor, to his heroic veins; which had built a temple to Poseidon near Miletus and the mouth of the Mæander, just as the old temple to Poseidon had risen near the Alpheus in Elis. The traditional founder of Miletus was even named Neleus; and it was at the court which thus cherished the memory of Nestor and of Pylos that the Homeric poems were first heard about 900 years before the birth of Christ.

At that court the first prose history in Greek is attributed to one Kadmus. Thales, 'the first philosopher,' was, says

* See also G. Maspero, *Hist. Anc.* ii. p. 215–218, where the same point is made about the light Egyptian war-chariots perfected by Thothmes III. in 1530 B.C.

Herodotus, of Phœnician origin. Miletus, the huge bazaar of Anatolia, had a regular Phœnician quarter grouped round its own especial sanctuary, with its own Cadmean aristocracy, the equals of the Neleid aristocracy in the Hellenic town. Here, then, was a community of mingled speech which was especially fitted to appreciate that form of Greek which we call 'the Homeric dialect'; which would remember all those details that were necessary for an accurate account of Telemachus' journey through a far-off and a prehistoric Greece; which could also teach Homer all those maritime secrets which had been so faithfully recorded by Phœnician sailors that they can be confirmed from the 'Pilot's Guides' in use on the Mediterranean at this day. Nor do we appreciate Mr. W. M. Ramsay's objection to this locality when he says that by M. Bérard 'this epic of early Greece 'is not regarded as a poem of Greek origin.' We do not find this in M. Bérard's pages. On the contrary, we conceive him as suggesting that Homer, though living in Miletus when he wrote, was as true a Greek as any of them all, and may be even 'more Hellenic than the Hellenes,' just as our colonies breathe a more fervent patriotism and think no less of Imperial doctrines than we do ourselves.

There is another method of interpreting Homer which attributes to the poet 'a deliberate attempt to archaize,' as Mr. Hall mentions in his book on 'The Oldest Civilisation 'in Greece' (p. 223). Commenting on that method, the writer in the 'Quarterly Review' for January 1904 says:— '. . . in fact he does archaize to a certain extent in culture as 'well as politics, though to what extent we shall never 'know. . . Great as are the advances made within the last 'half-century in our knowledge of so many things connected 'with Homer, still it all remains misty and vague and com- 'paratively unprofitable.' This Jeremiad may perhaps be justified as the result of a careful criticism of the latest notes on the Iliad by Dr. Walter Leaf, and on the Odyssey by Mr. D. B. Monro; but it is strange reading for anyone who knows that M. Bérard's researches had appeared some time before it was written.

Mr. Monro, following an idea of the late Mr. Gladstone's, believes that the Iliad and Odyssey were composed before the Dorian invasion by poets living in European Greece under the Mycenæan empire, and he bases his theory on two arguments. The first describes the Homeric dialect as the 'vulgare illustre,' the poetical language of the Mycenæan Greeks, from whom both Ionians and Æolians subsequently

inherited it. The abrupt reduction in value of the Mycenæan Age which is necessitated by Mr. Arthur Evans's revelations in Crete should sufficiently contradict this, even if the dialect itself appeared more suitable to European Greece than to the Asiatic colonies, which will not be generally believed. And Mr. Monro's second argument is even more questionable; for it hinges on the geographical knowledge shown by the poet, and especially on his close acquaintance with the Peloponnese, an acquaintance which no other critic seems to have been able to prove before M. Bérard's work appeared, and which most commentators had hitherto 'explained' as non-existent. But if we are to take geography as one of Mr. Monro's tests for a European origin, how does he explain the poet's description of Eubœa as the 'farthest island of the 'sea' (Od. VII. 321, 322):

. . . . Εὐβοίης,
τήν περ τηλοτάτω φάσ' ἔμμεναι, ...

a point of view which can only be suitable to a spectator from the shores of Asia Minor? An even stronger instance of this 'point of view' is quoted by Robert Wood and Dr. Leaf from Iliad IX. 4–8, where the 'north wind and the west 'wind that blow from Thrace' are described as lifting up the billow which 'casteth much tangle up along the sea-shore':

. . . . καὶ Ζέφυρος, τώ τε Θρήκηθεν ἄητον.

No poet writing in the Peloponnese could have described the west wind in such terms, even if he had sufficient imagination to compare the Greek army to flocks of birds on the Asian plains of Cayster in another passage (Il. II. 459–464):

Ἀσίῳ ἐν λειμῶνι, Καϋστρίου ἀμφὶ ῥέεθρα.

The chief debt we owe to Mr. Monro is not, therefore, this impossible suggestion as to the place of its origin, but his final and convincing proof that the Odyssey is the work of one poet and is a connected, logical, masterpiece of construction. We should go further and say that any suggestions as to what are 'excrescences on the original,' in our present text, are futile. What happens when a modern critic is carried away by brilliantly irresponsible theories of disintegration may be seen fron the melancholy example of Dr. Leaf, than whose destructiveness we have met nothing more cynically pessimistic since the thrice-dead theories of Wolf. Once more we hear of a 'diaskeuast' doctoring crystallised odes for wholesale publication in the lump, 'borrowing the speech of Agamemnon,' 'adding lines

'119–38,' 'introducing further the preparatory idea of the 'temptation,' and so forth; until we feel as if we were assisting at the midnight adulteration of some new brand of sugar behind a grocer's counter. 'We who read,' says Dr. Leaf to those who would consider Homer's text for themselves, 'must shut our eyes now and then, to open them 'again as soon as the ring of the true metal draws our 'attention.' Apparently, the Iliad so offends Dr. Leaf's delicate susceptibilities that his metaphors become as mixed as the methods of the 'diaskeuast.' After Dr. Leaf has finished, he only permits the unfortunate poet to claim less than seven complete books as the original 'Achilleis' from which our Iliad was evolved—a slaughter even more fierce than that of Grote.

The three great names of early Homeric criticism have now been mentioned: Wolf who tried to dissolve everything into quantities of tribal lays; Grote, who considered the whole question from the strictly British standpoint of respectably logical argument; and Schliemann, who revealed a civilisation which, if not contemporary with Homer, was that from which the Homeric heroes sprang. Though only one of these made any real constructive contribution to our knowledge, each of them influenced our thoughts of Homer in a way that no one has achieved again until M. Victor Bérard showed what the Odyssey really was. In the two most interesting of the results attained it is worth noticing that the advance was based on a profound faith that moved mountains; for Schliemann was certain that Agamemnon really lived and therefore he discovered what he wanted; M. Bérard was equally inspired, by a profound belief in Homer's accuracy, to accomplish a task which is proportionately different from any which his predecessors set themselves.

What, for instance, do we gather towards the true explanation of the voyages of Odysseus, from those gentlemen whose translation of the Greek is, on the whole, one of the finest English versions ever made from a classical author? In the introduction written by Messrs. Butcher and Lang (third ed. 1888), the following sentences may be taken as typical of the authors' attitude towards their original:— 'Lotus-land was possibly in Western Libya, but it is more 'probable that the day's voyage from the southern point of 'Greece brought Odysseus into an unexpected region of 'fairyland' . . . 'in Scheria, the country of the Phæacians. 'Here he is again in fairyland.' In accordance with the

fairy-tale theory, the myths and epics of 'Gaels, Aztecs, 'Hindoos, Tartars, South Sea Islanders, Finns, Russians, 'Scandinavians, and Eskimo' are invoked as instructive parallels, together with the stories current among 'Oghuzians, Esthonians, Basques, and Celts.' So that, though these critics are too acute not to realise the unity of Homer's authorship, they can only consider the Odyssey as 'a tissue of old märchen' woven into a single plot with great artistic skill; and this theory makes it very easy to explain anything they do not understand by saying it is 'merely a fairy-tale.'

The scholarship and insight of writers like Mr. Butcher and Mr. Lang have been so universally recognised, in the welcome long ago accorded to their translation, that their views of the poem itself have obtained a natural and widespread reputation; just as ready an acceptance has been given to the criticism of Dr. Leaf, who is responsible for an equally valuable translation of the first nine books of the Iliad. It is because we are convinced that these gentlemen will have nothing but welcome for researches which so immeasurably increase the value of their own English versions of the text, that we venture to express the hope of a speedy revision of their opinions in accordance with the theories now published by M. Victor Bérard.

The sources which suggested the original idea for any poet's masterpiece may provide an interesting subject of research, though, even were an exact knowledge of them possible, it could do little to increase our enjoyment of his poetry. But if, in any great poem of action and of travel, we can prove that every place is rightly described as we can see it to this day; if in any epic of adventure we can follow the wandering hero to the capes and islands which were the scene, so long ago, of the moving episodes of his career; if in any lengthy metrical composition we can watch the maker at his work, now playing with the legends of his time, now striking some deep chord of patriotic story, now reflecting in his verse the actual physical conditions of the world he knew—then indeed we may feel justified in analysing the last, least syllable of the text before us; for we are adding to the stock of the world's pleasure, without presuming to impose our own interpretations on the master's words.

This, then, is the great difference between M. Bérard and other Homeric critics. He never gets out of a difficulty by saying the mistake was Homer's. Over and over again

he has, by patient investigation of one site after another, discovered that the exact words which Homer uses are the accurate descriptions of the place the poet meant; that his epithets are neither 'otiose' nor 'redundant'; that his geography is not a dream of fairyland, but an account of Mediterranean facts taken from the logbook of some Phœnician mariner with so much accuracy that the modern 'Pilot's Guide,' the lineal descendant of the Phœnician sailing directions, is frequently a business-like prose rendering of the sea-lore of the Odyssey.

It is another instance of the same curious neglect which was evidenced by the writer in the 'Quarterly Review,' already quoted, that Mr. H. R. Hall, who describes Mr. Evans's work in 'Nature' for September 15, 1904, should permit the following sentence to appear in his article: 'France seems hopelessly wedded to classical traditions, 'and has no thought for the extraordinary prehistoric 'civilisation, twin-sister it would almost seem to that of 'Egypt, which is revealing itself in Crete.' Mr. Hall should reserve his patriotism for other outbursts than this. England no doubt leads the way just now at Cnossus. But neither Archæology, nor Art, can be 'patriotic,' if we may change the words of Goethe; and a year before Mr. Hall's article was published M. Victor Bérard had duly noted those results produced on Cretan soil by the industry of Professor Halbherr, whose work Mr. Hogarth has often generously acknowledged. The researches of Mr. Arthur Evans, and the extraordinary extension of historic time which they soon seemed likely to imply, were also long ago observed both by M. Salomon Reinach and by M. Victor Bérard. To talk of France as 'hopelessly wedded' to anything is at least unfortunate. To say so a year after the publication of those revolutionary studies in Mediterranean history which a Frenchman has contributed to Homeric scholarship is unpardonable.

As was inevitable, in the course of his conscientious elucidation of the Odyssey, M. Bérard has done a great deal for the history of the Mediterranean which was its scene; and it is not too much to say that his description of primitive navigation, of trade-routes, of successive maritime dynasties, and of the influence of physical changes in coast-line upon the shores of a tideless sea, will form a standard volume of reference for the historian of any population affected by its waters. Taking his work in connexion with that of Mr. Evans, at the very least we

may now consider it as proved, not only that there was constant intercommunication between Crete and Egypt from very far back, but that, as Egypt's power waned, there were Minoan fleets ready to carry on commerce and warfare in the Ægean Sea, and a Phœnician supremacy later on throughout the Mediterranean, equivalent to that of England at the present day. At the beginning of the twentieth century, from Gibraltar to the Suez Canal, England holds the coaling stations and the strategic points, without caring for the interior districts. The Phœnicians did the same, *mutatis mutandis*, choosing safe and shallow harbours for their sailing-ships, instead of the deep ports necessary for ironclads. Only when the supremacy of colonising Hellas in turn held sway did she penetrate beyond the seaboard in search of cornfields for her settlers. Homer wrote during that Hellenic supremacy, but he describes the maritime and political conditions of an earlier age, an earlier commerce, a commerce which looked to the Levant, instead of to the cities of European Greece. That he wrote for a perfected and civilised Hellenic society of about 900 B.C., and made use, for his topographical details, of information gathered by Phœnicians at a date some two centuries earlier, may be considered proved from M. Bérard's close study of the poet's words in connexion with the various sites he mentions; and though only so few of his identifications have been suggested here, it will be found from his own volumes that there is scarcely any important place spoken of in the Odyssey which does not yield similarly accurate results to similar treatment.

One obvious result of this proof is that the origin of civilisation in the Mediterranean must necessarily be pushed back much further into the early centuries than was hitherto seen to be necessary from a consideration of the Homeric text; and this remoter origin is precisely the result attained by the recent historical and archæological researches connected with the names of Mr. Arthur J. Evans, Professor Halbherr, Mr. D. G. Hogarth, Mr. Cecil Smith, and Mr. R. C. Bosanquet. Their work in Crete and elsewhere has established the fact that the civilisation brought to light by Schliemann at Tiryns and Mycenae, prehistoric as it is, was yet itself the decadence of that development which had its centre at a prehistoric Cnossus of far earlier date, a development for which Mr. Evans has suggested the title of 'Minoan.'

By whatever name this civilisation may for present

convenience be called—and with such titles we have already expressed our discontent—it implies a Mediterranean maritime power contemporaneous with the age when the Nile Valley and the lands of Asia Minor had been hitherto supposed to monopolise the most important manifestations of historic development. The remains at Tiryns and Mycenae are provincial as compared with those at Cnossus, where the meanest house is better than any building except the palaces of prehistoric Argolis. From the fact that the rich and varied remains found by Mr. Evans are stratified from first to last upon the soil of Crete, it has been possible to obtain a kind of standard by which dates and tests can be suggested for all other Ægean remains. The inlaid daggers of Mycenae, the Vaphio cups, for instance, represent a period in Ægean culture which is far later than the culmination of 'Minoan' art.

Another most useful standard is provided by known differences in the artistic products of the various Egyptian dynasties. The 'Minoan' Palace of Crete was being built, and was inhabited, between the twelfth and the eighteenth of those dynasties. Now the eighth king of the eighteenth dynasty, in 1430 B.C., was Amenophis III., whose queen was named Tii. A scarabæus bearing her name, and discovered in 1887 in the tombs of Mycenae, has provided an approximate date for the closing of the grave-circle of the acropolis. But in the soil of Crete not only did M. Halbherr find a scarab bearing the same royal name at Hagia Triada in 1903, but Mr. Evans unearthed at Cnossus a fine faïence with light blue glaze which is identical with that used in Egypt between 4000 B.C. and the twelfth dynasty; and of this are made the snake-goddesses of Cnossus which were also derived from Egyptian deities. Liparite and diorite bowls of Egyptian manufacture, and dated from the very earliest dynasties, were also found at Cnossus; and when we add that the 'Kefti' tributaries shown on Theban wall-paintings of the eighteenth dynasty are the same Cretans who are depicted on the Cnossian frescoes, the proof of constant voyages to and fro from 4000 B.C. to 1430 B.C. is practically complete. The fleets of 'Minos' become a historic fact as definite as the commerce of the Pharaohs. The fleet of Agamemnon is no less. The extension of time required by M. Bérard for his theory connecting the Homeric poems with a Phœnician thalassocracy in the Mediterranean is more than granted him, and it has been proved by independent workers. What M. Bérard has done

for the geography of the Odyssey it remains for him, or for another, to do for the Iliad. As M. Lenthéric has shown, in his studies of the Rhone and the Gulf of Lions, this work seems peculiarly suitable to the French genius. But we are heartily of Mr. Ramsay's opinion ('Classical Review' for April 1904, p. 169), that a thorough examination of the site upon the spot, by a competent and scholarly observer, would result in 'a new view of the Iliad.' Judging from the destructive processes of Dr. Leaf, it is high time that some 'new view' should soon be taken, or there will be little 'Iliad' left us to understand.

The science of prehistoric sites and the advance of our knowledge into the earliest centuries of antiquity are only possible if we cast aside all prejudice; if we work, not as specialists, but as men open to every channel of scholarly communication from whatever source it may be offered. If Mr. Arthur Evans were merely a digger, this article would never have been written, for it would be entirely useless. It is because of his profound and wide knowledge of prehistoric archæology, of local antiquities, of museum-craft, of what may be summed up as 'ancient atmosphere,' that his work and that of Mr. Hogarth deserve the intelligent sympathy and the generous aid of every enlightened scholar on the broadest possible basis. Not one man, not even four men, can give us the true result of all that is now being brought to light in Crete. But the collaboration of many various thinkers, and the interchange of many different methods of research, must in time produce a clearer view of those dim centuries before the dawn of history and of the wide Mediterranean expanse that 'deep-browed Homer 'ruled as his demesne.'

All the developement of science and of scholarship that has taken place in the last hundred years has scarce sufficed to show us glimpses of that 'pure serene' which Chapman's translation opened to the imaginative soul of Keats. But we are nearer now; and, perhaps when the last commentator's last gloss has been disproved, when the close mists of scepticism have at length been cleared away, before us too may break the vision of that undiscovered sea, and we in turn may feel

> '. . . like some watcher of the skies
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Look'd at each other with a mild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien.'

Art. IX.—TYPHOONS AND CYCLONES

The Cyclones of the Far East. By the Rev. José Algué, S.J., Director of the Philippine Weather Bureau, Manila Observatory. Second (revised) edition. 4to. Manila, 1904.

'Inter arma silent leges' is true only in regard to human laws. Those which govern nature's phenomena pay little heed to the actions of men, and call for continuous study and research on the part of those who would learn their meaning. It is thus that for a while we turn aside from listening to the clang of steel and the roar of artillery, to examine the secrets of the elemental war which so frequently devastates the Far East, and, both on shore and afloat, tends to convince us that we are but as pigmies. In this examination we are happily aided by the works of different members of the Society of Jesus, and especially of the Rev. José Algué, now, and for many years past, the Director of the Observatory of Manila, whose work, written originally in Spanish—from which it was translated into German and thence into English, much to its author's dissatisfaction—is now issued in a corrected form, and gives us a very interesting account of the state of our present knowledge of these dangerous meteors, typhoons, the cyclones of the China Seas. The painstaking researches of Father Algué, made directly by himself during the last fifteen years, and indirectly gathered from the testimony of his predecessor, Father Faura, extend over a period of about thirty years, and enable him to lay before us a careful and elaborate discussion of his subject.

And the first question which will occur to the reader is, What is a typhoon? Many derivations of the name have been suggested, but there seems really no doubt that it is the Chinese tai=great, fung=a wind, tai-fung=great wind, a violent storm; but as a name, it is restricted to a peculiar kind of storm—the more naturally indeed, as, in the opinion of Father Algué at least, no other kind of storm is known in the China Seas, or eastwards in the West Pacific. Typhoons, then, are whirling storms, such as—following the suggestion of Henry Piddington, one of the first to investigate their character in the Bay of Bengal—have been called cyclones; with, however, the important difference that the name 'cyclone,' having been adopted, has come into use for all winds blowing round a district where the barometric pressure is low,

and, to a great degree, irrespective of their force; so that we frequently read in the columns of our morning paper of 'a 'well-developed cyclone,' which may, and commonly does—as far as we are concerned—mean a westerly breeze of very moderate strength, though of course it does occasionally mean a serious gale.

That, however, is not the cyclone of Piddington. What he meant by a cyclone was a most furious storm, such as has been for centuries familiar to residents and voyagers in the West Indies, under the name of hurricane (Spanish, 'huracán'), derived, it is supposed, from the language of the extinct Caribs. But more closely than the cyclones of the Bay of Bengal do the typhoons of the China Seas resemble the hurricanes of the West Indies. The differences, in fact, are very slight, agreeing, it may be confidently asserted, with the topographical differences, which again are comparatively small. This, at least, will come home to anyone who, on a first careless glance at a map, has found himself unable to say whether it was the east coast of Asia or of North America. Few who look further will be inclined to doubt that, whilst typhoons and hurricanes owe their origin to similar meteorological conditions, they owe their close agreement to the resemblance of the coast-lines, and their slight differences to corresponding inaccuracies. We may assume, then, that it is familiarly known that typhoons, hurricanes, and the cyclonic systems of our winter storms have this in common—that the wind blows round a place where the barometer stands low, 'an area of low pressure,' the rotation being always in a direction contrary to that of the hands of a watch;* and that violent as some of the storms of temperate latitudes may be, they are mere child's play in comparison with the truly awful force which obtains in hurricanes or typhoons. They are also very much larger, and, in their full extent, seldom perfectly developed; their exaggerated size finding necessarily some intrusive coast-line on which it breaks up. Hurricanes and typhoons may and frequently do attain very large dimensions, and have a gross diameter of hundreds of miles, but are still very much smaller than their overgrown relations of higher latitudes. It would almost seem as if the force which generates these appears weaker by being diffused over a larger area; but even when they are small, as they frequently are, they do

* In corresponding storms of the southern hemisphere, the rotation is in the opposite direction—*i.e.* with the hands of a watch.

not have the violence of those nearer the line: a violence which, from our first acquaintance with them, has become proverbial, and especially that of the West Indian hurricanes, as being nearer home.

The fury of the typhoons of the Far East has been, indeed, equally well known to mariners whom fate calls to those remote longitudes, but it is within comparatively few years that it has been realised by our stay-at-home geographers. Many sensational accounts of their fury, both in the West and East, have been published; but quite recently, Father Froc, S.J., the Director of the Observatory of Zi-ka-wei, near Shanghai, has prefaced his investigation of a typhoon * which raged to the north of Formosa by an account of what happened to two ships, one of which, the Russian steamer 'De Witte,' by foundering, gave her name to the meteor, and the other, the Austrian-Lloyd's steamer 'Mel-'pomene,' whose experience, however fearful at the time to those on board her, have now in reading of them an almost comic effect, as recalling the memory of the gambols of that celebrated gun on the main-deck of a French man-of-war, as described by Victor Hugo in 'Quatre-vingt-treize.' The 'De Witte,' a new steamer of 2,000 tons burden, laden with coal, from Moji to Singapore, 'ran into' this typhoon, apparently without warning, on Thursday, August 1, 1901.

'The weather soon became terrific, and the steamer, making no headway, was continually shipping heavy seas, which knocked her railings and deck-fittings all to pieces. On Friday, 2nd, as the ship was trying to put her head to wind, a tremendous wave came on board, which flooded the engine-room and stokehold, and put the fires out, after which the steamer became unmanageable; she gradually filled with water, her cargo shifted, and she took a heavy list to starboard. She was then some fifty miles to the north of Formosa. Three boats were lowered; one was smashed as it was being let into the water, but the other two were successfully lowered and all hands embarked. They stood by the ship all the rest of the day, the night, and part of Saturday, 3rd, until, during the afternoon, the steamer went finally down before their eyes. How they managed to remain in open boats so long in such a sea is a problem I leave to seamen to resolve. A start was then made for the nearest land, when, after three hours' rowing, the ship-wrecked men—twenty-four all told—were picked up by the German steamer "Shantung," which took them to Woo-sung.'

In reading this, it is difficult to avoid a suspicion that the captain of the 'De Witte' was neither officer, seaman nor

* 'The "De Witte" Typhoon, August 1–6, 1901.' (4to., Zi-ka-wei, 1901.)

navigator, and that the loss of the ship was mainly due to his want of knowledge and intelligence. The same may perhaps be said of the captain of the 'Melpomene,' which sailed from Shanghai, homeward bound, on the afternoon of August 1, with fair weather and a fresh breeze, while the signal of an approaching typhoon was hoisted at the observatory. The next morning she found herself in a high cross sea, waves from south-east and north-east meeting. The swell increased, the appearance of the weather became very threatening, towards evening the glass fell rapidly, the wind strengthened, and the sea, now very rough, broke over the ship from different quarters. Rain fell in torrents, squalls from N.E. and E.N.E. were heavy and frequent, the ship labouring heavily, and quite ungovernable in the very rough sea. The night closed in, in inky blackness; about ten the fore topmast carried away and, together with both fore topsail yards, fell inboard. As they swept the deck, they broke away the steam winch, which took part in the dance, and tore away the fastenings of two spare anchors that were stowed on deck, and now 'joined the wild moving 'mass.' Backwards and forwards, from side to side it drove, till happily the anchors went overboard, but only to hook in some of the rigging which was hanging over the side, where they remained suspended, swaying to and fro as the ship rolled, and pounding her plates, which—from some unexplained cause—were neither pierced nor broken. An attempt was made to cut the anchors loose, but the darkness, the want of rails, the violence of the rolling, and the heavy seas continually breaking over the deck effectually prevented its success. So the ship lay and rolled and suffered till the morning of the 3rd, when the fury of the wind somewhat abated and the sea began to go down. The men were then able to cut loose the anchors, and to clear the wreck; two days afterwards the ship got safely into Hong Kong harbour.

It may perhaps be thought that this account is unduly exaggerated, and that the fate of the 'De Witte' was in great measure due to the incompetence of her officers and crew, whilst the story of their taking to the boats and—in such circumstances—lying by the ship for twenty-four hours, to watch her sink, can scarcely be accepted in its entirety. Indeed, many ships whose logs are quoted by Father Froc, passing through similar or even more severe weather, did not suffer any serious inconvenience, and still less did those which were somewhat outside the area of its greatest

violence. H.M.S. 'Glory,' for instance, carrying the flag of Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, on her passage from Amoy to Hong Kong, passed through the south-western edge of this typhoon, with the wind fairly steady at S.W., and though it was blowing very hard, with force ten or eleven of the Beaufort scale, she sustained no damage, except the loss of 'the aërial gaff' which was struck by lightning. We have been favoured by Sir Cyprian Bridge, with a short note on this.

'In the afternoon of August 2, at Amoy, the weather was intensely hot; the thermometer in my cabin stood at 94°. [At 4 P.M. it was logged at 92°, at 6 P.M. it was 96°, and at 8, 93°.]* Early the next morning I put to sea. The heat was still great [weighed at 7h. 17m. A.M., temperature at 8, 86°, at noon 82°]; but there were, no specially threatening signs as regards the weather [overcast cloudy, rain]. A large number of Chinese fishing boats and small coasting pinks went out of harbour at the same time that the 'Glory' left, and we sighted an American sailing vessel at anchor outside the entrance. The wind increased in the afternoon, and at nightfall was blowing hard. The sea was not so heavy as I had expected it would be in such a violent wind. The Chinese fishing boats and coasting junks seemed to get on well. Having been on deck for a long time I went below to get some rest. [At 2.55 A.M. of the 4th], I was lying on the deck of my fore-cabin, when I heard a terrific crash. This turned out to be a part—about five feet in length—of the wireless telegraph gaff, which had been struck by lightning, and been broken off. Fortunately, in its fall to the deck it touched no one. This was really the only incident of note during the typhoon. The "Glory" behaved well, and the sea was relatively moderate, notwithstanding the force of the wind. I learnt afterwards that the "De Witte's" crew, when their ship sank, saved themselves in open boats. I should have thought this impossible in a typhoon, if I had not seen how well the Chinese fishing boats behaved in it.'

It is most interesting and extremely satisfactory to find that a large and heavy battleship like the 'Glory' behaved so well in such a storm, and there seems absolutely no reason to apprehend that she would have done worse had she been exposed to an even more severe trial. None the less, that trial is one which a sailor would always gladly avoid—in fact, is bound to avoid, so far as is possible. It is therefore incumbent on him to study the nature of these meteors, their prognostics, their manner of moving, and the best way of handling a ship within their influence. Happily all these are points on which a fair degree of accuracy can

* The notes in brackets are from the official log.

be attained. From his long experience at Manila, Father Algué has laid down certain signs which indicate the existence of a typhoon, its probable direction and distance, leaving it, of course, for the navigator to make a practical application of his lessons. Something of this knowledge has long been recognised as within the scope of elementary navigation, such as is taught in the schools and asked about in examinations. But, like much other elementary teaching, a good deal of it is erroneous, and a strict attention to its rules would often lead a ship directly into the danger she was trying to avoid.

One such rule, corresponding to the law first enunciated by Professor Buys-Ballot, is: With your face to the wind, the centre of the storm is to your right hand. It has just sufficient truth in it to be most dangerous; and though navigators have long known that, in its simple form, it cannot be trusted, and that as a practical statement the centre of the storm may be anywhere between your right hand and your back, the problem has not, hitherto, been worked out with the rigour now brought to it by Father Algué. On this question, too, further light has been thrown by the investigations of M. Doberck, the Director of the Government Observatory at Hong Kong, who, in a small pamphlet entitled 'The Law of Storms in Eastern Seas,'* has considered it from a more purely nautical point of view. The error, such as it was, arose from the natural idea that a whirlwind whirls round its centre in a circle, whereas it is now proved to go round in what may be called a spiral, or with a centripetal motion, technically styled 'incurving'; and the extent of this incurving depends on many varying conditions—the most important of which are the position of the observer relative to the track of the centre, and the strength of the monsoon.

The consideration of these conditions leads us at once to a consideration of the cause or causes of storms of this class; and though it may be said that this is not, of itself, of direct practical importance, it is of importance as tending to explain and accentuate the signs which mark their approach. Almost from the beginning, meteorologists have been divided in opinion as to the cause and the questions which arise out of it; not only why do these storms occur, but why do they only occur in certain places and at certain seasons? It is, for instance, familiarly known that in the West Indies,

* Hong Kong, 1898.

hurricanes occur only in 'the hurricane months'—from June to October; and in the China seas the season is practically the same, though further south or east typhoons are occasionally felt in November or December. Now even a casual reference to a physical map will show that, in these localities, at the season named, the south-east trade of the southern hemisphere has crossed the line, with a tendency to blow from the south or south-west, and to break into the even aërial current of the so-called north-east trade, which, in these localities, blows more commonly, or at any rate very frequently, from east, or even from the south of east.

It is a familiar fact of experimental hydrokinetics that when a smaller current—whether from river, sluice, or drain—thrusts itself into the body of a larger, it is bent back on itself, and forced into a whirl with a markedly increased velocity. This tendency to rotate is not peculiar to fluids. It is easier for a man running to spin round than to come to a sudden stop; and the gyrations of a queen of the ballet as she bounds on to the stage are but the expenditure of the momentum acquired in the preliminary rush. On this point, then, we find ourselves quite in agreement with Mr. Doberck, who says:

'Typhoons in the China Sea originate in elongated slight depressions [of the barometer], which sometimes lie across the Philippines as well as the China Sea, but usually exist only over the sea, extending sometimes far into the Pacific. To the north of them it blows moderate N.E. breezes, and south of them somewhat less strongly from the S.W. In such depressions the weather is squally and wet, and the wind variable, frequently in heavy squalls with great downpour of rain, but thunder is seldom heard. In such squalls the S. wind [sometimes] happens to extend itself northwards and the N. wind southwards, and revolving storms are thereby generated. If this occurs in the middle of the China Sea, it is likely to give rise to a typhoon.'

We have here, in fact, the mechanical theory of cyclones in opposition to the physical, which commends itself to very many meteorologists. It is suggested in this that over a certain area the barometric pressure is suddenly lowered in some unexplained way; that this, in fact, denotes an ascending current of air which, laden with vapour from the tropical sea, is chilled by the expansion as it rises, and precipitates the moisture in the form of rain. The withdrawal of this constituent from the air still further lowers the barometer, making a relative vacuum towards which the adjacent air rushes, circling as it does so in a

manner similar to that of water running out through a hole in the bottom of a wash-hand basin.

There are many difficulties in the way of our frank acceptance of this theory. It does not explain the first cause of the low pressure which thus attracts the air, nor does it explain in any satisfactory manner the whirling motion which is at once set up, or the uniform direction of the motion. The rotation of the earth and the different velocities on different parallels of latitude are assigned as the reason; but theoretically these must act on the smallest scale as well as on the largest, and anyone can satisfy himself the first time he washes his hands in a fixed basin that the whirl of the waste is neither guided nor caused by the earth's rotation; that it is due to some initial disturbance, often very slight; that it turns indifferently to right or left; and that it is quite easy to let the water escape without any whirling at all.

The fact seems to be that neither the mechanical nor the physical theory is sufficient by itself to explain all the phenomena observed, and we give a ready acceptance to Father Algué's suggestion that each is true, that each plays its own part in forming the cyclone and in intensifying its violence. The opposing currents of air make the whirl, which gives rise to a low barometer in the centre. To this adjacent air flows, joining in the whirl and rising at the centre. If there is little vapour in the air, the whirl attains no great force and quickly dies out; if, on the contrary, there is much vapour, as in the tropics, the enormous condensation that takes place still further lowers the barometer, increases the steepness of the barometric gradient, and with that the force of the wind. That the heavy rainfall which is observed as accompanying every typhoon does act in this way there can be little or no doubt, but it does not seem that the physical theory, taken alone and in its entirety, gives any reason for the low barometer which is postulated as the first cause of the motion; and the more closely we consider the question the more strongly is the conviction borne in on us that the whirl is first formed by the intrusion of one current of air into another; and this, with some reserve, is the opinion of Father Algué and many distinguished American writers.

The first effect of a whirl so produced is to drive the air out from the centre, and if it was quite free we may assume that it would be driven away till the whirl stopped for lack of material. But it is not free; it is confined by the

relatively stagnant air outside the whirl, which thus, as it is formed, sets up a special internal motion by which air from the outside is drawn in at the base to ascend and be thrown out at the top. This can be clearly shown experimentally with a glass beaker nearly full of water, which is made to whirl by stirring it briskly round. If the water be illumined by an electric ray, it will be seen that, whirling everywhere, there is a centripetal motion at the bottom, centrifugal at the top, ascending in the middle, descending at the outside. If the electric ray is not available, these internal currents may be rendered visible by stirring into the water some particles of nearly the same specific gravity —a trifle heavier—which, as the water comes to rest, range themselves in a cone on the bottom. Now every detail so seen is known to be a concomitant of cyclones; they are all easily explained when caused within a beaker by mechanical disturbance, and though heat applied to the bottom will give rise to ascending and descending streamlets in the water, it will not produce the other effects. It is difficult to believe that what we can imitate so exactly on a small scale is not produced in a similar manner on the very largest.

Much of Father Algué's work is devoted, unintentionally, to strengthening this resemblance, and especially to his discussion of the earliest warnings of an approaching typhoon in the characteristics of the cirrus—the light feathery clouds floating far above all others which herald the meteor from a distance of 600 miles or more. It is no new thing to navigators to be told that certain aspects of cirrus betoken bad weather, and of recent years many distinguished meteorologists — Abercromby in England, Ferrel in America, Fr. Viñes in the Antilles, and Fr. Algué's predecessor, Fr. Faura at Manila—have dwelt on the value of this prognostic; but we do not know that the meaning and importance of it have been so fully and clearly worked out as it is now by Fr. Algué himself. Cirrus, of course, we know; but in these latitudes, in unsettled weather at least, it is but rarely and fitfully seen, so that the geographical scope of it, as an effective warning, is limited. The average height of cirrus is estimated as about 30,000 feet—double the height of Mont Blanc—and it is described in the 'International Cloud-Atlas' as:

'Detached clouds, delicate and fibrous-looking, taking the form of feathers, generally of a white colour, sometimes arranged in belts which cross a portion of the sky in "great circles," and, by an effect

of perspective, converge toward one or two opposite points of the horizon.'

Lower clouds have their own meaning; but it is these, the highest of all, that give the earliest and most distinct information; and so considering them, Fr. Algué takes some exception to the international definition, where it very evidently does exceed the task of defining. He holds that it is assuming too much to take it for granted that the convergence of the feathery streaks 'is never anything but an 'optical illusion'; there is nothing to assure us that the streaks are always parallel. He is of opinion that, on the contrary, the feathery tufts group themselves in widely different ways.

'They have been observed forming zigzag lines; we have seen them build up arches with fluted outlines; sometimes they appear in the form of ramified fringes resembling feathers; nor is it rare to behold small annular shapes interlaced like the links of a chain; sometimes the fringes seem to be tubular and undulating. If such formations are observed near the zenith there will indeed always be noticed a certain symmetry in the distribution of the streaks of cirrus, but they are very far from being always parallel; many times they will exhibit a convergent tendency toward points near the zenith, and in such cases their convergence cannot be attributed to an effect of perspective.'

From this he deduces the practical note: 'The streaks 'of cirrus are, at least in some instances, really convergent 'toward a given point of space; and this we believe to be 'the case with the cirri which issue from a cyclonic vortex.' This indeed is not a point, and on the contrary, may be of very considerable dimensions; but for practical purposes, it may be considered the vertex of the angles formed by the lines of cirrus if produced to meet. 'If the observer is very 'far distant from the vortex—as he always is when there is 'question of the first indications of an approaching typhoon '—the error is not appreciable.' Of course Fr. Algué has no intention of denying that the streaks of cirrus are frequently parallel, but more often so, he says, in higher latitudes; and, as parallel streaks appear to converge, he is at some pains to point out the difference between the real and apparent convergence. In the apparent,

'the streaks appear much more curved, the arches turn their concave sides toward the observer, and the distance of the streaks is invariably greatest at the zenith, so much so that if the cirri extend sufficiently beyond this point there appear to be two points of convergence, one on either side of the zenith.'

There are other differences, but the one on which our author lays most stress, as 'the almost infallible criterion of 'true convergence,' is found in the direction in which the cirri move; 'if they come from the point of convergence, this 'convergence is real, because there are hardly any instances 'of parallel cirri moving in the direction of their orienta-'tion.' It is this convergence that Fr. Algué considers the distinctive 'distant signal' of a cyclone, and he gives the following interesting experience of it as such:

'When I was in Havana in February 1893, I noticed with Fr. Viñes an arborescent ramification of cirrus and cirro-stratus, which was convergent toward the N.N.W. The great persistence of this convergence and a quick shift of the great tuft of cloud toward the north and north-east convinced us that we had to do with cirri radiating from a centre which was crossing the North American continent in higher latitudes. On the following day the telegraph informed us that a terrible snow-storm—a veritable cyclone—had passed at a considerable distance to the southward of New York; the centre was over 600 miles distance from Havana.'

In this deduction Fr. Algué differs—in our opinion correctly—from Fr. Froc, who, in an essay on 'The "Iltis" Typhoon,'* says:

'The first sign is incontestably the swell, for the appearance of cirri, a valuable indication pointed out some years ago by the Rev. B. Viñes, S.J., for the Antilles, and the Rev. F. Faura, S.J., for the China Sea, cannot really be given seriously as a general forerunner for the seas of the Far East, at least to the north of the 28th parallel; these clouds may appear when no typhoon is in existence, and also typhoons make their appearance without being preceded by such cirri.'

On which Fr. Algué comments:

'If we admit that in the central part of a cyclone ascending aërial currents exist in such a way as we have explained, we cannot for a moment deny the existence of cirrus rising from the centre; whether the cirrus is visible or not depends on the amount of clouds. . . . Neither Viñes nor Faura mentions that all cirri are indications of a cyclone; they are so only under certain circumstances—viz. in case of their being convergent and then showing a certain definite disposition.'

And on the principle that a handful of practice is worth a bushel of mere theorising, he refers to his own observations of cirrus at the very time of this particular typhoon,

* Zi-ka-wei, 1896.

which did not itself visit Manila. On July 17, 1896, he recorded

'an arborescent ramification of cirrus convergent towards the east; and on the afternoon of the 18th a convergence of the cirrus clouds towards E.N.E. was noticeable. Observations which arrived subsequently confirmed the idea that there was a centre of a cyclone on those days and in the indicated direction. . . . The cyclone took a northerly direction after the 17th; we were able to conjecture this by the movements of the radiating point of the cirrus clouds. It shifted from east to E.N.E. and N.E. These are movements which cirrus, under normal conditions, never shows, and hence they furnish another confirmation of the conjecture that these cirri were of cyclonic origin. The centre of the cyclone moving northward in all probability came closest to the north coast of Luzon on the afternoon of the 18th. There is no reason to suppose that a cyclone loses its apparatus of cirri whilst it moves in higher latitudes; on the contrary, they probably continue to issue from the vortex, though local circumstances, especially the heavy cloud covering of the sky, may often interfere with observation. This was the typhoon which travelled as far as the Yellow Sea, and which obtained a melancholy notoriety through the loss of the German gunboat "Iltis."'

When Fr. Froc put together the pamphlet from which we have quoted, he had not seen Fr. Algué's observations at Manila; and having misunderstood the suggestion of Viñes and Faura as to the interpretation of the cirrus, he did not push his inquiries in that direction. Now that we have this remarkable proof of the value and importance of these observations, there can be little doubt that it is to them navigators must look for early warnings of an approaching typhoon, or even—universally—of an approaching cyclone; and as cirrus can probably be more often seen, and can certainly be more accurately observed on shore than at sea, arrangements ought to be made for a speedy diffusion of the information.

There is, however, one point with regard to the observations of cirrus on which Fr. Algué is not quite clear. It almost seems as if he held that their indications are considerably in advance of those given by the barometer, counting them, apparently, from the beginning of its distinct fall. But it has long been known that within the tropics—where, in normal circumstances, the fluctuations of the barometer are so regular that they may almost be used to set a watch by—the first indication which the barometer gives of an approaching cyclone is a certain small rise out of due course, a rise, in fact, which may sometimes appear as an irregular fall. Theoretically it would seem as if this

and the cirrus ought to accompany each other; the moist air thrown out into the upper regions of the atmosphere, and radiating from the centre, gives the peculiar formation of the cirrus: the same air piled up outside the whirl—corresponding to the overflow if the water in the experimental beaker is stirred too briskly—shows itself in the rise of the barometer; and thus M. Doberck says:

'The earliest signs of a typhoon are clouds of the cirrus type—looking like fine hair, feathers, or pale white tufts of wool—travelling from the east or thereabout, their direction backing toward the north; a slight rise in the barometer; clear and dry but hot weather; calms or very light winds. If cirrus come from the west they prove that there is no typhoon.'

But in saying this he does not in any way depreciate the value of the swell of the sea as an indication, which, he says, may be noticed at a distance of fully 600 miles from the centre if no land intervenes. Evidently the Philippine Islands shelter the southern part of the China Sea, but further north M. Doberck indirectly confirms Fr. Froc's statement made, we may assume, with reference to his own station near Shanghai. He says:

'North of Formosa, *i.e.* between the east coast of China and south-west Japan, there is usually a heavy E. to S.E. swell when a typhoon centre is approaching from S.E. or E., and the sea there gets very high when the centre is yet at a great distance.'

It is, however, the extreme importance of the cirrus observations on which we wish to insist; the subject calls for exhaustive discussion, and may well be commended to the most careful attention of observers. There is no reason to suppose that, even in temperate latitudes, the cirrus, if it could be seen, would not give early indications of cyclonic weather. Observations of it would thus have a very real commercial value, but meteorologists are cautious and refuse to be hurried in their forecasts; shipowners are willing to take the risk and dislike new ways, and the Treasury readily acquiesces; so the one high-level observing station in Great Britain has, within these last few months, been closed for want of funds.

All this belongs to a timely knowledge of the approach of a cyclone, and has a two-fold value when rightly understood: it is not only a warning against coming bad weather, but is also the indication of a possible persistence of favourable weather. According to M. Doberck:

'The fine weather [which tells of a distant typhoon] lasts for days, and the existence of a typhoon at a great distance is the cause of fine weather all round, and contributes therefore to the safety of ships at sea, a fact that is not sufficiently appreciated by mariners.'

Naturally the mariner's first impulse is to make all snug in a safe harbour and stay there till the danger has passed; but he may thus lose a grand opportunity.

In all cases, cyclones follow the drift of the prevailing wind, and the typhoons of the Far East come in from the Pacific, following the course of the trade wind, and with that curving towards the north into the Yellow Sea, or frequently recurving towards the north-east, along the south coast of Japan; the path in such cases, when laid down on the chart, having a general resemblance to a parabola. The agreement is so close that it is impossible to avoid the suggestion that we have here a clear case of cause and effect, and that the whirling wind is borne along in the great body of the 'trade' in the same way that an eddy is borne along in a millrace. But as the whirl itself and its peculiar violence are due to several causes, some mechanical, some physical, so it may very probably be that there are various causes conducing to lead the cyclone on its path, and that, irrespective of the course of the trade wind, it is guided by the continual indraft of vapour and the consequent condensation in front, which, as it were, sucks it on towards the maximum condensation, which, in the Atlantic, lies along the course of the Gulf Stream, where the familiar name of 'the weather 'breeder' tells of its association with the bad weather; or in the Far East, along the course of the corresponding stream of the Black Water, the *Kuro Siwo*. The reflex pressure of the relatively stagnant air over the continent, whether of America or of Asia, must act in the same direction, and the path of the meteors, though primarily traced out by the course of the trade wind, is confirmed by several concurrent causes.

As the centre approaches any particular locality, the bad weather begins. When within 500 miles, the barometer falls, slowly at first; the air is close and very hot;* within 300 miles there is a very heavy cross sea and the temperature begins to fall; within 200 the temperature falls quickly. Within about 150 miles heavy rain begins, and at about 60 miles it falls in torrents; the temperature near the centre in Hong Kong is often about 78°, and over the China

* *Cf.* the 96° recorded on board the 'Glory' (*ante*, p. 220).

Sea 76°. As a general rule, the wind increases in force as the distance of the centre diminishes. M. Doberck gives the following figures as a sort of average, the strength of the wind being represented by the numbers of the Beaufort scale, from 0 to 12. At a distance of 250 miles, the wind has a force 5; at 220 it is 6; at 180, 7; at 145, 8; at 110, 9; at 75, 10; at 50, 11; and within 35, 12. But frequently the wind is very much stronger, and towards the centre has a violence far beyond anything denoted by the scale. This violence has long been proverbial, so that, by a customary exaggeration, any strong wind is often called a 'hurricane' by people who have no clear notion of what a hurricane really is; but after all, the special danger of it lies not so much in the violence as in the accompanying unsteadiness both in force and direction. On this, M. Doberck gives some interesting notes, intended more immediately as a caution to mariners.

'When the wind rises in a typhoon,' he says, 'it blows in gusts, and the mercury heaves in the barometer ["pumps" is the more usual expression]. When the wind has reached force 11 it blows in fierce squalls of sometimes about ten minutes' duration, while the mercury heaves up and down as much as a tenth of an inch. The mercury often gives a jump upwards as the wind begins to veer in a squall; then it drops down and gives another upward jump as the wind comes back to nearly its old direction. . . . At the time when the centre is nearest, a fierce squall is usually felt, and in that squall the direction of the wind changes considerably and the barometer begins to rise. The squalls appear to be caused by an up-and-down movement of the air.'

It is, indeed, difficult to explain the extraordinary violence of the squalls and the low temperature in any other way. When, however, M. Doberck goes on to speak of details outside his special knowledge, we have not that entire confidence in his statements which we are willing to give to his meteorological discussions. He says, for instance—'It is a fact that more damage to vessels is caused by the fearful seas than by the wind'; but we believe the *fact* to be exceedingly doubtful, and in whatever degree it is true, it can be so only in respect of steamers; it is certainly not true of sailing ships. And when he continues—'Fortunately masters of ships are now making use of oil to calm the waves, a remedy which has been used with good effect for the last three thousand years,' he is surely drawing largely on his imagination, or at least representing what he thinks ought to be as what is; for it is not now nor has it been at any

earlier time the custom to use oil in this way, though the thing has been tried experimentally, sometimes with good, sometimes with doubtful success.

After all, however, the point which principally concerns navigators is to be able to determine, with some approach to accuracy, the bearing of the meteor's centre; and the difficulty of this is very great, as has been recognised ever since it was shown that the old idea—that the wind blows round the central area in a circle—is but partially true, and cannot be trusted. And yet it is so often true, or very nearly so, that it cannot be put on one side as altogether false. To the discussion of this terribly vital point Fr. Algué devotes much of his space, and concludes that, though at a great distance from the centre, the air first drawn towards it moves nearly in a straight line; but as it approaches the centre and increases its velocity, it moves more and more nearly in a circle. But even at equal distances from the centre the differences of divergence may be very great, depending on the position of the observer in reference to the path of the centre; in the rear the convergence may be 90°, the wind blowing straight to the centre; in the front the convergence may be 0°, the wind blowing as if in a circle. This is largely due to the strength of the trade wind or monsoon by which the meteor is hurried along, partly to other causes more or less obscure. And he quotes from a pamphlet by Father Chevalier of Shanghai, to the effect that the direction of the monsoon has a great influence on the direction of the wind, and great attention must be paid to it in determining the bearing of the centre.

It is perhaps unnecessary to explain that the object of knowing the position of the centre is to avoid it; and to this end the direction of the path as well as the bearing of the centre has to be considered. A moment's reflection and the roughest of diagrams will show that, with the wind whirling in the contrary direction to the hands of a watch, and converging to the centre, at the same time that the centre is advancing, a ship in the right-hand semicircle,* and especially in the front quadrant of it, may easily be in a position of very great danger. It may, of course, happen that, if the ship wishes to go in the same direction as the typhoon, she finds a strong fair wind, of which she may be able to take advantage, with the risk—which the locality must determine—of

* The right and left hand sides of a cyclone are named, as in a river, as the observer faces the place towards which it is moving.

the storm recurving and running right at her, folding her, as it were, in a hostile embrace.

But otherwise it is desirable to get out of the dangerous position as soon as possible. If in the leading quadrant, by running ahead and crossing the line of the centre's advance, which sailing-ship or steamer can easily do if well found and able to endure the bad weather and heavy sea; but any vessel which cannot so endure, a sailing-ship dismasted or a broken-down steamer, has every chance of meeting with the fate of the 'De Witte.' In the after quadrant there is not the same danger, and a ship, by keeping close to the wind or lying-to on the starboard tack, may wait in reasonable safety till the storm has passed away. On the left side of the storm it is generally possible for a ship to get out of it without difficulty or undue stress, always provided that she has sea-room; but to be caught between the land and an advancing typhoon may be dangerous enough to satisfy the most adventurous. Hence the necessity for constant watchfulness, so that the approach of the storm may be known betimes, the line of its advance laid down, the position of its centre computed.

There is no detail of the storm which it is more important for the navigator to know than the path it is following, for this determines not only the measures he has to adopt to avoid the centre, but also the particular tack on which he must bring his ship to the wind, either for lying-to or for clawing his way out. He must come to the wind on one of two tacks; but one is right and means comparative safety, one is wrong and means ruin. In the right-hand semicircle the changes of the wind, which almost always come in a furious squall following a lull, are towards the right; the wind, at say N.E., passes, in such a squall, to E.N.E. or E.; and if the ship is by the wind on the starboard tack—that is, if the wind blowing on the starboard side meets the sails so braced as just to receive it on their face—the change only brings it more full on to the face of the sails; the wind, it is said, draws aft and does no harm. But if the ship is similarly lying-to with her port-side to the wind, then the wind in the squalls draws forward and blows on the back of the sails with the extreme violence already described. The ship is said to be taken aback and is in the disagreeable position of an old lady who has let her umbrella get blown inside out, only a very great deal worse, for it almost certainly means the loss of her masts and may mean her being driven

astern—getting stern way, which in such a sea probably means going down stern first.

It is quite certain that long ago, before anything was known about the natural history of these storms, many historical wrecks were due to an error on this head, which nothing had then indicated. One of the most notable of these, as being on an extremely large scale, is the loss of the line-of-battle ships with the French prizes after Rodney's great victory of April 12, 1782. In the summer a large convoy of merchant-ships sailed from Jamaica under the escort of nine ships of the line and some frigates. In mid-Atlantic they got into a hurricane, one—we may presume—which had recurved along the Gulf Stream and struck a path towards the Azores. Of the merchant-ships a very great many were lost, but no particulars seem to have been preserved. Of the line-of-battle ships, only two got to England, and those with difficulty. Four sank in the open sea; one of them the splendid French three-decker 'Ville de Paris,' which had carried the French Admiral's flag in the battle, went down with all hands; another was the English 74-gun ship 'Ramillies,' carrying the flag of Rear-Admiral—afterwards Lord—Graves. Of her, it was officially reported that on the evening of September 16, the wind being strong from S.E., with a very heavy sea, she brought-to, under the mainsail, on the starboard tack.

'Between 3 and 4 on the morning of the 17th the wind flew about to the N.N.W. and, without a lull, took us by the lee, blowing a most violent hurricane; the mainmast went by the board, the mizenmast halfway up, the fore topmast over the starboard bow, the fore-yard broke in the slings, the rudder almost tore off from the stern-post, the tiller snapped in two.'

With great difficulty she was kept afloat for four days, and was then abandoned, set fire to and blown up, Graves and the ship's company returning to England in various more fortunate merchantmen. The same squall which carried away the masts of the 'Ramillies' threw the 'Centaur,' another 74-gun ship, on her beam-ends; to right her, her masts had to be cut away, but she afterwards foundered, taking with her all her men except twelve, who escaped in a boat. The 'Canada' lived through the storm and got to England, and her log tells how, with the wind at E.S.E., she was lying-to with her head to N.E. when—

'At 3 A.M. taken aback by a strong gale from the N.W. which carried away the main topmast and mizen-mast. Employed clearing the wreck.

Observed the "Glorieux" with her foremast, bowsprit and main topmast gone. Saw the admiral with his main and mizen-mast gone and fore topmast.' *

Now the rule for avoiding the terrible danger which is illustrated by this experience is simplicity itself: In the right-hand semicircle, lie-to with the wind on the right (starboard) side; in the left-hand semicircle, with the wind on the left (port) side; but, as so often happens, the difficulty is in the practical application of it. How is the navigator to know, before it is too late, which semicircle he is in? It is a question which it is often very difficult to answer. The only way in which—as a matter of generalisation—it can be solved is by watching the small changes of the wind. If these show a cumulative tendency in one direction, that may be assumed as indicating the semicircle without waiting for the convincing proof of a violent squall. If the barometer is falling and continues to fall, the presumption is that you are in the front of the storm; if, at the same time, the wind is increasing in strength while its direction remains fairly constant, the indication is that you are in front of the centre, on the very line of its advance, and your immediate object is to get away from a most dangerous position. For this the wind is happily fair and you can run either before it or with it on your starboard quarter, with all possible sail or power—supposing, that is, that you have sea-room, which in the China Seas is by no means always the case. If you haven't, all your experience and seamanship will be needed to get your ship out of a very nasty mess.

But the practical application of these rules is now taught to navigators with a care and thoroughness which need nothing but experience to fructify them. M. Doberck has attempted to supply this, with but indifferent success; and his pamphlet, interesting and valuable as it is, would be still more so if he had not so positively, and without any adequate knowledge, intruded his advice on the way in which ships should be handled.

So far we have been speaking of typhoons, or generally of cyclones in relation to the dangers of the sea. We cannot conclude without referring also to the extreme danger which they may bring to the mainland and its inhabitants. As a rule, no typhoon can go far inland. When its centre passes the coast-line, it can no longer draw up the vapour necessary for its existence, and the intense friction tends to

* Nautical Magazine, September, 1880.

stop the whirl. If in its course it finds an inlet stretching into the land, it goes up it, keeping to the water-way. The Canton river, as far as Canton, seventy miles inland, is a much favoured route, and, year after year, the river craft suffer from the disastrous visitation. Without such an inlet, the typhoons, as they come to the coast, are either deflected and rolled up it, or they die out. But in their impact on the coast, they may do an enormous amount of mischief by causing a devastating flood, which is known as the storm-wave.

The theoretical explanation of this is that, with the partial vacuum in the centre of the typhoon, the water rises as it will in a partially exhausted glass vessel over a full basin. But as the extreme depression of the barometer in the centre of a typhoon does not exceed—if it ever amounts to—three inches, equivalent to a column of water of about three feet, it would seem as if a storm-wave, so produced, could not be more than three feet deep, whereas terrible experience shows us that it may attain a depth of forty feet, and that it may submerge vast districts of low-lying land with enormous destruction of life and property, as when, in 1876, such a wave broke over the Sunderbunds of Bengal and drowned—it was estimated—upwards of 200,000 people. The explanation is that the pile of water due to the barometric depression extends over a very large area, and is suddenly thrown on a comparatively small one, and that it drags with it other water, heaped up, it may be, by the force of the wind. It is known that such a drag exists, for it manifests itself in abnormal currents which set geography and pilotage at defiance, and not unfrequently carry a ship many miles out of her reckoning, at a time when the overcast sky does not permit any observations to be taken.

But the damage done on shore by the mere force of the wind, though seldom so overwhelming or deadly as that of the storm-wave, is scarcely less serious in its destruction of property—crops ruined, trees overthrown, houses demolished. One instance, the report* of which comes to hand even as we are writing, will illustrate this in the concrete sense. The hurricane which swept over Jamaica on August 11, 1903, is said to have 'destroyed all growing exportable produce in the district which it ravaged,' and by damage to public works and buildings, and other special expenses, to have 'cost the general revenue account up to March last not

* Parliamentary Paper, Jamaica, 1903–4.

'less than 113,000*l.*' In bananas alone 'the export dropped 'from 14,660,582 stems to 7,803,243,' or, 'in estimated 'value from 1,134,750*l.* to 585,243*l.*' As to houses, there is a pretty wide belief that they are frequently blown up, or out, by the air inside forcibly expanding when the pressure of the air outside is diminished. M. Doberck thinks that this is unfounded—that the air inside is never so closely confined as to be independent of that outside. In the case of typhoons he is probably right, but there have been undoubted instances of buildings bursting in the way described, when exposed to the extraordinary and sudden rarefaction of the air in the centre of one of those small whirls of extreme violence, one of which passed over Walmer in 1878,* and which are not uncommon in the United States of America, where they are known as 'tornados.' The damage to houses done by typhoons is more probably caused by the breaking in of doors or windows, and so introducing the tremendous pressure of the storm. In this way a very great deal of damage can be done, though perhaps not so much by the typhoons of the Far East as by the hurricanes of the West Indies, where on such occasions Æolus and his satellites hold wild revelry.

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* Quarterly Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society, vol. viii. p. 3.

Art. X.—BURNE-JONES.

Memorials of Edward Burne-Jones. By G. B.-J. London: Macmillan & Co. 1904.

No life was ever more devoid of stirring events and striking episodes than Burne-Jones's. Not only were there no outward vicissitudes; there were no violent inward crises or conflicts. The artist's vocation disclosed itself quietly and rather tardily; but, when it did come, it came unmistakeably, and it never dimmed or wavered afterwards. Throughout his childish days, his school days, his Oxford days, and the long years of his work in London, there were no breaks or dislocations, no adventures or catastrophes. From the first he moved, it seemed, along a path prepared for his feet. But if the life was unmarked by events of importance, it has the deeper interest of being linked to a purpose and a movement of the age—a purpose of recognised significance, which has had far-reaching effects, which claims attention and inquiry still, and the leaders and directors of which were some of the most prominent men in the art and literature of the time. It is in bringing us in contact with this movement and these men that the present memoirs find their source of interest. But the force and effect with which that interest comes home is owing largely to the way in which Lady Burne-Jones has accomplished her task of writing them. With an instinctive literary tact, Lady Burne-Jones is able to see her task from the point of view of the reader, and to keep to that point of view throughout. She realises that the public is very much interested in the events of Burne-Jones's life, in his friendships, opinions, judgements, and the like; but that it is not so deeply interested in, and is, indeed, apt to be impatient of, anyone else's comments on these matters. And, realising this important fact, she hands us, so to speak, each circumstance as it occurs, allowing it to speak for itself, keeping herself in the background, or only offering such amount of quiet explanation as may be necessary.

A further gift, too, and one invaluable in memoir writing, the gift of passing naturally from topic to topic without ever getting entangled in the subject, of letting a narrative composed of many disconnected circumstances slip easily through one's fingers, is possessed by Lady Burne-Jones in no common degree. These chapters are elaborated on no particular plan, but flow of their own

accord. There are no attempts to trace the developement of genius, to distinguish between 'periods,' to analyse the effect of one character upon another, and the various influences brought to bear on the artist's imagination or style. The only arrangement is the natural sequence of time. The daily events of Burne-Jones's life were often interesting because they were concerned with very interesting people. Morris, Rossetti, Ruskin, Madox Brown, Swinburne, Tennyson, Browning, Holman Hunt, Watts, are some of the more notable people who stroll in and out of these pages, and meet as familiarly in them as fifty years ago they met in real life. We are not to expect, in Lady Burne-Jones's treatment of them, those flashes of insight which touch the quick of character and convey an indelible impression in a stroke or two, but rather a description of familiar traits and ordinary appearances and everyday comings and goings—of visits, plans, expeditions, jokes, anecdotes, nicknames, and the like, which, slight as they may seem, have their own significance, and often afford a clue or suggest a meaning beyond themselves, and which in the present work are handled with such ease that their interest seems to detach itself freely and spontaneously, and the attention of the reader is never for a moment wearied.

For several reasons Burne-Jones's Oxford days seem to us the most interesting of his life. It was at Oxford he first came under the influence of Rossetti's work. It was at Oxford he made friends with Morris. It was at Oxford his own vocation was made clear to him and the course mapped out which he was to follow to the end. But, beyond this personal interest, the comradeship between him and Morris, the contrast in character between the two, and the divergent lines they took from this common Oxford starting-point, throw a ray of light on the Pre-Raphaelite movement itself. Each embodied an aspect of that movement, and in understanding them we seem the better to understand the nature of Pre-Raphaelitism.

Until he went to Oxford, and, indeed, nearly up to the time of his leaving it, Burne-Jones's artistic genius was almost unsuspected. At school his drawing attracted no notice. 'Might do better if he exhibited more industry,' was all that his drawing-master could find to say for him at sixteen. His early letters, on the other hand, bear the impress of a character with some turn for literature, and at about the time of the unfavourable report on his drawing we find him, with the ambition of that time of life, planning

an 'Ancient History' and, in conjunction with Cormell Price, a 'Universal History for the Use of Students.' Later, at Oxford he bore a chief hand, under Morris, in the starting of the magazine which was to be the mouthpiece of the 'Brotherhood.' His work in it was twofold. He was to supply the needed illustrations, and also write articles. His literary contributions to the first number were a story called 'The Corsair' and an essay on 'The Newcomes.' Of the first of these Canon Dixon recalls how, on hearing it read out, the little band of contributors 'were as if struck 'dumb at the end of it. I felt,' he adds, 'the commanding 'beauty and delicate phrasing, and also the goodness of 'heart that the writing showed. I had no notion before 'that E. B.-J. was gifted so highly for literature.'

There seems, then, to have been in those early days a doubt whether painting or writing would claim most of his attention. It must be remembered that up to this time Burne-Jones had seen practically no pictures at all. The various means of reproduction which to-day carry some knowledge of art into every town and village in the country did not then exist. The taste of the age was nurtured on the pompous sentiment and dull conventionalism of the Early Victorians. For an artistic genius like Burne-Jones's, a genius very impressionable, needing sympathy to draw it out, imaginative, and profoundly romantic, no atmosphere could have been more chilling. It was small wonder that under such circumstances he should have failed to recognise his vocation early, or that the prospect of devoting himself with 'industry' to a profession which promised such results as were then visible seemed uninviting. Many years later, when an art museum for Birmingham was being proposed, he declared, himself, 'If there had been one cast from 'ancient Greek sculpture, or one faithful copy of a great 'Italian picture, to be seen in Birmingham when I was a 'boy, I should have begun to paint ten years before I did.'

It was at Oxford the determining influence came. Only five years separated Burne-Jones from Rossetti; but besides that five years, when the ages are twenty and twenty-five, count for a good deal, the elder man had in his nature far more power and originality than the younger. Rossetti, indeed, with his virile and penetrating genius, his masterfulness, his scorn of conventionality, was the very leader Burne-Jones needed, the leader he had been waiting for, and whose coming it seemed was necessary to disclose to him his own vocation. 'The Maids of Elfinmere,' just published in

Allingham's 'Day and Night Songs,' was the first of Rossetti's works seen by his future disciple. It made an instant impression. He had already seen Millais's 'Return of the 'Dove to the Ark,' and had hailed it with the cry, 'and 'these we knew.' But it was Rossetti's influence that captured him. 'I feel it is possible,' writes Lady Burne-Jones, 'to lay one's finger on his earliest work and say, '"This was done before and this after he had seen the '"'Maids of Elfinmere."'"

Burne-Jones joined the University in 1853, at the same time as William Morris. It was the moment, as the reader knows, of a strange stirring and awakening in English art. The new spirit abroad in the land was of a kind to appeal with extraordinary force to young imaginations. Never, perhaps, has a movement so, in a sense, narrow, so concentrated in its aim, been supported by such all-round genius. Ruskin was thirty-four years old. The first volumes of 'Modern Painters' and 'The Seven Lamps' had appeared within the last few years. 'The Stones of Venice' was just coming out. Holman Hunt, Rossetti, and Millais were twenty-six, twenty-five, and twenty-four respectively. Their exhibition of a picture apiece at the Academy four years before had definitely launched the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Tennyson's poetry, with its warmth of sentiment and romance, was in strict alliance with it. Tennyson, Ruskin, Rossetti! Championed by such a poet, such a preacher, and such a painter the movement was well calculated to stir the enthusiasm of the rising generation. A 'Brotherhood' gathered at Oxford in imitation of the Brotherhood of London, and a magazine was published answering to 'The Germ.' Vague revolutionary strains filled the air, and Fulford, Faulkner, Dixon, Morris, Cormell Price, and Burne-Jones himself were among those who marched to their music. Lady Burne-Jones, whose brother was at this time at Oxford, and a friend of Burne-Jones's, and who knew most of the Brotherhood, describes with what eagerness its doings were followed and its enthusiasm shared by mothers and sisters at home:

'That we thought them good,' she writes, 'goes without saying. Some of us chose Fulford, some Edward, some Cormell Price for lodestar. I did not know Dixon and Faulkner sufficiently well at that time to see their reflection in the eyes that followed them. My brother had several very dear women and girl friends, besides his mother and sisters, nor do I doubt that each one of the Brotherhood was blessed in the thoughts of some heart, known or unknown to himself.

'They had no conquering airs with women, but were either frank and pleased in their society or shy and humble. I am confident that the mystery which shrouds men and women from each other in youth was sacred to each one of them.

'To me that group will never grow old; still I see them in my mind as I did then, the thought of one bringing up the thought of the others, all ardent, all filled with enthusiasm about something or someone.'

Of this group, Morris and Burne-Jones were beyond all comparison the most notable recruits who were advancing in support of the Pre-Raphaelite cause. They had entered Oxford together, lived in it together, and shared the same opinions, enthusiasms, and ambitions together. They came to London and took rooms together. They flung themselves into the Pre-Raphaelite movement together. And yet, in spite of this apparent identity, there existed a wide difference in character between them. One was a dreamer. To 'paint visions and dreams and symbols' was already Burne-Jones's avowed aspiration. The other, in spite of his mediævalism, was a practical man. 'The organisation of 'labour' had even at Oxford engaged the thoughts of Morris. Both were equally devoted to the Middle Ages, but in a different way. Burne-Jones made of the romance of those ages an atmosphere in which he lived and breathed. The bent of Morris's genius was to extract from that time such lessons as might find useful application in the present.

In this respect the two friends stand, one may say, for the two sides of the Pre-Raphaelite movement itself. For this dual character—the dwelling on the past, or the application of it to the present—runs all through the movement. Ruskin, the intellectual centre of it, combined in himself both aspects. On the imaginative side, he preached the revival of mediævalism in all its impossible limitations and with the enthusiasm which is itself part of the mediæval spirit. On the practical side, he was drawn to consider the life of which good workmanship is the expression, and the best means of teaching the workman the resources dormant in wood and metal. It may be added that this division of the subject into its imaginative and practical aspects was rendered almost inevitable by the existing condition of art itself. As the Pre-Raphaelites very keenly felt, owing to the extinction of certain ideals in English life the practical application of art to life had fallen into disuse; *craftsmanship*, that is to say, had ceased to exist. But the non-existence of craftsmanship was likely to have an effect on

imaginative art which they did not, perhaps, sufficiently allow for. No longer joined to life by the practical arts, of which under normal conditions it is the consummation, there was obviously a danger that imaginative art would float off into a dreamland of its own, and forget in contemplation of the Middle Ages the part it had to play in the life of the present.

Here, then, was an alternative offered. Throw yourself into the imaginative side of the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and you would, it was certain, have at command all the beauties which imaginative fervour could bestow. Throw yourself into the practical department, and you would find yourself in the full rush of humanity, arguing with carpenters and blacksmiths, addressing artisan meetings, organising classes, and all the rest of it. We are aware, of course, that the two views often seemed to intermingle: a painter might address a class, or a labour organiser might paint a picture. But for all that the divergence is plain and unmistakeable, and is distinguishable even in the individual. That Morris's object in teaching workmen the resources of their several crafts was that they might build Gothic cathedrals did not impair the use of his teaching. The spirit he did so much to stimulate is still in operation. It is inspiring the work of schools and polytechnics all over England; and although all this educational interest and effort may one day find an expression quite different from Gothic, the debt it will owe to Morris himself will be none the less. In this alternative that faced the Pre-Raphaelites it may be said that either choice had its advantages and drawbacks. The gift of ideal beauty could not altogether save painting from the risk it ran of being divided and cut off from the life of its age. The constant disappointments, the many failures, the heart-breaking indifference which were the trials of the practical workers could not rob them of the satisfactory consciousness that they were intimately associated with that life.

Between these two aspects of the movement lay the choice offered to the pair of brilliant young recruits who left Oxford in 1855–56. That Burne-Jones should have joined the imaginative side of the movement must have been a foregone conclusion to anyone who knew him. He joined it, indeed, with an enthusiasm that was almost ecstatic. In writing about the first letter received from Ruskin, he concludes with a drawing of himself, 'prostrate 'on the ground before an aureoled and nimbused presence 'of Ruskin.' As for Rossetti, 'I had no dream,' he says, 'of ever knowing Rossetti, but I wanted to look at him.'

He went, accordingly, to a working men's college where Rossetti was lecturing; 'and so,' he writes, 'I saw him for 'the first time, his face satisfying all my worship, and I 'listened to addresses no more, but had my fill of looking, 'only I would not be introduced to him.'

The truth is that Burne-Jones at this time had in him—and it is this, we think, that makes him so interesting—the very elements of which imaginative Pre-Raphaelitism was made up. He was the very embodiment of that spirit of romance which looks at the world through a stained-glass window. And the curious thing is that this spirit was not evoked by Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites at all. It was in him before the Pre-Raphaelites were heard of, at least in Birmingham. Even in his boyhood it possessed him in an extraordinary degree. We find him at sixteen or seventeen writing letters in mediæval English, and that with an ease and facility which mark it as almost a mother-tongue to him. One long letter begins:—

'To her most Celestial Highness, ye Ladye Annie Catherwood.' and continues: 'May it please your Ladyshippe, having been deputed by ye Ladye Catherwood, Countesse of Addingtoune, to advise you concerning sundrie articles of wearinge apparelle appertaining to Hornsie Universitie, your humble servant hath presumed to address this epistle, beinge dulie impressed with the responsibilitie of the tasque, the michtie honor done thereby to your humble servant and his own insufficiencie, whereof I do most humblie crave your Ladyshippe's favor and mercie.'

It is not every boy of seventeen, we take it, who could express himself with such readiness in the language of the Middle Ages. These letters are signed Edouard, Cardinal de Byrmyngham, or the General of the Order of Sir Galahad, or other such titles, and are noticeably longer and more fluent than his others, as if his ideas clothed themselves naturally in this antique phraseology.

By such a mind every romantic influence was sure to be eagerly assimilated. Malory's 'Morte d'Arthur,' of which we are told that it became 'literally a part of himself,' was one such influence. The tale of the Niblungs, Chaucer, old chronicles, the illuminated books in the Bodleian, and 'anything of any kind written about the Middle Ages,' were others. A passage from a letter written at Oxford will show the extent to which the spirit of romance had obtained dominion over him:—

'I have just come,' he writes, 'from my terminal pilgrimage to Godstow ruins and the burial-place of Fair Rosamond. The day has

gone down magnificently: all by the river's side I came back in a delirium of joy, the land was so enchanted with bright colours, blue and purple in the sky, shot over with a dust of golden shower, and in the water a mirror'd counterpart, ruffled by a light west wind—and in my mind pictures of the old days, the abbey, and long processions of the faithful, banners of the Cross, copes and crosiers, gay knights and ladies by the river bank, hawking parties, and all the pageantry of the Golden Age—it made one feel so wild and mad I had to throw stones into the water to break the dream. I never remember having such an unutterable ecstasy; it was quite painful with intensity, as if my forehead would burst.'

He adds that these attacks seldom last more than half an hour, and then he comes back to the present, 'to the years I cannot convince myself of living in.'

This is imaginative Pre-Raphaelitism. This is that spirit in art which stands in grave danger of being altogether cut off from the life of its age. At about the time this passage was written Morris was beginning to be 'sick of aimless 'theoretical lives.' The next year Burne-Jones came to London, whither Morris soon followed him. Morris went into an architect's office. Burne-Jones joined Rossetti.

From this point the careers of the two insensibly diverge. Real life confirmed its hold upon the one, dream life upon the other. The building and furnishing of his house suggested to Morris the idea of his firm—Morris, Marshall, Faulkner & Co.—which had for its aim the renaissance of the decorative arts and craftsmanship of England. Of his various industrial undertakings and the tremendous energy he infused into the task of rousing and stimulating the artisan classes we need not here speak. It will be enough if we note—and this it is important to note—that with Morris every artistic impulse that came to him was another link binding him to the effort and the work of his own day. Instead of being to him, as it is to so many people, a separating tendency, special to the studio or the clique, art to Morris was a human tie; and with every extension of his artistic schemes came an added richness of sympathy with his own generation. And this necessarily, since to him the very test of life in art was that it should be the expression of the life of the age. The art of the museum, the art of the collector and the connoisseur, his own dreams of ideal beauty, could be no sort of compensation to Morris for those manifestations of living art which are the stimulus and joy of labour. Thus, no sooner had the possibilities of any craft or industry struck him than he inevitably longed to graft

them on to present life. The exquisite ironwork, or stonework, or woodwork he might admire in a mediæval cathedral was no mere nutriment for his own æsthetic sensibility, but a revelation of the possibilities inherent in that kind of labour. It formed a bond of sympathy betwixt himself and every carpenter and blacksmith in the country.

This view was unshared by Burne-Jones. Drawn into the practical and educational work of the movement for a year or two, he found that interest impossible to maintain. His own conception of art never varied. He has noted himself how little was the change wrought by the passing years in him. 'The first stammerings I knew had all the imagina-'tion it is in me to feel.' That this is true, if not in clearness and intensity, at least in direction and aim, his own works are the decisive proof. Of no one could it more justly be said that he

'Wrought
Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought.'

Not in friendship, but in the direction of their activities, the gulf between the two friends widened. 'Morris,' writes Lady Burne-Jones, 'was growing more and more restless 'and disturbed in mind by the conditions of modern life, 'and his conscience was dragging him towards some definite 'work for its amendment; while Edward held that it was 'always a mistake, if not a wrong thing, for a man to 'swerve from the exercise of his own special gift.' Burne-Jones's own comment on the line his friend was taking is very characteristic. 'Morris,' he declared, 'was before all 'things a poet and an artist,' and this being so, it seemed the natural deduction that his so-called Socialism 'was a 'parenthesis,' and had no connexion with his true vocation. To take such a view is, we think, to misapprehend the part that art played in Morris's life. As understood by Morris, art undoubtedly tended to strengthen and quicken an interest in humanity, and although the after-expression and effect of this quickened interest depended on the accident of temperament, still it is not, in Morris's case, to be separated from his view of art. Art and socialism may ideally have nothing to do with each other; but art and socialism acting through Morris's temperament were closely connected, and to lose sight of this connexion, to treat his political and social activity as if it had nothing whatever to do with his artistic activity, is, it seems to us, to miss the clue to the man's character. Burne-Jones's estimate is, we

should say, the judgement of an imaginative Pre-Raphaelite on a practical one, and shows the depth of the gulf that separated them. To interest oneself in the world seemed to Burne-Jones 'to break oneself to bits with fruitless 'trouble.' And he adds, 'I shall never try again to leave 'the world that I can control to my heart's desire—the 'little world that has the walls of my workroom for its 'farthest horizon.'

Lady Burne-Jones, as we have said, seldom comments at any length on the events or opinions it is her part to record. But on this imaginative seclusion, which is so striking a trait in Burne-Jones's life, and allusions to which are constantly recurring in his letters and sayings, she has a remark or two which we will quote. 'This seclusion of an artist 'with his work,' she says, 'sometimes misconceived of as a 'selfish thing, is in truth as needful a tool as any if a vision 'is to be made clear to others, and all the men I have 'known do creative work obtained it; either mechanically 'by the walls of a workroom, or by that withdrawal into 'themselves which is part of their power.' We do not know that it would have occurred to us to call such seclusion selfish, but it carries with it, we think, a danger of another kind—the danger that a 'vision' cherished apart from humanity may fail lastingly to touch the heart of humanity. It is no doubt true that a certain seclusion is necessary to creative work; but it is necessary at the moment of creation, not during the collecting of the material. To collect in the world and in the present, and then, brooding on the impressions received, to voice the thought and purpose of the age, has surely always been the way of genius. It was the peculiarity of Burne-Jones—or rather, we should say, of the movement to which he belonged—that he retired into himself not only to create, but to collect. He created, or re-created, by an act of the imagination, not his picture only, but the life out of which his picture was to be formed. Indeed, from long dwelling on, this life of romance had become more real than real life. 'Of course,' he says in one place, 'imagination doesn't end with my work. I go 'on always in that strange land that is more true than 'real.'

It may be urged that to be able to go on always like this in a strange land shows great imaginative power. And so, no doubt, it does. But it does not, we think, show that kind of use of imaginative power to which genius usually puts it. We cannot think of a single great painter, or great poet, who

has tried to re-create and live in the atmosphere of any age but his own. It even seems to be the case that the greater the genius, the more hold his own age has over him. Shakespeare, when he wrote a classical play, never even seems to have made the attempt to separate himself from his own age; and of Elizabethan poetry generally, the most robust we have ever had, the main characteristic surely was this—that it is penetrated and suffused with English life of the Elizabethan age. And if we want to find in painting a period equal in robustness and strength to Elizabethan poetry, we have but to turn to the Italian Renaissance to see the same tendency dominant. These great artists created for themselves no world apart. Whatever the subject, they soaked it in the life of their own age before reproducing it. And the greater they were, and the more splendid their freedom and power, the more richly on to their canvases did the life of street and market-place overflow. It is abundantly clear, indeed, that it was from that life and through their close connexion with it, that their strength was drawn. And this they knew. No men ever lived more in the world. We wonder what Tintoret would have said if he had been invited to make his studio walls his farthest horizon.

And even when this connexion between genius and its age is less immediately apparent, it still exists. The 'Paradise Lost' is sometimes spoken of as if Milton had evolved it by an act of inward vision; and, so far as the form it took was concerned, this of course was the case. But a second glance shows us that 'Paradise Lost' stands for one of the most real and vital forces in English life and character—for that Puritanism in which Milton had lived and acted when it was truly the dominant influence of the present. It was in those days of life in the world, of activity, sight, and action, that the material was collected which, in changed days and in darkness, was to be forged into 'Paradise Lost.' So in Dante's poem every line reeks of the life and action of mediæval Italy, and the poem is richer than Milton's to the extent to which the life of mediæval Italy is richer in interest than the life of Puritan England.

We have had one painter of our own day who has recognised this claim of the life of the present. Watts, like the Pre-Raphaelites, evolved an imaginative school of painting. But, unlike them, he drew his material from the world he lived in. He fed his imagination not on dreams, but on the loves, heroisms, struggles, and trials of the lives around him. If the things he had to say on these

themes were important, they were important because they were drawn from life, and therefore were applicable to life. Watts's sole desire was to speak clearly and simply; to make of his art a channel of communication betwixt himself and his fellow men. All that he had taken from life he would give back to life again. And so, deriving its strength from life, Watts's art became inevitably a link between himself and the world. And it is very noticeable that this appreciation of the function of art drew his whole nature, just as it drew Morris's, into ever wider and closer human relationship. Frail as he was, the mere shadow of a man, everyone who met Mr. Watts recognised the robustness of his nature and the many-sidedness of his sympathy. He was interested in all that was going on. He was a helper in many schemes. He was a stay and comfort to many friends. His confident optimism, his interest in affairs, his trust in the future of his race and country, were the marks of a genius which had found itself in its own generation. It was but a year or two ago that, passing through the little village of Compton, in Surrey, we stopped to visit the pottery works started by Mr. and Mrs. Watts close to their own home. The business throve, and we heard later from a London dealer that the only difficulty was that the pottery could not be turned out quickly enough to keep pace with the demand. Hard by was the chapel that the villagers, under Mrs. Watts's directions, had built and decorated. Overlooking the works was the museum which Watts had built for his pictures. They had come to live in the village, and it was thus they joined in its life. And all this, though it may seem remote from art, is not so remote as it seems. The vocation of a lifetime reacts on character, and if we find Watts in his old age concerned for the welfare of village boys, we are not to separate that fact from this other—that through a long life he had so used his art as to establish himself in closer sympathy with his kind.

Imaginative Pre-Raphaelitism knows nothing of this view of art and life. Imaginative Pre-Raphaelitism not only cut itself adrift from the art of its generation, in which it surely acted wisely; it cut itself adrift from its generation altogether. It was not content with seeking a new expression; it must seek a new source. The effect on those who took this view was marked and unmistakeable. Just as those who were linked to their own generation in their art were so linked to it in life, so those who were severed from it in art became

severed in life too. We scarcely know of a more painfully touching book than Mr. Hall Caine's reminiscences of the last years of Rossetti's life; years when 'the sense of isola-'tion amidst the busiest crowds' grew upon him; years when 'he imagined the world to be conspiring against him'; years 'destitute of cheerfulness or content.' What is the explanation of all this unhappiness? 'His life was an 'anachronism,' says Mr. Hall Caine. 'Such a man should 'have had no dealings with the nineteenth century: he 'belonged to the sixteenth, or perhaps the thirteenth, and in 'Italy, not in England.' But surely there is something a little childish in all this. We all belong to our own age; but more particularly and especially does a man of genius belong to his own age. The reason of Rossetti's unhappiness, we cannot help thinking, was, not that he was born in the nineteenth century, but that he turned his back on the nineteenth century. To enter into life, to make the value of the common things of life more deeply felt and shared in by treating them with simplicity and power, such has ever been the function of genius. In poetry, as in painting, Rossetti, on the contrary, strove to create for himself a dreamland apart from common life, and to sustain himself in it by a continued and habitual effort of the imagination. And a terrible penalty he paid for it.

With Burne-Jones the case was somewhat different. The spirit of romance, Morris once said, 'is eminently charac-'teristic of both Rossetti and Burne-Jones, but especially of 'the latter,' and we have pointed out before in this article how profound and innate that spirit in Burne-Jones was. It was owing, doubtless, to this that he was able to the end to persevere in drawing on his imagination for sustenance. But though he persevered, the consciousness that something was wrong, that he was somehow alienating himself from his generation, often oppressed him. At thirty-nine we find him writing sadly to Mr. Norton: 'What with overwork, and the 'increasing feeling of its eccentricity, as every year I found 'myself more alone in it, the miserable feeling of being a 'mistake was growing.' And though he had much to make him happy, yet every now and then this sense of not being quite right with the world broke out. 'Even to watch the 'world, to see it, is getting hateful,' he writes two years before his death, and the painful letter ends: 'Do you know, 'again, how grimy souled people get in London, how 'sodden and sickening? To listen and to see it is a kind of 'contamination. If I never see it I can pretend it does not

'exist, and get on, and smile when I see people; but if I get 'drawn into it, merely dipping one's foot in it, I get 'sickened.' Temperament, no doubt, has a large share in inspiring views like these. But yet it is impossible not to see in many of these letters the influence of a mood deliberately fostered and indulged. Had the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, had those stronger spirits to whom Burne-Jones at the outset looked for guidance, while reforming art from the creative point of view, held fast to the truth that art must ever and always look to present life as the source of its material, and had Burne-Jones thus, from the beginning, been forced into using his imaginative gift as a bond between humanity and himself, we cannot think that that letter would ever have been written. That letter was made possible by the fact that for nearly forty years of constant work Burne-Jones's imagination had fed exclusively on the past.

But it is in his works most clearly that the effects of this imaginative seclusion can be seen. If the reader will admit that great art and great poetry have always worked in the spirit of their own time, as we feel confident, after a brief survey, he will do, then let me ask him, with that thought fresh in his mind, to turn to the drawings and paintings of Burne-Jones. In the faces, expressions, attitudes of the figures, in the tone of the colouring, in the foliage even, and the branches and trunks of trees, he will feel what it means for art to be separated from the spirit of its age. Think of the health and laughter of Reynolds's children. Think of the superabundant glow of vitality that pervades the forms of the Renaissance. All this health and laughter was the health and laughter of contemporary life. There was nothing of a dream about it. It was contributed to by the populations of whole cities, and all who saw the painter's work recognised their own share in it. From this source of joy and health Burne-Jones's people are cut off, and in their eyes and lineaments we read the sorrow of the separation.

We have been dealing with what seems to us the weaker side of Burne-Jones's work and character, and of the work and character of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. It would have been easy to have taken another view—to have dwelt on the dulness and barrenness which, before the movement, possessed English art, and on the wonderful work of regeneration which the Pre-Raphaelites accomplished. One of their own deeds of chivalry—one of those young knights they were so fond of, in gleaming armour, come to rescue some bound and helpless damsel—might typify this action

of the Brotherhood. And in this work of liberation Burne-Jones bore his full share. But in spite of this, and although the freedom art lives in to-day—and, after all, freedom must precede an effort of any kind—is probably largely due to the Pre-Raphaelites, it seems to us that at present there is a great deal more to be learnt from the side of their scheme that failed than from the side of it that triumphed. There is not the slightest prospect of art relapsing again into dull formality and a conventional routine. On the other hand, there is a great danger of our forgetting the close connexion that must exist between art and life. And in so far as we forget this there is danger of our coming to treat art as something apart from, and above, the ordinary needs of humanity, something not made for daily use, and not appreciable by the common understanding.

This is the danger of our day. To have told the prehistoric singer of the deeds of valour of his tribe or clan, or the prehistoric draughtsman who scratched on wood or bone subjects of the battle or chase, that he was not to separate art from life, would have been as ridiculously superfluous as it would have been to tell Shakespeare or Tintoret the same thing. Ages which are at the source or zenith of art do not need to be reminded of its derivation. But in a critical age it is very different. Criticism examines the thing itself, analyses the thing itself, and explains with great subtlety the nature of the pleasure to be derived from the thing itself. But, on the other hand, not being creative, it is very apt to lose sight of the creative effort that went to make the thing. It is apt, that is to say, to treat the object of its criticism as an isolated phenomenon, or group of phenomena, and to ignore its relation to life. That this is the tendency of modern criticism is sufficiently obvious. Strange as it may seem that a subject which through all the history of the human race has formed a main part of its activity and preoccupation should have dwindled to such dimensions, yet there is no denying the fact that art to-day is generally treated by those interested in it as if its *raison d'être* was to gratify the taste of a small and highly cultured minority. However useful and valuable in many ways modern criticism may be, it certainly has a tendency to lift the subject of art into a region where it can be approached only by the specialist.

This is bound to happen if we allow ourselves to think of art as a thing separate from life. On the other hand, no sooner do we begin to dwell on its connexion with life and growth out of life than such a view of the subject comes to

seem inadequate. Once admit this connexion between life and art, and the connecting links themselves become clear. There follows the perception that the higher manifestations of art—painting, sculpture, architecture—are bound to be accompanied by those intermediate manifestations which go under the name of crafts. It would obviously be absurd to expect of an age that it should express itself in the more lofty and abstract forms of art before it had mastered the more simple and homely ones. And, as a matter of fact, those higher forms have always been supported and based upon the lower. We need scarcely remind the reader of the keen sense of beauty and effect in every branch of craftsmanship which supported eighteenth-century painting in England. Far more intimate is the connexion during the Italian Renaissance. In those days the arts and crafts were branches of the same calling, practised often by the same men, interdependent on each other, and nourished, like the upper and lower branches of a tree, by the same circulating sap. Moreover, during the Renaissance craftsmanship itself was less artificially propagated and more firmly based on life than in our eighteenth-century movement. Consequently, it was more fruitful and its yield of higher art forms much richer and more varied. To realise how these higher forms are built up out of the lower, and how both depend on life, one has only to visit a modern exhibition, to look at the pictures on the walls, and, comparing their loose, insecure surfaces, made up of smears and blotches of paint, with the lustrous, ivory-smooth texture of an old master to ask, What is it that exists in the latter which does not exist in the former? And, again, what was it that existed in the Italian life of that period which does not exist in English life to-day? The answer to both questions is contained in the word 'craftsmanship.'

Thus, not only does great art express the life of its age, but it is actually built up out of that life. Craftsmanship on life and art on craftsmanship is the order of that building. And as soon as we grasp and enter into the significance of this connexion our whole view of art (if we have been accustomed to look at it as detached) becomes changed. Our interest in the subject begins to do for us exactly what it did for Morris and Watts. It begins to nourish an interest in life. It becomes a human tie. For it is no more possible to be fond of art in this way, without going on to consider the stages of its progress, the soil that nourishes it, and the national and social conditions which call it forth,

than it would be to be passionately interested in the last chapter of a book without wanting to turn back to the first.

This is to be, so to speak, *humanly* fond of art, and this is the kind of fondness for art that enriches life. And for us, as we think, the interest and value of the Pre-Raphaelite movement lie in the fact that it illustrates in a double way the rightness and value of this human estimate of the subject. As we have pointed out, one-half of the genius of the movement adopted the view that art and life are inseparable, that art must be built up to from below, and can only occur as the result of certain conditions of life. The other half held the view that art is separable from life, that it is a species of dream or vision, to be nourished in a total imaginative seclusion from the spirit of its own age. Of these two views, it may be said that the first brought nothing but happiness to its holders, the second nothing but unhappiness. The first bound its teachers more closely and sympathetically to their own generation; the second alienated them from the world altogether. Finally, the first has bequeathed to the present and future a steadfast resolve to set about the building-up process and to prepare those conditions of life which in the future may express themselves in noble forms of art; while the second has left behind it works from which its own profound depression and aloofness from life are the main impressions to be derived, and which, far from adding to the reality of art, by appealing to the general heart of humanity, have encouraged a view of the subject in keeping with their own estranged and visionary character.

There is an especial need at present, it seems to us, to dwell on these different views of art. The conditions under which we live are undergoing violent change. The scientific achievements of the last century have mapped out the life of Europe on a new plan. To that plan modern life—not in art only, but in science, politics, and everything else—has to adapt itself. It seems as if what served as a basis for the art of the past two centuries—the support of a wealthy and cultured class—would scarcely sustain the art of the future. Meantime, until the new conditions of life have attained the stability which allows of artistic expression, there is an interlude, a gap, as it were, between life and art. Of this interlude the champions of the detached view of art avail themselves to press upon our notice all kinds of artistic inventions and dreams of their own, which they have evolved out of their own imagination, and which speedily

disappear and pass away. Now is the time, then, amid these distractions, for those who remember that art is bound to be an expression of life, to fix their eyes steadily upon life itself, not to be put off or deceived by these apparitions of a day, but to go on telling themselves that the art which does not express life is worth nothing; that it is out of the elements of modern life that our art must be evolved; and that in that life, in its largeness of outlook, its breadth and extension of human sympathy, there are beginning, perhaps, already to shape themselves the characteristics of the art of the future.

Art. XI.—THE 'GREAT CONSULT.'

1. *Speeches of the Rt. Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, M.P., on the Fiscal Question.* 'Times' Reports.
2. *Address by Sir Spencer Walpole, K.C.B., to the Cobden Club,* November 28, 1904.

It is now a year and four months since Mr. Chamberlain's action on the Fiscal Question caused the rupture of Mr. Balfour's Ministry. On October 3, 1903, the Ex-Secretary of State for the Colonies began at Glasgow that 'campaign' which was destined to divide political parties upon new lines, according to the view men take of his fiscal projects, relegating almost at once to the background those matters of party dissension on which for nearly twenty years electoral battles had been chiefly fought.

Mr. Chamberlain did not take action without having carefully surveyed the ground. In speeches in the House of Commons and at Birmingham he had already indicated the direction in which he wished to move. He could rest assured of the support of powerful organs in the press; and long before he left the Cabinet he and his friends had been strenuously working to provide an effective political organisation, centred at Birmingham, which should exercise influence over electoral bodies and committees in every part of the country. But with his appearance on the platform at Glasgow, free from all official trammels, the avowed leader of a new policy, on which he wished to consult the people, the stage of serious public discussion of definite proposals was for the first time reached.

Here, then, the public suddenly found itself confronted with a problem of great perplexity, familiar enough to our ancestors and the statesmen of half a century ago, but which the existing generation had had no reason to study for itself. There is no nation in the world which can so truly boast itself a 'self-governing country'; and accordingly Englishmen prepared to 'get up the subject' by the light of all the information available, to examine statistics, to read and to listen to innumerable speeches and newspaper articles, argumentative or polemical, to watch the course of leading statesmen, and, finally, in due time, to judge for themselves. A whole nation in serious debate affords a subject well worthy of contemplation. At Glasgow 'the great consult began.' What has since been the trend of the national debate?

In 1903 the idea of Colonial preference, though very familiar to men well acquainted with English history, was new to the multitude of those whose political knowledge was derived solely from their own experience and recollections. Sir Spencer Walpole, in a recent very able address to the Cobden Club, has shown how persistently in former days English statesmen endeavoured to work the system of preference for our own Colonies, combined with retaliation against 'the foreigner.' It was ultimately abandoned, for the same reason that protection itself was abandoned, viz., its absolute failure to produce the results expected from it. It injured the trade both of ourselves and the Colonies, and assuredly it did nothing to bring about good relations between them and the Mother Country.

Almost all educated Englishmen had come to accept 'Free Trade principles' as a matter of course; often without having thought out the difficulties for themselves, so complete had been the Free Trade victory. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach had passed the 1*s.* corn duty in 1902. But in doing so he had given two pledges on behalf of the Government, without which his Budget would hardly have obtained the consent of the House of Commons. The 1*s.* duty was not to be increased; and it was not, he said, to be made use of to bring in Colonial preference, which many believed would be the first step to Protection. The following year the duty was dropped. It had become clear that a powerful party in the country, with much influence in the Conservative ranks, *did* regard the 1*s.* duty as a stepping-stone to better things. In this condition of the public mind Mr. Ritchie and the Government did the only thing which could dispel the awakened alarm of the country. A permanent 1*s.* corn duty would in itself have done little harm to anyone. When, however, men saw that the old 'Fair Traders,' led by Mr. Chaplin and Sir Howard Vincent, were determined to treat it as only a first move towards a policy of Protection, and when it seemed that their views had the approval of no less a man than the Colonial Secretary, the Ministry would have run a fair chance of defeat had they tried to force any corn tax upon the House of Commons.

It is curious that sixty years after the repeal of the Corn Laws keen political conflict should once more have arisen over the imposition, the repeal, and the proposed revival of an import duty on corn. Once more the whole of our fiscal system is felt to hinge on free trade in corn, or

on free imports of corn, if the latter phrase be preferred. It is quite true that the condition of affairs in 1905 is very different from what it was in 1846. But now, as then, the question of a tax on corn is felt to be the very key of the position for which the adherents of two opposed fiscal systems are contending.

In Mr. Chamberlain's first speech as a 'free man,' unrestrained by the doubts and hesitations of half-hearted colleagues, he developed on his own responsibility the main lines of a new fiscal policy. He quite rightly describes it as 'his policy,' for in its promulgation no other statesman can claim a share. To these main lines he has firmly adhered, though doubtless much pressure has been brought to bear by his friends to induce him to abandon or modify the most unpopular parts of his scheme. He has two grand objects in view—the consolidation of the British Empire, and the prevention of that approaching commercial and industrial ruin which he maintains that our present fiscal system is bringing upon the United Kingdom. His proposals have the great merit of being definite and easy of comprehension. A 2*s.* import duty on foreign corn, except maize; a 5 per cent. duty on foreign meat, except bacon, on cheese, butter, eggs, &c.; and an average 10 per cent. duty on foreign manufactures, the duty to fall or rise in proportion to the amount of labour still required to bring the manufacture to completion.

Unless improved trade relations can be established between the component parts of the British Empire, disintegration, according to Mr. Chamberlain, will set in. It is necessary, therefore, to establish some community of commercial interest among ourselves as against 'the foreigner.' This can only be done on the basis of Colonial preference in the home market; and Colonial preference is only possible in one way. No preference can be given to our Colonial fellow-subjects in respect of their manufactures, because these are 'insignificant.' 'I say in the most explicit terms that I do 'not propose a tax on raw materials, which are a necessity of 'our manufacturing trade. What remains? Food. Therefore, if you desire to gain this increase, if you wish to 'prevent separation, you must put a tax on food.' At the same time taxes are to be diminished on tea and sugar; so that on the whole the burden on the poor man will become less, whilst the Treasury is to be replenished by the duty on manufactured articles.

'Are you going,' he asked the men of Glasgow, 'to lose the Colonies?' This is the parting of the ways. . . . The Colonies are prepared to meet us. In return for a very moderate preference they will give us a substantial advantage. They will give us, in the first place—I believe they will reserve to us the trade which we already enjoy. They will arrange for tariffs in the future, in order not to start industries in competition with those which are already in existence in the Mother Country. They will not—I would not urge them for a moment to do so—they will not injure those industries which have already been secured; they will maintain them; they will not allow them to be destroyed or injured even by our competition. But outside that there is still a great margin—a margin that has given us this great increase of trade to which I have referred. That margin we can permanently maintain.'

These appeals naturally had their attractions for Englishmen. Imperial sentiment, the desire of the very poor for the lightening of their burdens, the hope of those engaged in commerce and industry to enlarge their markets, led men to support with enthusiasm the new fiscal revelation. The wisdom and the courage of the great statesman who had brought forward so magnificent a policy were lauded to the skies. To question, to criticise, still more, of course, to venture to oppose it, was to incur from Mr. Chamberlain and his followers the charge of want of patriotism. The 'Cobdenite' or the 'Little Englander' might cavil; but patriotic Englishmen would rally for the Empire against the 'foreigner,' and would cast behind them once for all the antiquated prejudices associated with the name of Free Trade. This was fifteen months ago. The country has refused to be 'rushed' in this way; and the public sentiment to-day is very different from what it was at the opening of the campaign. There has been time to examine how far the present condition of the United Kingdom and of the Empire stands in need of 'fiscal revolution,' and what are the reasons for believing that Mr. Chamberlain's fair promises will be realised.

A very little inquiry was sufficient to show that if there is any danger of the self-governing Colonies drifting apart from the Mother Country, that danger certainly does not arise from any unfair treatment of the colonies by the United Kingdom in the matter of financial or commercial relations. Their produce comes into our markets untaxed. The self-governing Colonies bear no share, or a quite insignificant share, of Imperial burdens. They place duties on imports from Great Britain in order to give a preference to their own manufactures. Of late they have, both to their own

and our advantage, diminished the duty on British as compared with foreign imports; but it nevertheless remains the policy of almost all Colonial statesmen to prevent the serious competition of British with Colonial manufactures in the Colonial market.

We have no right to complain of the manner in which our great Colonies choose to manage their own financial and commercial affairs; but at the same time, when we are considering Imperial burdens or the commercial relations *inter se* of the component parts of the Empire, we cannot shut our eyes to facts. What happened in Canada last summer illustrates very clearly the point of view from which the Colonies regard British manufactures. Last June Mr. Fielding, the Canadian Minister of Finance, represented to the Canadian House of Commons that Canadian woollen manufacturers, and politicians in sympathy with them, were complaining loudly of their inability to contend against the unfair competition of British manufacturers. 'In the 'better grades of wool,' said Mr. Fielding, 'Canadians could 'compete with all persons, even the British manufacturer,' but unfortunately British woollen goods, such as cloths, tweeds, overcoatings, wearing apparel, and the like, were little better than 'shoddy goods of an inferior character, against 'which they ought to legislate.' He then proceeded to ask the House, in order to favour 'pure woollen' against 'shoddy 'goods,' to raise the duty against British woollens till the British preference over the foreigner was almost swept away. This was precisely the language used centuries ago by English and Scottish woollen manufacturers, who sought, and obtained from their Legislatures, against foreign competition, the same protection which Canadians now impose against that of the Mother Country.

Since the Glasgow speech no more has been heard of the plan of assigning certain industries to the Colonies, and reserving certain others as the monopoly of the United Kingdom. It was in these British preserves within the great colonies that our manufacturers were to enjoy an ever-growing market, without any risk from local competition! We should like to hear the remarks of the Prime Ministers of the Canadian Dominion, of the Australian Commonwealth, and of the Colony of New Zealand, on these interesting suggestions of the late Secretary of State for the Colonies! The sooner they are forgotten the better. As regards his main scheme of Colonial preference, the examination to which it has been subjected has raised the greatest doubts

as to its practicability in the minds of many who were at first inclined to welcome the idea. In Canada, of course, the proposal to tax all corn coming into England, which does not come from Canada, is exceedingly popular. In Australia, however, a 'scientific tariff' is regarded with much less enthusiasm, and an attitude of expectation, till it is clear what Australia is to get out of it, is maintained. The Government of India looks with genuine alarm at the prospect of a wide departure from their Free Trade system. On the whole, it can hardly be asserted that Mr. Chamberlain has made much way in convincing Englishmen throughout the Empire of the practicability of his plans, whilst at home they feel a not unreasonable dislike to what looks like the injustice and impolicy of taxing the commonest food of the poorest of the people, in order to give a preference to the thriving industries of their very prosperous kinsmen across the seas.

As the discussion has proceeded, the tendency of Mr. Chamberlain and his followers has been to insist more and more on the direct advantages that his proposals would bring to the people of the United Kingdom, and to let the Imperial branch of his case fall more and more into the background. This is in some respects unfortunate. The consolidation of the Empire is at least a noble object for statesmen and people to aim at. That the Chamberlain policy would in fact tend to Imperial consolidation we do not believe. Already the dragging of the Colonies into our home party controversies has done harm. And a long vista of tariff bargaining between the old country and the young nations beyond the seas affords no pleasant prospect in the future. But the appeal which is made to Englishmen on the fiscal rather than on the political advantages of tariff reform is based on different, and generally on much lower, considerations. We find in the language used by advocates of the Tariff Reform League to the electorate little that is 'Imperial,' little that can be called patriotic, whilst every attempt is made to fan popular prejudice and flatter popular ignorance by charging every diminution of local business, every loss alleged to have fallen on the local pocket, to the 'unfair competition' of the hated 'foreigner.' The 'search for ruined industries' has been vigorously plied, and with singularly little success if the broad field of British industries and employment is kept in view. But wherever locally some particular business has failed, wherever some factory or mill has been given up, in

consequence maybe of the successful competition of more favourably situated works in some other part of England, it is always possible and popular to attribute the local loss to unfair competition from abroad. Here, as we see in Mr. Chamberlain's own speeches, and still more in the speeches of the smaller men who take their cue from him, is a rich field, which the electioneerer may work with some prospect of reward. About the great triumphs in the commercial and industrial world which the British nation, founding on Free Trade, has won—as, for instance, in shipbuilding, in the ocean carrying trade, and in the manufacture of machinery—silence is maintained. In the neighbourhood of St. Helens and Gateshead much is said about glass bottles, much near Birmingham about buttons, much at Luton about straw bonnets. Even the local cases, when examined, bring little support to substantiate the allegations of tariff reformers; but where there has been from any cause local suffering, it is natural that sufferers should be willing, without much discrimination, to make trial of the first prescription which is vehemently pressed upon them.

It is very possible that Mr. Chamberlain's absorption in the contemplation of the political results to the Empire of the adoption of the policy of Colonial preference caused him at first to give too little attention to the fiscal consequences which would result to the commerce and industry of the United Kingdom from its adoption of the new principles. Whatever may have been his anticipations, the campaign in favour of Colonial preference on high Imperial grounds became very soon merged in a grand effort to reconstruct for our own advantage our commercial and industrial system on the old abandoned doctrines of Protection. Mr. Chaplin, with much support from the landlord and the farmer class, who incorrectly consider themselves to constitute the whole agricultural interest, saw his opportunity. Manufacturers, whose prices were lower than they liked, owing in part to foreign competition, saw theirs. The German, the French, and the American systems were cried up, and English Free Trade was cried down, because in these countries producers get high prices, whilst here it was declared agriculture and even manufactures can no longer hold their own. An imaginary golden age in the days before Cobden, when a much more numerous peasantry, inhabiting picturesque rural villages, tilled the fertile farms of a thriving tenantry, was held up as an example of what might again come about would Englishmen only adopt 'the fiscal system

'adopted by every nation but themselves.' Free Trade was driving the people wholesale from the land to crowd the slums of our great cities and fill the ranks of the unemployed. All this might do very well for one-sided public meetings; but, after all, the great majority of Englishmen do not go to meetings, and in the meantime they were looking into the matter for themselves. History, and their own grandfathers, told them of the disastrous condition of agriculture before the repeal of the Corn Laws: how labourers then starved upon the fields, because they could get no work elsewhere, on wages that they would now refuse with contempt. The Board of Trade has recently pointed out to them that, though the people were leaving the rural for the urban districts, this was a movement going on in other countries, and that in Germany and in the United States the change was taking place more rapidly than in England. Official statistics show that the wages are higher here than in any country of Europe, that the necessaries of life are cheaper, and that the English labourer works for far fewer hours than his fellow-labourer on the Continent. Still, all this might well be—indeed the facts could hardly be disputed; but were we in the midst of present prosperity beginning to fall behind in the race with other nations, as a commercial and industrial people? Again facts had to be looked into for an answer, and once more the answer that they give it is not easy to dispute.

Mr. Chamberlain has one solid fact on his side. He can show that in Germany and the United States some industries, notably the iron and steel trade, have in the last few years made much more rapid advances than in England. He does not, however, show that this is due to their protective system. It is only quite lately that Germany has developed her mining wealth and become a great industrial nation of the first rank. By what conceivable manipulation of our fiscal methods could we have prevented the extraordinary industrial expansion of Germany and the United States? In those countries it may be granted that producers are enabled to maintain artificially very high prices against consumers at home, whilst they sell to us and to other foreigners on terms far more favourable to buyers. The German fiscal system, excluding foreign competition from the home market, makes the producer the master on his own terms of that market. Is this an end at which to aim, if we consider the matter from the point of view of the general public? Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Commission, it is true,

examining into the position of our iron and steel trades, is most favourably impressed with the advantages of the German method. 'The relative decline,' they say, 'of the 'British iron and steel industry is due to the fact that the 'manufacturers of the United States and Germany, having 'secured control of their home markets by means of high 'tariffs and an organised system for the regulation of their 'export trade, are in the position to dump their surplus 'products upon the British and other markets irrespective 'of cost.' They declare, therefore, against the British system of free imports, which makes dumping possible; and they recommend such a revision of our fiscal system as would check dumping, 'maintain as far as possible our export trade 'to foreign countries, develop our colonial markets, and 'increase the employment of the working classes.' These objects can be obtained, according to Mr. Chamberlain's Commissioners, by our adopting the following system:—

'(*a*) A General Tariff, consisting of a low scale of duties, for foreign countries which admit British wares on fair terms.

'(*b*) A Preferential Tariff, lower than the General Tariff, for those of our Colonies which give adequate preference to British manufactures, and framed with a view to securing freer trade within the British Empire.

'(*c*) A Maximum Tariff, consisting of comparatively higher duties, but subject to reduction by negotiation to the level of the General Tariff.'

It is interesting to observe that this remarkable report is not signed by Sir George Ryder, late chairman of the Board of Customs, who it seems became 'a member of the Commission in a consultative capacity only,' and who must, therefore, not be taken to give his approval to the conclusions flowing from these consultations. Representatives of the Colonies on the Commission are also, we are told, there as advisers only, holding, so to speak, 'watching briefs' for their own parts of the Empire, and are not responsible for the report.

The public will look forward with lively expectation for future reports of this remarkable Commission. Will the investigation of other trades and industries confirm the conclusions they have so far arrived at, in contemplating the great British iron and steel industry from the point of view of those who are longing 'to control the British 'market'? The three tariffs so far lend themselves to the aspirations of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary; who apparently have indulged dreams of an enlarged

power being some day granted to the Executive to operate independently of Parliament upon our national tariff. It would be so easy for Parliament to impose by Statute on a Department of State the duty of determining from time to time in which of the three classes a foreign nation or colony is to be placed! It should be observed that the power of 'retaliation'—that is, of placing on a less favourable tariff a State which does not give us the trade advantages for which we ask—may be utilised against a Colony as well as against 'the foreigner.' The recent increase of the Canadian duties on British woollens might, for instance, justify us in taxing Canadian imports to England on the 'higher scale,' as solicitors would say. This seems to be an attempt to introduce Lord Lansdowne's 'loaded revolver' even among friends. It is very intelligible that representatives of the Colonies preferred not to sign the report.

The Board of Trade figures and statistics have dealt a heavy blow to Mr. Chamberlain's contention that the growth of British commerce and industry has come to an end, and that only fiscal revolution can avert decay. This theory was based on the excess of imports into, over exports from, the United Kingdom; and tariff reformers before the fiscal campaign had lasted many weeks were seriously arguing that England was being ruined by the quantity of commodities that 'the foreigner' in response to English orders was pouring upon our shores. These things arrived in such great quantities, and moreover came in so cheap, that Englishmen were being ruined! This was the famous 'dust-heap of Europe' argument—plausible enough if one could but rid one's mind of the belief that trade is the exchange of commodities, and at the same time forget that the interests of consumers have some importance in commerce! The Board of Trade Blue-Books sweep away this nonsense by showing that there is no evidence whatever that we are living on our capital. Men's own eyes everywhere confirm the conclusions of that department. In all directions we see expansion and growing wealth, nowhere decay; beyond that occasional depression and temporary lack of employment which so mysteriously afflict, apparently in cycles, our own and other countries.

The rise in the price of sugar has come very opportunely to remind Englishmen that they must not look in matters of trade and commerce entirely through the spectacles of producers. Sugar-growers in British Colonies, and sugar-refiners at home, are entitled to be heard; but so are the

people in England who consume sugar themselves, or use it in further processes of manufacture. There is much to be said in favour of the action of our Government in the matter of the Sugar Convention. To seek the abolition of foreign bounties was right and wise on general grounds, and in the ultimate interest of the world at large; but in itself cheap sugar for England was not a misfortune but a blessing. That the rise in sugar has been entirely due to the Convention we do not believe. But no doubt the Convention has contributed to the rise; and it has prevented us, at a time when there is a keen demand for sugar in England, from getting certain cheap supplies, which have consequently gone to benefit other nations. Negotiation, like retaliation, ties our hands instead of restoring to us what Mr. Balfour would call 'our freedom of action.'

The speeches of Mr. Chamberlain and the tariff reformers ring with the denunciation of 'free imports.' For the sake of England something must be done to check this terrible infliction—that is the constant burden of their song. We ought, it is said, to produce at home, though often we cannot do it so cheaply or so well as we can be supplied from abroad; therefore shut out or hamper foreign produce and make by tariff arrangements a better price for the products of home industry. That is the argument invariably used to the electorate when a follower of Mr. Chamberlain is a candidate. Why any one who uses it should object to be classed as a Protectionist it is not easy to understand, for this is the very essence of all Protectionism—such as it was known in England before Sir Robert Peel, such as it exists to-day on the Continent and in the United States.

Of course there are men in the Cabinet, and at the head of them the Prime Minister, who would not themselves hold this language. They know as well as the Free Trade League itself that theory and experience have alike demonstrated the mischief of framing a tariff for the sake of enhancing prices. Mr. Balfour in Edinburgh appeared to make the intention with which a tariff was imposed the true test of whether or not it was protective. There is no doubt whatever as to the motives, intentions, and objects with which high import duties have been imposed by Continental nations, by Americans, and by British colonists. Yet theirs are the systems held up by Mr. Chamberlain as examples for us to follow. In those countries men who advocate Protection are not afraid to call themselves Protectionists, and to avow that the increase of the price of the home

product is the very end they are seeking. Mr. Balfour, it may be, can only bring himself to contemplate tariffs as a means for obtaining an enlarged Free Trade—the admission of our exports unhampered, or at least less hampered, into foreign markets. He would not put a duty on American produce in order to handicap Americans as foreigners in the British market, but he would like to be empowered to threaten them with a duty, and so induce them for their own sakes as well as ours to make their markets as free as our own. Where does all this leave room for the great policy of Colonial preference?

We do not think that Mr. Balfour has ever publicly accepted the root principle of the Tariff Reform League—a belief in the evil attaching to unrestricted imports. In his 'Notes on Insular Free Trade' it is the fear lest ultimately there should be no imports at all that weighs with him! We *must* import, he argues, or starve; but we cannot get imports unless we can create exports to pay for them. How, if our manufactures are ruined by foreign competition, *can* we export anything but coal, our capital, which is daily diminishing; and which moreover goes to strengthen that very competition of which we are complaining? This is the kind of conundrum dear to the subtle mind of the Prime Minister; but the facts do not seem in the present condition of British trade to present any real danger of that sort. Mr. Balfour in his famous pamphlet again and again declares himself a Free Trader. By means of negotiation and retaliation he would attempt to destroy the barriers which keep our wares out of foreign and colonial markets, and to raise a bulwark against the unfair dumping of commodities upon our shores by the great Trusts that flourish in Protectionist countries. Whilst we fully admit the difference of the standpoints from which Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain regard the fiscal controversy, it is clear that they are both equally interested in proving that Protectionist countries fight or negotiate their way into other protected markets more successfully than does a Free Trade country, like our own. Does the superiority of the fiscal systems of France and Germany open up to Frenchman and German the markets of the United States from which Free Trade England is excluded? The evidence is all the other way, viz. that English wares penetrate into the American market in greater quantities than the wares of our Protectionist rivals. If retaliation or negotiation did as a matter of fact tend to bring about Free Trade between nations, Mr. Balfour's

and Lord Lansdowne's desire to have recourse to these weapons would deserve some support. But since history and experience show that tariff retaliation, instead of mitigating tariffs, tends to make them more severe, and that tariff wars inflict the most terrible loss on the nations who engage in them, the British people are fully entitled in the meantime to press these statesmen again and again to explain the grounds of the belief on which their policy is founded, and to disclose more specifically the nature of their proposed remedy.

The fiscal agitation has at all events succeeded in making one or two important points in the controversy stand out clear. If Protectionist principles are to be adopted, it is impossible to pick and choose between the industries and interests that have a right to protection. Manufacturers cannot be favoured at the same time that similar favours are refused to agriculture. The medicine of Protection cannot be taken in homœopathic doses. If it be accepted at all, it must be as a great principle, whose application can be indefinitely extended. Who is to be protected, and how much protection is to be given him, are questions to which no limit can be assigned. It is here that political pressure in Protectionist countries find its opportunity, the ultimate result being a tariff of elaborate minuteness intended to conciliate powerful interests which can muster votes—a tariff which from the financial point of view is the reverse of 'scientific.'

When we survey the whole field of the fiscal discussion since Mr. Chamberlain started on his crusade, it is impossible to be blind to the marked change that has taken place in the attitude of the general public towards his policy. What promised at one time to be a vigorous popular agitation has fallen very flat, and tariff reformers are themselves complaining of the political lethargy of the times! Even amongst those who are not Free Traders there is a very general feeling that Mr. Chamberlain's proposals will not do, and that if tariff reform is to come at all it must be on different lines. Many manufacturers are ready to welcome a general import duty on manufactures from abroad, and rumour is busy with the anticipation that the next Budget will propose a 5 per cent. or 10 per cent. tax on all commodities landed upon our shores, with the exception of food and raw material. 'Where does agriculture come in?' Mr. Chamberlain will ask once more; or if he does not, Mr. Chaplin and the agriculturists will know the reason why.

It is difficult to believe that there is any real ground for

anticipating such a startling reversal of the fiscal system upheld by English statesmen for two generations; and we shall not here treat the rumour seriously. It would be a change in the whole direction and tendency of the fiscal developements of recent years. Were 'fiscal reform' of this sort attempted we should hear no more complaints of the 'political lethargy' of the people. Popular interest would be stirred to its depths by proposals so essentially retrograde. Year by year, decade by decade, the tendency has been to raise a greater proportion of the national revenue out of direct taxation, a less proportion out of indirect taxation, including under that term all Customs duties, and the Excise duties on beer and spirits.

In 1841–2 the proportion of indirect			
	to direct was about		73 to 27
1853–4	,,	,,	66 to 34
1855–6	,,	,,	59 to 41
1857–8	,,	,,	62 to 38
1858–9	,,	,,	67 to 33
1861–2	,,	,,	62 to 38
1881–2	,,	,,	59½ to 40½
1891–2	,,	,,	56 to 44
1900–1	,,	,,	51 to 49

In recent years Chancellors of the Exchequer have sometimes spoken as if the equality of contribution from direct and indirect taxation which has now been reached was an object to be constantly aimed at. No responsible statesman has yet urged the policy of actually reversing the movement of modern times. A large transfer of burdens from the shoulders of income-taxpayers to those of the general consumer would meet with vehement opposition of a kind which no prudent Ministry would like to encounter. It is doubtless of the highest importance to the Ministerial party to discover a substitute for Mr. Chamberlain's policy, which, though approved by the party caucuses, committees, and newspapers, is most unpopular in the country—a substitute which Mr. Chamberlain could himself accept, not of course as being all he wants, but as affording a position from which he might make further advances. This is the natural aim of the party manager and of the mere political partisan, high or low. But things have gone too far now for party management to save the situation. Free Trade and Protection are incompatible policies. They are as a matter of fact in conflict, however inconvenient this may be to party exigencies, and the nation to whom Mr. Chamberlain has himself appealed will decide the issue.

Still it would be a fatal mistake for Free Traders to rely for victory entirely upon the success they have won in the great fiscal debate of the nation. Organisation and electoral effort are required if effect is to be given to the free trade principles still held by the great majority of Englishmen. In organising a great party on a new political basis Mr. Chamberlain has achieved a success not a little disconcerting to the regular staff, and more faithful of the rank and file, of orthodox Conservatism. As we have seen in the Home Rule controversy, it is very possible for an organisation to include a great majority of a party, and yet, because it is founded on an impossible principle, to fail permanently in winning the general confidence of the people. Mr. Chamberlain has won to his standard the majority of the Conservative party; but he has repelled a very large number of Liberal Unionists, and Liberal or Moderate Conservatives, without whose assistance the Unionist Party would never have held power. That he has gone very far towards constructing a great political party upon the basis of protection we should be the last to deny; but it is a party of which the centre of gravity will not be the same as in that Unionist Party which has virtually governed the country for the last nineteen years. The ultra-Conservatives will have gained the power that the more moderate Conservatives and Liberal Unionists have lost. In the constituencies the latter are fast rejoining their old party under the belief that the Union is no longer in danger, and that this course is the most effective method of defeating Protection. The rally of Unionists, Liberal and Conservative, on December 1 last at Devonshire House to protest against Mr. Chamberlain's policy proved the futility of the assertion that the United Kingdom had no alternative but Home Rule or Protection. It is as absurd to suggest that the statesmen who lead the Unionist Free Traders are indifferent to the maintenance of the Union as to accuse them of 'Little Englandism.' The Duke of Devonshire, Lord James, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, Lord George Hamilton, Mr. Ritchie, and Lord Hugh Cecil are, for instance, quite as alive as any man in the present ministry to what belongs to the greatness of empire. Lord Goschen and Lord Avebury are surely 'Imperialists' in any rational sense which the words can bear; whilst they have a knowledge and comprehension of the commercial interests of their country as a whole, which Mr. Chamberlain's Tariff Commission may well envy.

Mr. Balfour has continued to maintain silence on the

fiscal topic since the speech in Edinburgh upon which we commented in our last number. He is supported by the followers of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Chamberlain himself, on the ground that he practically favours his policy, and by many Unionists attached to Free Trade, on the ground that he is fundamentally opposed to Mr. Chamberlain's policy. The Prime Minister is apparently not unwilling to maintain the ambiguity of his attitude; and it is evident that it could not continue an hour longer than he himself chose. Under these circumstances it would be rash to speculate upon what action he may ultimately take. This however will not affect the political conduct of sincere Free Trade Unionists who are determined to do their utmost in support of a cause which they believe to be of the deepest importance to the United Kingdom and Empire. In the words of the Unionist Free Trade Club 'Our policy is a 'practical one: viz.—actively to support Free Trade, and 'to oppose Protection in all its forms, and under whatever 'name it may be submitted to the country.'

No. CCCCXII. will be published in April.

Edinburgh
REVIEW.

N°. 411.

January
1905.

Edinburgh
REVIEW.

N°. 411.

January
1905.

Edinburgh
REVIEW.

N°. 411.

January
1905.

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

APRIL, 1905.

No. CCCCXII.

ART. I.—THE HISTORY OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

The History of Twenty-five Years. By Sir SPENCER WALPOLE, K.C.B. 2 vols., 1856–1870. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1904.

A History of Modern England. By HERBERT PAUL. Vols. 1 and 2. London: Macmillan & Co., 1904.

The Political Writings of Richard Cobden. New edition, with a preface by Lord Welby, G.C.B. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1903.

The Governance of England. By SIDNEY LOW, M.A. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1904.

Democracy and Reaction. By L. T. HOBHOUSE. London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1905.

MANY men have an almost invincible distaste for the history of the events which immediately preceded their own entrance upon the scene of life. In proportion, perhaps, as their interest in the present is strong and keen they are unwilling to linger over a past which they remember only with a tinge of the contempt which the younger feel for the older generation, and in the hurry and competition of existence they grapple with the problems of the moment with the words of Edmund Burke upon their lips: 'Applaud us when we run, console us when we fall, 'cheer us when we recover, but let us pass on, for God's 'sake let us pass on!' This repugnance to recent history is not by any means confined to persons devoid of the historical instinct. The interest which may be stimulated by the story of a more remote or more romantic past is repelled by a period which is so like our own in most of its details and so familiar in its general outlines as the

mid-Victorian era, the study of which moreover is far more difficult than that of a period whose tendencies and results can be measured and whose records have been made available by adequate comment and research.

It may be doubted, however, whether for those at all events whose business it is to observe tendencies or to direct the political energies of a people there is any more indispensable possession than a full knowledge of the history of their own country in its later aspects. Some statesmen, indeed, there have been who like Lord Beaconsfield resolved history into a series of paradoxes, or who like Sieyès are so wedded to *a priori* methods that to judge of the present by the past is with them to 'judge of the known by the unknown.' But to the political Englishman history is the breath of life. Whig principles, it has been said, were essentially historical, depending as they did on the assertion of a series of facts and precedents relating to the rights of Englishmen; and the same may be said of the assertion of the leading ideas of political and commercial emancipation which raised this country to an unexampled height of greatness and prosperity during the course of the last century.

The historian who has lived in the period which he undertakes to describe, or sufficiently near it to have been familiar with the current opinions upon men and events, has some advantages and some disadvantages as compared with the historian of a more remote past. The chief of his advantages is the knowledge of the character, not only of the principal actors on the stage which he depicts but of the people at large, which such a writer must intuitively possess and which neither historical imagination nor documentary evidence can ever enable the student to reconstruct with absolute certainty and success. The value of this element will be evident to anyone who reflects how largely historical knowledge is based upon the tradition handed down either in writing or orally by contemporary observers or witnesses. Thucydides, Shakespeare, Clarendon, Voltaire are among the great writers who in this way have impressed upon the minds of all succeeding generations views of history and historical characters which no research can efface or even weaken. On the other hand, in the case of periods as to which documents exist the contemporary historian necessarily suffers from inability to consult them in anything like complete fashion, and the springs of action may therefore in many cases be hidden from him while they are revealed to a later inquirer.

Although the first two works mentioned at the head of this article happen to cover much the same period of history, it is evident that their design and purpose is dissimilar, and we do not therefore intend to compare them in these pages. Mr. Herbert Paul has made a brilliant commencement of his task, which is that of a delineation of modern England, and we shall watch with interest the further developement of his theme. The starting-point he has chosen, the year 1842, will give him the opportunity of drawing the contrast between two very different epochs in our history, and he will find in later volumes an ever greater opportunity of employing his gift of epigrammatic style, and the knowledge of politics and persons which his experience as a journalist and a member of Parliament has given him.

Sir Spencer Walpole's two volumes, on the other hand, form the continuation and completion of a history, in a more regular sense than that intended by Mr. Paul, of the period during which Great Britain grew into a popularly governed industrial State of a modern pattern, and they will undoubtedly take rank with the earlier portions as a standard book of reference on the subject. For his painstaking desire to get at the truth, the first merit of the historian, has enabled him to surmount the main difficulty of a chronicler of recent events, which arises from the multiplicity and inaccessibility of sources of information. He is satisfied, as he tells us, that most of the material which is likely to be available for British history in the period with which his latest volumes are concerned is already accessible, and it seems probable that neither his facts nor his conclusions will be seriously challenged by subsequent writers. The advantages which we have noted as belonging to a contemporary writer of history are possessed by him in a peculiar degree. From the circumstances of his birth as a member of the governing class and his own long and distinguished official career, he has been in close touch with public men and public affairs from his youth up. His views are therefore those of a trained and sagacious observer, and they are the more valuable from the fact that they are the result of independent thought and study, which, as is well known, have led him far from his early party traditions and associations.

It would be in the highest degree unfair to regard these two volumes as an isolated study of the period treated in them or as belonging to the category of a political essay,

though they are much more than a mere summary of events. But, appearing as they do after a long interval and under a title which differs from that of the preceding volumes, they will be read and criticised largely as though they stood alone, and from this point of view it may be observed that the author labours under a difficulty which in some measure detracts from the interest of his work. The period he has chosen, or which has imposed itself upon him, is not a very well-defined or well-marked era in our history. In the field of domestic policy, he has had to deal with a period in which, as he says, 'the doctrines of free trade were almost univer-'sally accepted in political circles,' and in which 'the princi-'ples of the Manchester School, so far as foreign politics were 'concerned, were slowly sinking into the conscience of the 'nation;' without describing, as Mr. Paul is able to do, the origin and scope of these doctrines and principles. He is obliged to notice the signs, hardly visible, as he says, except in the writings of Tennyson and Carlyle, of reaction against them, and to stop short of the time when these signs began to threaten a revolution in the industrial and commercial life of the nation. In colonial and foreign policy he is confined in like manner to the small beginnings of events which will prove of mighty consequence to the future of Great Britain as a world power. His canvas is too small for any wide sweep of historical generalisation, and his introductory chapter, with its somewhat inconclusive characterisation of the period he treats, bears witness to this fact.

Even if the period embraced by Sir Spencer Walpole's survey had been longer and had included the last thirty years of the century, the difficulty we have indicated would perhaps not have been greatly diminished. The time has probably not yet arrived when anything like an authoritative appreciation of the tendencies of British developement in the nineteenth century could be successfully undertaken, and Sir Spencer Walpole has doubtless shown wisdom in resisting the temptation to speculations such as we have hinted at. Contemporaries are apt to see turning-points in national history when none really exist, and to treat as insignificant events which posterity discovers to have been crucial. There is for instance much exaggeration in the picture often drawn of mid-Victorian England wholly given over to ideas of 'laisser faire' and 'laisser passer' in domestic affairs and of non-intervention in foreign policy. Sir Spencer Walpole himself in the phrases we have quoted gives some colour to such a description which has of course a general truth; but it

is perhaps a question whether those ideas at any time influenced the policy of the country so fully and profoundly as is imagined, and whether their influence, so far as it had a real existence, has passed away so completely as might be inferred from the language of many modern writers and speakers, especially among those who are anxious to discredit the free trade policy. So with the results of the democratic development which was to spring from the political and economic struggles of this period. To some contemporary observers a future of boundlessly beneficent possibilities seemed to be opening up before their eyes; to others, more discerning perhaps if less enthusiastic, that future was fraught with almost inevitable dangers, but it may safely be asserted that the course of events so far has justified neither the optimism of the one school nor the pessimism of the other. It may be, indeed, that the nation is even now trembling on the verge of decisions as to foreign and domestic policy which will prolong her prosperity or hasten her decline, but it must in any case be reserved for an historian of a future generation to pronounce on the merits of the various prognostications to which the inauguration of popular government in England gave rise.

Leaving aside for the moment the narrower field of speculation indulged in by Mr. Robert Lowe and Mr. W. R. Greg as to the results of a widening of the electoral franchise, we may turn to what at the present time is a more fruitful subject of interest, the warnings and forecasts of Mr. Cobden as to the future international position of Great Britain. There are some signs that the world is beginning again to recognise the fact, of which Cobden's contemporaries were well aware, that free trade as he understood it was far from being a mere tariff policy. It was on the contrary a policy embracing every department of political life and especially affecting international relations. He realised, as no statesman of his own day realised, and few have done since, that the position which England had taken from the close of the Napoleonic wars of an industrial State dependent for the support of a growing population upon imports of food and raw material, and for the increase of wealth and well-being to a large extent upon foreign trade, necessitated not only the reduction of tariffs but also the maintenance of peaceful relations with her neighbours. It is unnecessary to insist on the interdependence of peace and free trade on the one hand, and of war and Protection on the other, fundamental conceptions in Cobden's foreign policy; it is, however,

interesting to observe how considerable was the effect which his persuasiveness and reasonableness produced on his own generation, and what vitality his ideas have proved to possess in practice even with a generation which repudiates them in speech. The innate strength of his position must indeed have been great to have permeated so largely as it has done the 'pugnacious energetic self-sufficient foreigner-despising-and-pitying character of that noble insular creature John Bull.'

Sir Spencer Walpole's present volumes deal largely with matters of foreign policy, for, as he observes,

> 'these were days in which Italy gained her independence: in which Austria was extruded from Germany, in which the United States commenced and concluded the great struggle which had consolidated her territory and increased her power; in which Germany succeeded to, and France descended from, the first place among nations on the Continent of Europe.'

We do not propose to follow him in this fascinating field of historical research, which he has treated with marked success both as regards breadth of view and accuracy of detail; but rather to inquire what were the principles which have guided the foreign policy of this country since the period of active conflict between the Cobdenite and Palmerstonian ideas: between that of 'non-intervention' and that of a 'spirited foreign policy.' It must be confessed that the main difficulty in the way of any such inquiry is that of discerning anything like a definite theory in the confused and opportunist action of British Foreign Secretaries. Lord Palmerston and Lord Salisbury will probably stand out in the history of the last century as the only two Ministers whose ability, knowledge, and long lease of unquestioned power and authority qualified them, and perhaps enabled them, to intervene with decisive effect in European politics, and to exert a permanent influence on the fortunes of their own country. Yet even in their hands vigorous and continuous action was hardly a characteristic of British foreign policy.

Lord Palmerston, great as was his popularity among all classes of his countrymen in the later years of his life, never enjoyed the advantages which Lord Salisbury's wise moderation and the steady support both of the Crown and of large majorities in both Houses of Parliament secured for him during his long tenure of office. His action was often hampered and his influence impaired by want of agreement

with colleagues like Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone, and by the growing opposition of the Manchester School of politicians in the House of Commons and the country. That the results of his control of foreign affairs were nevertheless of a more positive and striking kind than was the case with Lord Salisbury was due both to his personal character as pre-eminently a man of action—in this respect the very antithesis of the later statesman—and also to the circumstances of his time, which allowed, and indeed compelled, a much more vigorous initiative from the representative of British power. For he belonged to the England which had been left supreme in Europe in 1815; and the modern era of great Continental military monarchies had scarcely opened. The wonder is not that Lord Palmerston should have been, in his earlier days, assertive and dictatorial, but that he should have adapted himself so successfully as he did to the new public opinion which was growing up around him.

Sir Spencer Walpole's pages give an admirable account of Lord Palmerston's activities, and they certainly do not lay undue stress on his faults of high-handedness, his often 'senseless and spiritless menaces,' as Mr. Disraeli described them on one occasion, and the many instances of mischievious interference stigmatised by Mr. Cobden. If he 'found 'the country the first power in the world's estimation and left 'it the third' (to quote Mr. Matthew Arnold's exaggerated phrase), the fact was due not so much to the unpopularity which his actions inspired as to an inevitable process of change and growth abroad and at home. 'His sympathies,' writes Sir Spencer, 'were always in favour of national move-'ments and popular autocracy, and he was always as ready 'to recommend the enfranchisement of another people as he 'was reluctant to concede the enfranchisement of his own.* 'He was the Minister who practically secured the inde-'pendence of Belgium, and he was the Minister who worked 'with ability and success to secure the freedom and union 'of Italy. These were great services which the sternest 'critic of Lord Palmerston's policy will not hesitate to 'acknowledge.' Work on such lines as these, it may be added, will always be approved by all who hold that it is bad policy and bad morality for Great Britain to refrain from using her legitimate influence in the family of the nations, and it will, perhaps, be difficult for such persons to

* I. 257.

follow Sir Spencer Walpole in his own 'stern criticism' of Lord Palmerston's policy with regard to the Danish war. To do so would seem rather too much like asserting that it is right to interfere where interference is easy and successful, and wrong when it is difficult and dangerous. The Danish question was a turning-point in modern European history, and Prince Bismarck was the one statesman who had the strength to act on his perception of the fact. Napoleon III. perceived it, indeed, but in foreign affairs it was his misfortune to meet with two statesmen, Cavour and Bismarck, who were at least his equals in intelligence, and far superior to him in force of character. Lord Palmerston, says Sir Spencer, was 'ignorant of the forces with which he 'had to deal and had no knowledge of the position which 'Prussia was gradually attaining.' Although nothing except the irresponsibility of advanced age can excuse Lord Palmerston's public encouragement of Denmark without having ascertained the possibilities of an understanding with France, and without having judged the strength of the forces in this country, beginning with the Throne, which were arrayed against the prospect of a struggle with Prussia, we should be inclined to protest against the assumption of his ignorance of the questions at issue. For it would not be difficult to maintain that, if France and England could have stood together on that occasion, France would have been spared the disasters of 1870, and Europe the preponderance of the military empires over free and liberal governments which has been the consequence of the consolidation of the German Empire under the hegemony of Prussia. A decision in favour of intervention would indeed have been a bold challenge to what now looks like an inevitable tendency in European politics, but, looking to its probable results, it might have been justified by arguments far more valid than those which on many previous occasions had involved the country in hostilities.

The contrary decision actually taken was therefore a decisive event in the history of our foreign relations, and it was so recognised by clear-sighted contemporaries. It marked the triumph of the ideas of which Cobden was the spokesman, it showed that Great Britain was beginning to discern the direction in which her interests as a great industrial State lay, and the limitations which that position imposed upon her. But it exemplified also the abiding weakness of the British conduct of foreign affairs, the apparent absence of any well-understood guiding principle

of action. The renunciation by Great Britain of a leading *rôle* in strictly Continental politics would have been intelligible and dignified if it had been accompanied by a statement of the broad lines upon which the future policy of the country should, in the opinion of the Government, be based; it appeared on the contrary to foreign observers to be merely the result of weakness and indecision. Non-intervention on principle is a policy, it may even be, as the United States have shown, a strong policy; and sustained and resolute action is a policy; but to balance between the two, to think aloud and count the cost of each alternative in the hearing of Europe, must be injurious alike to prestige and to real influence.

The general attitude of the people of this country on questions of foreign policy is one of blank ignorance and apathy varied by bursts of patriotic excitement. It is difficult to say which of these moods is the more dangerous. The result is to accentuate the peculiarity of the Constitution which vests practically uncontrolled authority on such questions in the hands of two men, the Foreign Secretary and the Prime Minister for the time being; uncontrolled, that is, except by the clamour of the moment and their own sense of responsibility. In such circumstances continuity in foreign policy becomes a matter of supreme difficulty. A recent writer, Mr. Sidney Low, has urged that the check upon foreign policy and questions of peace and war exercised by the Houses of Parliament is illusory. 'The present system,' he observes, 'is obviously 'very little in harmony with the spirit of representative 'government,' and he declares with some little exaggeration that 'we are almost as much at the mercy of two men, as 'far as foreign policy is concerned, as if we were the 'inhabitants of a Continental monarchy where foreign 'affairs are personally conducted by a quasi-autocratic 'Emperor and a Chancellor not responsible to Parliament.'

The instability, the want of continuity, the liability to panic or pressure, which are the outcome of this state of things, are often supposed to be inherent in democratic government. As a matter of fact, the two most democratically governed countries in the world, France and America, have known how to meet the difficulty by facilitating the practical control of Parliament, with the result, it is argued, that their foreign policy exhibits in a far less degree the disquieting features to which we have referred. Mr. Sidney Low thinks that the institution of a Parliamentary

Committee on foreign relations sitting with closed doors, on the model of the Committee of the United States Senate, would probably be a desirable innovation in this country. This would, however, largely remove responsibility from the Ministry of the day, a responsibility which lies at the very root of the British Constitutional system.

If the Danish question is an instance of a right decision taken in the most damaging manner, most authorities are now agreed that Lord Palmerston's Eastern policy is an instance of intervention mistaken in its origin and far-reaching and unfortunate in its results.

'In Eastern Europe,' writes Sir Spencer Walpole, 'he had persuaded himself that British interests required that he should uphold the power of the Government which afflicts by its rule some of the fairest districts of the world. It was this determination which inspired the policy of 1840: a policy which brought us to the verge of war with France, which committed the country to that unhappy struggle in the Crimea which terminated forty years of European peace, and which indirectly carried our arms to Cabul, to the sacrifices and the disasters of the first Affghan war.'

Lord Palmerston's pro-Turkish policy in short gave that anti-Russian bias to British foreign policy which has been and still is the greatest difficulty in the way of the full adoption of the non-intervention policy which has, by tacit consent rather than by any conscious volition on the part of either statesmen or people, been maintained as the guiding principle of British foreign policy since the Danish episode.

Lord Salisbury's memory cannot be charged with any error of so far-reaching a character. It is true that a brilliant living statesman has recently singled out for special eulogy the action of Lord Salisbury at the Congress of Berlin in 1878. It appears as an incident in his career curiously unconnected either with his previous opinions or with his subsequent policy, and his declaration many years later that in our Eastern policy since the Crimean war we had been 'putting our money on the wrong 'horse' supports the inference that in 1878 the guiding hand was that of a more astute and determined statesman than either Lord Salisbury or even Lord Beaconsfield. However this may be, Lord Salisbury's foreign policy from the date of his accession to supreme power in 1885 and 1886 was of a much less compromising character. The Government, indeed, of which he was the head, and which lasted from 1886 to 1892, was one of the most

successful of modern times from an administrative point of view; in no respect was it more so than in dealing with a succession of troublesome problems in foreign affairs. In Lord Salisbury's hands the concert of Europe became more than an expression, and if he has been reproached with leaning too much to the Triple Alliance it must be remembered that the occupation of Egypt had created a position of chronic difficulty with France which time alone could surmount, and that German ambition had not assumed a form which could have been thought inimical to Great Britain. To Lord Salisbury, it may be added, belongs the immense credit of having, by his dealings with the United States, laid the foundation of an understanding which must be of supreme importance to this country, and of having during his whole long tenure of office kept in check the dangerous and impolitic Russophobia which Lord Beaconsfield's fantastic interference in the Near East and in Asia had rekindled in England. He succeeded, where Mr. Gladstone had failed, in replacing our relations with the Russian Empire on a reasonable footing. No British Minister in the nineteenth century used great power with greater moderation, and his career as a foreign Minister may be quoted as a crowning example of the successful application of Cobden's famous doctrine of non-intervention and of its suitability to the needs of a country situated as Great Britain has been since the repeal of the Corn Laws.

Nothing is more likely to lead to a better appreciation than is usually entertained, even in friendly quarters, of the practical quality of Cobden's statesmanship than a perusal of his writings and speeches on the questions of foreign policy which arose in his own day. In reading these pages it is indeed difficult to trace the visionary enthusiast for 'peace at any price' which ill-instructed criticism has conjured up. His essays, on the contrary, with their mixture of broad general views and knowledge of the facts and conditions of the economic and political life of foreign countries, remind the reader of the method of the 'Wealth 'of Nations.' They are all directed to what Carlyle called 'practical solidities,' to combating prejudices or misconceptions as to the designs of other nations, to arguments on the relation between war and commerce, or on the uselessness or worse of great armaments to a trading country. The policy he advocated was indeed little more than a policy

of common-sense. One of his most authorised exponents described it as follows thirty years ago:

'In some respects the designation of non-intervention has been an unfortunate one. It has given colour to the idea that what was desired was a blind and selfish indifference to the affairs of other countries and a sort of moral isolation as foreign to the principles of international dependence as it is impossible in connexion with increased material intercourse.

'Except as regards intervention in the internal dissensions of other countries, Cobden never, so far as we are aware, advanced or held the opinion that all wars not undertaken for self-defence were always wrong or inexpedient.

'The question, as we apprehend it, was with him one of relative duties. It is clear that the duty and wisdom of entering upon a war even in defence of the most righteous cause must be measured by our knowledge and by our power; but even where our knowledge is complete and our power is sufficient it is necessary that in undertaking such a war we should be satisfied that in so doing we are not neglecting and putting it out of our reach to fulfil more sacred and more imperative duties.'

It will be objected that such a generalisation does not carry us very far. Cobden, however, made it very clear what were the duties he considered imperative, and if he and his school laid stress on the dislocation of industry and the injury to commercial interests caused by war, it was because they realised as something more than an abstract proposition the always precarious situation of the poorer classes upon whom the real burden of war and taxation necessarily falls. Cobden was the first political writer to point out the revolution in foreign policy which must inevitably be produced by industrial development and by the increased economic interdependence of nations resulting from greater freedom of trade. More especially was this true of England with a large and growing population supported by a vast foreign trade. Never again could the conditions be reproduced which made it possible, though at the cost of misery and discontent for all classes except the landed interest, for Great Britain to survive the great French wars. We could not rely on the

'immense increase in the assessment of real property and income, the number of houses, the vast investments in railways, docks, mills, manufactories, mines, &c., as a proof how much more competent we are now than at any former time to bear the expenses of war.' . . . Dazzled by the 'visible signs of realised wealth which surround us, we are apt to overrate the resources of the country for any new undertaking and to calculate, as available for investment, the capital

which is already invested. Wars are not carried on with fixed capital, but with that which serves, like the circulating fluid of the human system, as its animating principle. This floating capital, from which all new demands, whether for the support of armies and navies, or of railway excavators, must be satisfied, is probably larger in positive amount in our day than at any former time; but never before did it bear so small a comparative ratio to the fixed capital of the country; and consequently never was the danger so great of inflicting heavy loss upon the capitalists, or such widespread sufferings upon the labourers, by absorbing for purposes of war that floating capital without which our mills and furnaces, our steam engines, docks, and railways become as valueless as if the timber and iron of which they are constructed were still in their native mines or forests; and deprived of which our millions of skilled labourers would be as destitute in the midst of all this fixed capital as if it had no existence.'

'Trite truisms' perhaps, as the writer observed, but truisms which each generation seemingly has to relearn by bitter experience. One more quotation may be permitted in order to illustrate the sense in which Cobden understood that commerce and free trade made for peace. Writing in 1856 during the Crimean war, he said:

'Had there been no protective tariff in Russia or England during the last fifty years, and had an annual exchange of commodities grown up, as I believe would have been the case, between the two countries to the extent of (exports and imports) from forty to fifty millions sterling, there would have been powerful interests in both countries ranged on the side of peace. The warlike energies of a Czar would have been restrained in their impulses by the consciousness that not merely his flourishing seaports but every village in his Empire would feel in its daily avocations the risk of a state of hostilities; and on the other hand, if in England, as we have been told by a Foreign Minister, the State vessel was "drifting into war" all hands would have been at their ports to guard her from the impending danger. How is it that whilst newspapers rail and diplomatists wrangle on both sides of the Atlantic, nobody in England or America believes in the possibility of war? Simply because there is an annual interchange of from forty to fifty millions between the two countries.'

Quotations like these might be almost indefinitely multiplied from one of the volumes cited at the head of this article. But it is sufficient to observe that even in his own lifetime Cobden had the satisfaction of seeing the strength of the considerations he had urged for a generation prevail over the traditional diplomacy of which Lord Palmerston was the representative, in the 'almost universal feeling' among members of the House of Commons on both sides against going to war on the Danish question. 'I attribute this

'remarkable change,' he wrote, 'in the temper of the House 'since the Crimean war to the enormous amount of material 'interests at stake. . . This is one of the effects which we 'advocates of free trade always predicted and desired as 'the consequence of extended commercial operations.'

It is safe to attribute to the same cause the essential characteristics of Lord Salisbury's foreign policy as compared with that of Lord Palmerston. Strongly contrasted as were the personal characters of the two statesmen, it cannot certainly be maintained that the one had more natural affinity than the other for Cobden and his doctrines. The policy, therefore, of scrupulous non-intervention which marked Lord Salisbury's last years must have been the result of the steady growth of tendencies set in motion by the industrial and commercial developement of which the free trade policy was the expression. The change was not even confined to this country. Other European communities have been equally intent on the effort to develope their industrial and commercial life in order to meet the growing needs of their emancipated populations and to keep pace to some extent with the peaceful but portentous growth of America and her resources. The social and economic risks of war have accordingly become so tremendous that no leading State is now willing to face them, or do more than covertly foment quarrels between its rivals with the object of supplanting them in the business of providing the markets of the world. The tendency towards the disuse of warfare in the settlement of international disputes is unmistakeable, and its growth, we may believe, will not be permanently retarded by the maintenance of increasingly burdensome armaments which by their very universality largely defeat their object, nor even by the possibility or actual outbreak of further armed conflicts. Twenty years ago no one could have dreamed of the progress which the principle of arbitration was to make under the leadership, to the eternal honour of their statesmen, of Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States of America. That progress has never been more strikingly marked than by the recent public utterances of the British Foreign Secretary in the midst of a crisis which might easily have led to a disastrous war. In these exciting circumstances Lord Lansdowne had the courage and statesmanship to quote the words of Mr. Hay, perhaps the greatest of living foreign ministers, that 'war is the most 'futile and the most pernicious of human follies.' He went

on to refer to 'the existing desire for the discovery of some 'less clumsy and brutal method of adjusting international 'differences,' and to enumerate the eight or nine 'difficult 'and embarrassing questions' which during the last three years his Majesty's Government had referred to arbitration, and which would otherwise have occasioned 'very serious 'trouble.' In listening to such words as these it is possible to note how far we have travelled from Palmerstonian politics, and to do tardy justice to Cobden's memory. Seldom indeed have the teachings and even the predictions of a statesman been more triumphantly vindicated by the course of events.

To many persons such an account of the tendencies of foreign policy will seem like a satire in the present condition of Europe. It is, however, true in the main that, owing to the causes suggested above and also to her insular situation and the impossibility of contending on land with the great military organisations which have sprung up since Cobden's day, England has followed a policy of non-intervention in strictly European affairs. But for many years past she has been engaged on a process of expansion outside Europe, with its accompaniment of constant wars little and big, and of tacit challenge to other Empires intent on similar aims. Much of this expansion has been inevitable, and much of it is of a kind which, although it must involve a great expenditure of British lives and British capital in the future on the further developement of millions of newly added acres, need not add appreciably to the task of imperial defence. For the supremacy of the British Navy is not more essential now than it was fifty years ago if the British Empire is to remain under one flag; and the growth of the British Navy must be measured by that of others rather than by the mere extent of the Empire. The expansion or over-expansion of colonial empire need not permanently affect the course of British foreign policy. It is from India, with which by a strange fortune the welfare of the industrial millions of this country is inextricably bound up, that the chief menace to what has become the traditional policy of this country arises. It is as a great Asiatic state that England has to admit the necessity of military power. Lord Selborne has lately observed, 'there is only one military problem in 'the Empire, and that is the defence of India.' It is therefore the possession of India which may at any moment bring into the sharpest conflict the interests of imperial England and the interests of industrial England, by necessitating, as

we have of late been often reminded on high authority, the transformation of this country into a military State on the Continental model. Recent events have certainly not altered the conditions to our disadvantage. The essential facts upon which Cobden and other British statesmen based the need of a peaceful and unaggressive foreign policy remain unchanged, and it is not, and cannot be, the interest of this country or of India to provoke a struggle in Asia any more than in Europe. The experience of many years has proved the wisdom for a country which, like England, has much to lose and many interests at stake, of abstaining from a policy of active intervention. But no greater mistake can be made than to suppose that 'non-intervention' excludes the possibility of definite views of foreign policy. It would be nearer the truth to say that non-intervention cannot be successful as a policy without a clear conception of what the interests of a nation demand, and how those interests can be protected. It was the inheritors of Cobden's opinions among our public men who twenty-five years back most clearly perceived the danger of 'drifting' in Indian frontier policy, and who, refusing to accept the doctrine of the inevitability of conflict between two nations whose frontiers were, or were likely to become, conterminous, endeavoured to inculcate the necessity of coming to an understanding with Russia. Their efforts, from whatever causes, were unsuccessful. The conditions have changed, and it may well be that the best means of maintaining future peace in Asia will be not only the due safeguarding of our Indian frontier, but the maintenance of our happy relations with the newly risen power of Japan. In so delicate and difficult a situation everything however depends on the maintenance of the moderation and temper so conspicuously shown in Lord Lansdowne's administration of foreign affairs, if a safe course is to be steered through the mazes of Asian intrigue and ambition. It is unfortunate that the issues involved in the manner in which the present international position of Great Britain is handled are, to judge from the tone of the press, but little understood in this country. The occurrence of a crisis in foreign affairs is generally the signal for a patriotic outburst unrestrained by any consideration of prudence. and the utterances even of men in high official positions often throw into the shade the bluster of Lord Palmerston, In such a temper of the public mind, and at a time when we are told that we must inevitably renounce our advantage as an insular state and strain our resources in order to add to

naval supremacy the possession of a formidable military organisation, there is no harm in remembering that there is something to be said for moderation even in our fears.

'The growth of Imperialism,' says a recent writer,*

'has, in fact, been one of those surprises which play ducks and drakes with political prophecy. Both friends and enemies of democracy inclined to the belief that when the people came into power there would be a time of rapid and radical domestic change combined in all probability with peace abroad, for where was the interest of the masses in any war? As it turned out, almost the first act of the new British democracy was to instal the Conservatives in power, and to maintain them with but partial exceptions for nearly twenty years. Never were the fears or hopes of each side more signally disappointed.'

Much might be said in explanation of this phenomenon; but the growth, at all events, of an Imperialist temper (which is what Mr. Hobhouse apparently means in the above passage by the predominance of the 'Conservatives' in politics) was noted by careful observers early in the eighties, and was a certain result of the change which took place at that time in the ideas of the Liberal party. Once they ceased to 'take care of finance and watch the Foreign Office,' and discarded the root idea of Cobdenism in favour of socialism at home and expansion abroad, the developement of the forces in favour of the extension of imperial responsibilities proceeded without a serious check. The just balance between the principles which are for ever contending in the British State, regard for the interests of the industrial community at home and the safe defence and progressive rule of dependencies abroad, was lost sight of. The idea that popular government is necessarily biassed in favour of an unaggressive foreign policy was never a sound one. There appears in England, at all events, to be no such division between the sentiments and aspirations of different classes as this notion implies. Waves of feeling and circumstances affect a community as a whole. In France the democracy is now profoundly peaceful; a hundred years ago it was a warlike force of tremendous power and efficiency. On the whole the poorer classes, in countries at all events where universal military service is not the rule, seem less likely to be swayed by their plain material interests than the well-to-do, who have more to lose by political disturbances, and capital may well be a more peaceful influence than labour. The passages we have quoted from Cobden's political

* Mr. Leonard Hobhouse, 'Democracy and Reaction,' p. 49.

writings do not contradict this view. Such, at all events, was the view of Mr. Robert Lowe, not the least perspicacious of the opponents of democratic institutions. 'I 'never doubted,' he said in 1866, 'that the democracy was 'a terrible warlike power. It is not the educated and the 'reflective who are influenced by ideas, but the half-educated 'and the unreflective.' Their generous instincts are easily stirred by the spectacle of wrong and injustice.

'We feel the injustice too, but we look not merely at the injustice itself, we look before and after, we look at what must happen to trade, revenue, and our own position in the world, and we look also at what must happen to those very poor persons themselves before we commit ourselves to a decided course. Therefore, to suggest that in making the institutions of the country more democratic we have any security from war, that we do not greatly increase the risk of war, seems to me supmerely ridiculous.'

Mr. Lowe was speaking, no doubt, of the danger which might arise from too impulsive sympathy with oppressed nationalities like Poland and the Turkish provinces; the 'generous instincts' and 'accessibility to ideas' of which he spoke have taken indeed a different direction, but they largely account for the response which the people both here and in the United States have given to the dazzling prospect of imperial and military adventure.

The same cause, perhaps, explains the loosening hold of the economic truths which an earlier generation accepted as axioms. 'Look at free trade,' said Mr. Lowe, 'if we have a 'precious jewel in the world, it is our free trade policy. It 'has been everything to us. With what eyes do democracies 'look at it?' The answer of our democracy to this question is in the future; but if we want examples of democratic economics, we have only to look at the costliness and extravagance of local government and of experiments in municipal socialism, and still more at the havoc which is being wrought, especially in London, by the relaxation of poor-law administration. The disordered and even dangerous condition of the national finances furnishes another striking object-lesson. No doubt, the vast increase of the last ten years both in debt and in annual expenditure, to which Mr. Gibson Bowles's remarkable pamphlet has drawn attention, has been largely the result of growing imperial responsibilities. But quite as serious a cause of deterioration has been the loss of its power of control by the House of Commons, noted both by Mr. Bowles and by another acute critic of constitutional methods, Mr. Sidney Low, and it is certain that, had there

still existed in the majority of the electorate any of the old partiality for frugality and careful administration, no change in the rules of procedure would have availed to stifle discussion or check criticism. It is unnecessary to refer to figures which should be well known and which go to the root of the fiscal controversy of the present day. For Mr. Gladstone's warning to the House of Commons in 1856 at the height of the Crimean War that 'if the taxes were to 'be increased they might have to face protection,' so far from being 'the curious and cryptic' utterance described by Mr. Herbert Paul, points to a truth of which the country may have demonstration before many years are over, in spite of the extraordinary efficiency from a revenue point of view which the existing system of taxation has been proved to possess. The whole situation, indeed, presents a startling contrast to that which existed in the middle of the last century, even when full allowance is made for the growth of population, of national income and of national wealth.

In 1870 the expenditure of the country was estimated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer at 67,113,000*l.*, and the revenue at 71,450,000*l.*

'The budget,' writes Sir Spencer, 'added to the reputation which the Ministry had already gained. In two short sessions it had accomplished more than any Ministry had attempted for forty years. For good or for evil it had disestablished the Irish Church, it had reformed the Irish land laws, it had made elementary education universal and compulsory; it had reduced the cost and increased the efficiency of both the army and the navy; it had introduced reforms into the collection of the revenue which were both original and useful; it had swept away a third of the income tax; it had abolished the duty on corn and had reduced the duties on sugar by one half. Even Lord Palmerston, in the days of his highest popularity, had never attained the power which Mr. Gladstone was enjoying. Here, at last, was a Prime Minister who was impressing his own personality on the policy of his Cabinet. Here, at last, was a Cabinet prepared to assert in office the principles for which it had contended in Opposition. Here were men with the courage of their convictions; here were issues which it were worth the while of a political career to support or oppose' (ii. 439).

No succeeding Parliament and Government have left a record that can be compared with that of the Parliament and Government of Mr. Gladstone's first Premiership. But those who are old enough to remember such distant times will recall the vehemence of the criticism and the bitter language of depreciation then commonly employed towards

the greatest Ministry of Queen Victoria, and towards the House of Commons which supported it. The decadence of Parliament, much talked of to-day, has been a commonplace of contemporary political criticism since 1832; and doubtless since much earlier days.

A modern critic must admit that a great record of legislative work has been achieved since 1870, though we are told that even then the golden age of Parliaments was past.

'The impotency of Parliament has become a commonplace of political controversy,' writes Mr. Sidney Low. 'It seems at any rate an excessive assumption that the House of Commons does "actually and practically and in every way" govern the kingdom. The House is still powerful, it is still influential in all departments of government, it is still a bulwark of public liberty, and still the worthy and splendid elective assembly of a great people. . . . The show of power is with it, nor has it abated its pretensions or diminished by one jot the assertion of its nominal authority. But it is undergoing the evolution which comes in turn upon most political organisms. Much of its efficiency has passed to other agents. Its supremacy is qualified by the growth of rival jurisdictions. Its own servants have become for some purposes its masters. . . . Of all its functions the testing and selecting of public men in debate, and their appointment to ministerial offices, is the only one as to which it can be said to have "conserved its old privileges without diminution."'

We should have been glad, did space allow, to follow Mr. Sidney Low in his examination of the causes which have contributed to the increased power and independence of the Executive Government, which is a marked feature of the present day as contrasted with the period treated by Sir Spencer Walpole. Although Lord Sherbrooke, amid an avalanche of sinister predictions, pointed to the difficulty which would probably appear of working the existing system and which might drive Parliament to 'appoint the 'Executive for a number of years certain whether the 'Executive were in harmony with the legislative or not,' none of the prophets foretold the significant loss of popular control through Parliament which has actually occurred. This is a phenomenon which is probably due far less to the lowering of the franchise than to causes, perhaps temporary in their nature, peculiar to the present political conditions of the British nation and Empire.

Mr. Sidney Low writes throughout on the assumption that the political conditions of recent years must continue to prevail, and that they will have a permanent effect in

modifying constitutional usage. Mr. Hobhouse, on the other hand, attributes them to a process of 'reaction' which has 'invaded one department after another of thought and 'action.' Unless progress and reaction, as Mr. Disraeli thought, 'are but words to mystify the millions,' it is permissible to affirm that the present generation is witnessing a reaction against many of the political and economic doctrines which brought prosperity to England in the past. As Mr. Hobhouse with some exaggeration expresses it,

'reaction at home is interwoven with reaction abroad, and in the new principles we see the whole tribe of Cobdenist ideas turned, as it were, inside out. There we saw that free trade, peace, retrenchment, self-government, democratic progress, were mutually dependent principles. In their reversal we see the same truth. Aggrandisement, war, compulsory enlistment, lavish expenditure, protection, arbitrary government, class legislation, follow naturally one upon the other.'

A reversal of ideas so startlingly complete is not to be explained by the fact of changes in the electorate, still less by any mere theory of the swing of the political pendulum; it must mean that there is a side of the national life whose demands were not satisfied by the Cobdenite formula. We may perhaps find the explanation in the dual character of English political conditions, noted by Mr. Sidney Low.

'In England we have a set of conditions which are at present without parallel elsewhere and have never found their exact analogue in the past. There have been great empires and there have been great democracies. But we alone have essayed the experiment of combining the two, and vesting the control of territories scattered over the world and of a vast subject population in the Committee of a representative chamber elected by the popular vote.'

Dealing only with the constitutional aspect of this situation, Mr. Sidney Low does not, perhaps, indicate in these words its full significance. The British Isles form an industrial State depending for its prosperity and even its existence on a world-wide commerce and upon freedom from fiscal or military burdens which would handicap it in the industrial competition of the nations. But the industrial State is also an imperial State enjoying, of course, such commercial advantages as empire may procure, but subject also to indefinite liabilities for the defence of that empire. There is thus a double set of interests and objects always at play, and first the one and then the other is apt to receive too exclusive attention at the hands of the popular leaders of the moment. The country has for some years been under

the spell of those who look to expansion and consolidation of the Empire as the supreme object of statesmanship and shut their eyes to the strain which they run the risk of imposing upon its heart. Some statesmen even appear to hold that the country can be transformed into a military State able to contend on equal terms with one or more of its great rivals without impairing its strength and vitality as a popularly governed commercial community. Almost all the symptoms which we have noted as distinguishing the present era from that described by Sir Spencer Walpole can be referred to the prevalence of this school of thought. Liberal statesmen then took what to many is again beginning to seem a sounder view of the possibilities and limitations of British power. It is true that their paths lay in easier places and that their view of what was necessary for naval and military defence was not one which could be safely adopted to-day; but while they concentrated their energies on the improvement of material conditions at home, they were keenly, almost nervously, alive to the problem of reconciling their progress with the responsibilities entailed by the position of Great Britain as an imperial, and, above all, an Asiatic State. Their policy was lacking neither in breadth of view nor in definiteness of principle, and it may be plausibly maintained that even from the imperial point of view it had the crowning merit of success. For they succeeded in what must always be the supreme object of British statesmanship, in preventing the contending ideals of industrial democracy and empire from coming into serious conflict.

We began by expressing a doubt whether the changes which have undoubtedly occurred during the last two generations would be found to be of so profound a character as many observers maintain. Recent tendencies, indeed, may seem to point to the probability that this country has been brought to a real parting of the ways. Her people may shortly have to decide whether to turn their backs on the hope of a future which would raise and maintain the condition of her workers above that of Continental States and link her destiny with the boundless prosperity of the New World, or to submit to the almost hopeless conditions of debt, taxation, socialism, and protection, which are the lot of her great European rivals. But if they are brought to this point, if any such decision is forced upon them, the fault will lie with those whose imperial aspirations blind them to the vital domestic interests of the nation.

That the democratic institutions upon which those

interests depend are in any danger from the forces of 'reaction' we do not believe, however much forms may change. If our energies in foreign policy are confined to the defence of our own essential interests there is no real necessity to contemplate an undue developement of the military and autocratic element in the State. Our relations with the self-governing colonies and with the United States of America should strengthen the forces of freedom and popular government, the establishment of which is the glory of Great Britain, and upon whose ultimate success her place in history depends. Nor do the omens point to the probable success or long duration of the autocratic and military monarchies of the Continent of Europe, whose example has too often of late years been quoted against the popular system of this country. No very radical changes are required to bring our institutions into real harmony with the educated democratic spirit of the time. If the signs of the times are read aright by the electorate and by statesmen, there is, in short, no reason to despair of a solution of the problem of reconciling democratic progress with imperial rule. But want of foresight, want of moderation in aims, unreasoning insistence in 'dreams' of world-wide dominion may easily end in some repetition on a greater and more disastrous scale of the Danish imbroglio, with results fatal alike to empire and to pretensions of national greatness. The possibility of drifting into some such catastrophe is among the dangers of the present day. The best hope of avoiding it is a realisation of the essential conditions of British national life, which can best be attained by a careful study of modern English history. No better guide in such a study can be found than Sir Spencer Walpole, who has recounted in dignified language the imperishable story of liberal progress in England, and the triumphs of statesmen who carried their country through the most dangerous of her transitions, the transition from the condition of semi-feudal oligarchical government to that of a great modern State. We have little fear that when the democracy enters into full recognition of its power and its responsibilities it will forget the past in dealing with the problems of the future.

Art. II.—EARTHQUAKES AND THE NEW SEISMOLOGY.

1. *Earthquakes in the Light of the New Seismology.* By Clarence Edward Dutton, Major U.S.A. London: Murray, 1904.
2. *Seismology.* By John Milne, F.R.S. London: Kegan Paul, 1898.
3. *Earthquakes and Other Earth Movements.* (Fourth edition.) By John Milne, F.R.S. London: Kegan Paul, 1898.
4. *A Study of Recent Earthquakes.* By Charles Davison, Sc.D. London: Scott Publishing Company, 1905.

Few beleaguered cities—certainly not Port Arthur when it fell into the hands of the Japanese—have presented a spectacle of devastation comparable with that witnessed in Yokohama at daybreak on February 23, 1880. The most severe bombardment spares more than it demolishes; a world-shaking earthquake is indiscriminately destructive. The beautiful Japanese city, then, lay in ruins; its surviving inhabitants found themselves homeless, stricken, and impoverished. Yet in no quarter could any trace of discouragement be perceived. Excitement and activity reigned instead. The disaster had only served to intensify the common consciousness. Much had to be done, and that quickly; the circumstances were pressing; and it might well have been supposed that material exigencies would have absorbed immediate attention. But to this remarkable people it seemed quite as urgent to interrogate Nature regarding the calamity as to repair its effects. So, after a few hours devoted to clearing away the rubbish of shattered tenements, a public meeting was summoned amid the *débris*, and the Seismological Society of Japan, in sombre earnest, set about its task of investigation.*

Young Japan had not, a quarter of a century ago, as yet discarded European tutelage. The teaching staff of its newly founded universities was composed of foreigners, among whom were many Englishmen. Now imported intellect is apt to be vivified by strange surroundings; and the earth-tremors of the Far Eastern archipelago were a startling novelty to men reared on our inert British soil. Their scientific study was promptly set on foot; a Chair of

* J. Milne, 'Ency. Brit.' vol. xxvii. Art. 'Earthquakes.'

Seismology was established at Tokyo; a network of 968 stations for the registration of 'quakes' of all sorts and degrees of intensity was spread over the country, and a seismic survey carried out with their aid. The animating spirit of the enterprise was Professor John Milne, whose expert services were, during twenty years, at the disposal of the Japanese Government. Amongst a crowd of able co-operators, he stands out as the veritable originator of the new seismology. Its basis was provided by his catalogue of 8,300 earthquakes, observed *secundum artem* in Japan between 1885 and 1892, and finally enumerated each with a separate map showing its regional limits and central point. The distribution of seismic activity, as the upshot of seven years' sustained vigilance, became thus more thoroughly known in the Mikado's kingdom than over any other equal area of the world's surface. The performance, however, would have been impossible without instrumental appliances for automatically recording the complex tremors constituting a seismic disturbance, and the need was met by the invention of the 'seismograph.' Essentially, this ingenious little machine was of Anglo-Japanese origin; it took form in the hands of Ewing, Milne, and Gray. Valuable, too, were the pioneering experiments of Dr. Wagener, as well as the refinements of construction subsequently introduced by Professors Sekiya and Omori of Tokyo, by Drs. Agamennone and Cancani, Vicentini and Grablowitz in Italy. In some forms of the instrument, the trace attesting the time and mode of agitation is photographic; a quivering little mirror reflects a spot of light on to a circulating roll of sensitised paper; in others, it is stylographic. A pendulum is usually employed to furnish a 'steady-point,' or as the index to motion, but with endless modifications of detail. Indeed, different kinds of apparatus are required to correspond with the varied demands of intelligible record. No one seismograph, nor any number of seismographs of the same type, would avail for the inscription, in decipherable characters, of the tangled phases of a single shock.

A mere by-product of the transformation of Japan, seismology, nevertheless, already claims an honoured place among the physical sciences. And the precision of its methods lends validity to the claim. The study of earthquakes was, until lately, almost wholly descriptive. It was based upon narratives of catastrophes. Robert Mallet, it is true, made resolute efforts for the attainment, by the use of clearly

prescribed methods, of a definite point of view; and his work is still valuable, though his inferences have lost their pristine authority. But now the tale of ordinary experience is told only by way of supplement to more formal statements; the earth quakes 'by the card'; every throb of the ground is measured in period and direction, and referred to its subterranean source. The change is scarcely less than that of the amazed spectator of total solar eclipses in old times into the diligent modern observer of their spectroscopic and photographic phenomena. The pageantry of nature is out of date in science.

The work of which we have quoted the title at the head of this article is fully abreast of recent advances in earthquake research. It appropriately belongs to the 'Progressive Science Series,' and its author, Major Dutton, holds the first rank among the seismologists of the United States. He writes well and carefully, and his book supplies fairly complete and entirely authentic information on a new and difficult subject. Its pages do not allure readers with fanciful speculations, but they satisfy them with solid facts; and in our opinion the vagaries of scientific imagination are to the full as vapid and wearisome as the maundering of the most shambling poetaster who ever set out to climb the hill of Parnassus.

Seismology may be regarded as the science of earth-vibrations. It is hence closely allied to acoustics, which is the science of air-vibrations, and to optics, the science of ether-vibrations. For the ground under our feet, the rocky crust of our planet, is an elastic solid capable of propagating wave-motion at measurable rates, and according to determinate laws. Its manner of doing so is, nevertheless, of baffling intricacy. Air and ether transmit (sensibly) each a single type of oscillation. Sound-waves are longitudinal; they alternately compress and rarefy the medium that conveys them forward. Those of light are transversal; they are directed at right angles to the line of advance. Both kinds of undulation, however, can be generated in the earth, though they travel through it at considerably different speeds. The first intelligence of an underground shock reaches the surface by means of elastic waves of compression, analogous to the undulations of sound; waves of distortion, similar to those of light, start in their company, but arrive a little later. To this initial diversity are superadded complexities, indefinable in number and amount, due to irregularities in the transmitting strata. The hetero-

geneity of their composition is apparent on the most casual inspection. Granite is overlaid with shales and sandstones, with limestone, slate, and conglomerate, all frequently interlarded with beds of clay, or interpenetrated with dykes of basalt or serpentine. The waves of an earthquake are not then recorded by our instruments just in their original shapes. At every breach in the continuity of the rocks they traverse, they are variously shattered and transformed. Their periods of vibration, no less than their rates of travel, undergo changes recognised as actual, while admitted to be incalculable; some, turned aside by total reflection, must be lost to observation; others, Professor Milne finds reason to suspect, reach us as echoes, which succeed and prolong the primary effects of a concussion. 'With musical reverbera-'tions inside the world,'* an earthquake perhaps verges to a close.

No wonder, then, that 'seismograms' present to the eye mere coils and folds of enwreathed lines, baffling uninitiated attempts at decipherment. Ingenuity, however, avails to unravel the knot, and disengage its hidden meaning. With one of Professor Ewing's seismographs the three components into which terrene tremblings are resolvable obtain separate record on a revolving circular plate, one tracing-point delineating vertical displacements, a second and a third horizontal disturbances directed respectively north and south, and east and west. This designed analysis is, in a sense, counterfeited by Nature. Near the 'epicentre' of an earthquake (the point at the surface directly above the focus), no vibrational distinctions can be noted. 'All come 'together,' Major Dutton says, 'big and little, long and 'short, rapid quivers and slow swings.'† With increasing distance from the centre, he further informs us, there is a general extension of periods and wave-lengths, and the commotion, at first short and sharp, becomes somewhat protracted and diffuse. The various forms of vibration separate as a consequence of their different velocities, and separate further, so as to arrive at wider time-intervals, the greater the distance they have had to traverse.

This relation was particularly well illustrated by the Charleston earthquake of August 31, 1886, investigated with great thoroughness by our American authority. At Summerville, and other places within the epifocal tract, 'the

* Report Brit. Association, 1899, p. 230.

† Earthquakes, p. 151.

'final crash came unheralded. No minor movements 'ushered in the greater movements.' In the city of Charleston, twenty miles from the centre, premonitory tremors had time to get noticeably ahead of the main disturbance. 'The 'vibrations which threw down walls and wrecked streets, 'and which must have had relatively large amplitudes and 'long periods, were preceded by rapid quivers of small 'amplitudes and period.' Eight seconds at the most measured the pause between the successive wave groups. Yet it was 'unmistakable even in the midst of a destroying 'earthquake.' At Savannah, seventy-five miles off, the quick vibrations considerably anticipated the arrival of their formidable associates. Further afield, at distances from the epicentre of three to four hundred miles, nothing was felt but 'a long slow swing.' No instruments were at hand by which delicate pulsations might have been detected. Only the rough-and-ready method of human sensation was brought into requisition.

Seismograms are now obtained widely and almost continuously. But the securing of them is not an end in itself. Were they as numerously stored as the inscribed tablets in Assurbanipal's library, they would be valueless or misleading unless their meaning could be read aright. This is no easy matter; obscurity still partially prevails; yet enough has been elicited to stimulate the utmost assiduity of research. On two subjects especially these novel records must prove instructive, and both are of palmary importance to the study of geophysics. They are, first, the originating cause of earthquakes; next, the condition of our globe's interior.

No one needs to be told that what constitutes an earthquake is the shaking of the ground. What occasions the shaking, however, is less readily ascertained. A subterranean event being inaccessible to direct observation, its nature can only be reasonably inferred. All the attendant circumstances have first to be considered, and already much has been done towards localising and classifying shocks. From the spreading rings on a pool it is easy to fix the point where a stone has been dropped into it, even though the splash has escaped notice; and somewhat similarly the vertical direction of an underground disturbance can, from a fair supply of reliable data, be determined with approximate accuracy. Limits, too, can be assigned for the distance below the surface at which a concussion takes place. A shallow focus gives a steep surface-gradient of decline in agitation. Its epicentral violence rapidly falls off as it

spreads outward, and only a narrow area is sensibly affected. Using this criterion, Major Dutton arrives at a maximum depth of twenty miles for earthquake origins.* Professor Milne extends the limit to thirty miles;† and Mallet depressed the focus of the Riobamba cataclysm of February 4, 1797, to nearly thirty-one miles beneath the trembling soil of Ecuador. All such estimates are, indeed, admittedly insecure. They rest upon arbitrary simplifications, for the actual state of things is complex beyond what figures can convey. And there is always the possibility that, in smoothing the data of calculation, we vitiate its results. Thus, the centrum of an earthquake is, in order to facilitate clearness of conception, taken to be a point; yet it is known to be a tract of undetermined shape and extent, or even a long, oblique line of weakness in the strata. Further, the unexplored terrestrial crust, composed of an endless variety of beds dissimilar in structure, density, and elasticity, is replaced by an ideal medium, possessing the supposed average quality of the *de facto* transmitting vehicle, though perhaps differing from it in some important respects. Hence, only provisional values can at present be fixed for the depth of seismic foci. Those yielded by Major Dutton's method of gradients rarely exceed twelve miles, at which the source of the Charleston disaster was approximately placed, and sometimes fall short of half that amount.

Earthquakes are usually divided into two classes, volcanic and tectonic. Volcanic and seismic modes of action are, in the nature of things, mutually dependent. The dependence may not be absolute, but it is close. Eruptive outbursts necessarily set the earth quivering. If they fail to obtain a vent, they set it quivering all the more violently. A classical instance is afforded by the Vesuvian earthquake of 63 A.D., by which Herculaneum and Pompeii were devastated sixteen years previously to their entombment. Mount Epomeo, in the neighbouring island of Ischia, has been similarly energetic for destruction during intervals of apparent repose. The volcano has been extinct since 1302; but twice during the nineteenth century the manacled giant in its keeping turned in his sleep, and jolted Casamicciola into ruins. The town, a paradisiacal holiday resort, was crowded with visitors on July 28, 1883. Most of them were collected, and perished, in the theatre. Altogether the victims numbered about 1,900, and the crash left one house

* Earthquakes, p. 194. † Seismology, p. 198.

standing out of many hundreds. Yet at Naples, at a distance of only twenty-two miles, the soil barely quivered, and Palmieri's instruments on Vesuvius remained quiescent. The restricted range of the commotion was held by Major Dutton to indicate an origin perhaps no more than half a mile below the trellised vines of Ischia; while the total energy exerted in it was evaluated at $\frac{1}{4000}$ to $\frac{1}{600}$ the output of the Charleston earthquake.

The case is typical. Shocks incidental to volcanic explosions may be locally violent, but they are never far-spreading. Their condensed effectiveness was strikingly illustrated by a series of concussions at Hawaii in March and April 1868. One among many hundreds, on April 2, stood out by its terrific intensity.

'The ground,' Major Dutton relates, 'rolled in great waves, rapidly swaying in every conceivable direction, including the vertical. Stone houses and walls, chimneys and fragments of structures which prior shocks might have left standing, were hurled down completely. Wooden houses were flung from their foundations. The rolling earth opened in great cracks on the crests of the waves, which closed together in the troughs. To stand was impossible either for beasts or men. Lying on the ground, it was at times necessary to keep the arms outspread to prevent being rolled over. The trees, as the waves passed under them, swayed violently, thrashing the ground and one another. At length, on April 7, a radial crack three-quarters of a mile long opened about 5,000 to 5,500 feet above the sea on the south-western flank of the mountain (Mauna Loa), from which a sheet of lava shot up high into the air, sending a mighty deluge of fire to the sea. From this time on, the earthquakes rapidly died away, and a day or two later everything was quiet.' (p. 45.)

The vehemence of this tumult was, nevertheless, quenched even in the northern part of the island, and at Oahu, 150 miles distant, it survived barely as a slight trembling.

Very different are so-called 'tectonic' earthquakes. They shake the world, it might be said, to its foundations. Their distinctive name implies their presumed connexion with the structural changes by which the crust of our planet is being continuously modified; and the crust represents, apparently, the outer rind of a cooling and shrinking globe. The radioactivity of a small percentage of its ingredients might, to be sure, neutralise loss of heat by radiation into space; but this surmised compensation has not been in any way verified. Observed facts, on the contrary, harmonise well with a slow advance of refrigeration. The folding and fracturing, the faulting and fissuring of the strata, the uptilts and lateral

thrusts of mountain-chains, seem the results of secular contraction; and some rough jerks and tumbles attend the readjustments rendered inevitable by shrinkage.

Authorities are divided as to whether the interior of the earth is solid, liquid, or gaseous. The tremendous pressure reigning there probably tends to level the distinctions between matter in the three states familiar to us, and to reduce substantial differences to mere questions of verbal definition. It is only certain that the earth, as a whole, is not less rigid than steel, that it possesses vast stores of heat, and is highly elastic. Up to a certain point it can resist the strains continually arising through surface-agencies. Wind and water remove materials from one part of the globe to pile them up over another; one region is lightened by denudation while adjacent tracts are weighted by deposition. Relative changes of level are the appropriate means for righting their disturbed equilibrium; but they can seldom take place until the prolonged accumulation of inequality finally renders tension insupportable. There is then a sudden snap, an abrupt settlement, and the news is announced at the surface by the waves of an earthquake. This is a simple case; events connected with mountain-building are far more complex, varied, and obscure. All, however, are likely to originate vibratory impulses. The ground, in fact, is most unstable where its flexure is most pronounced, and especially in the neighbourhood of recently elevated and still developing systems, such as the Alps, the Andes, and the Himalayas.

A rise of land is a not infrequent accompaniment of an earthquake. It seems the consequence, but is in reality the cause of the shock. The coast of Chili over a distance of 100 miles was thus elevated to the extent of three or four feet during the formidable convulsion of November 19, 1822 *; and the tremendous nature of the forces brought into play may be judged of by the statement that the area lifted by this single seismic effort equalled, according to a probable estimate, just half that of France, or 100,000 square miles. A well-known opposite example is the submergence of the Runn of Cutch in 1819; and earthquake literature supplies copious details of the effectiveness of both kinds of movement as part of the phenomena it describes.

One of the commonest geological records of the past

* Lyell, 'Principles of Geology,' vol. ii. pp. 176, 184, 3rd ed.

occurrence of an earthquake is by a fault, or breach of continuity, in the strata. It marks a line of ancient inequality, suddenly redressed by the downthrow of the loaded area. Such dislocations are still continually taking place beneath our feet, and in some cases reach the surface, in visible association with great earthquakes. The cataclysm, for instance, of October 28, 1891, in Japan is commemorated by a fracture stretching for sixty miles across the island of Nippon, with a vertical throw of twenty feet, multiplied perhaps many times in its underground section. The shock due to its formation was silent, sudden, and unprepared.

'In thirty seconds,' Professor Milne writes,* 'the country lost from thirty to fifty million dollars, 9,960 people were killed, and the wounded numbered 19,994; 128,750 houses, without counting temples, factories, and other buildings, were levelled with the plain, landslips stripped the mountains of their forests, valleys were compressed, lakes were formed, the strongest engineering structures gave way, and the country was left fractured, fissured, and tossed into a sea of waves.'

An escarpment forty miles long was similarly produced in Northern Mexico, May 3, 1887. But as a rule, the scene of dislocations is buried out of sight, and we are made aware of their having taken place only by the transitory tumult engendered at the surface. They are inevitable. The equalisation of stress in a rigid crust must be by sharp accesses of disturbance consequent upon sudden yielding after protracted resistance. Earthquakes, then, ordinarily betoken the creation or development of faults in deep-lying strata.†

They are attended by remarkable phenomena of sound. The ground peals with the voice of a great organ; or signals of inaccessible distress are heard, like minute-guns, or ominous grumblings; or again, and very commonly, a cataract of broken stones appears to tumble close by, or a steam-roller to hurry past. Dr. Charles Davison—whose recent work, the title of which is included among our headings, should appeal to a wide class of readers—has collected some curious information on this subject. Sound-waves appear, from what he tells us, to be an integral part of seismic agitation. They differ only by their minuteness from waves mechanically effective. The sound-focus never-

* Seismology, p. 229.

† Davison, 'A Study of Recent Earthquakes,' p. 5.

theless, although superposed upon, can scarcely be conterminous with the focus of shock. There must be outlying regions so slightly disturbed as to emit thrills sensible only to the ear. Hence the fringes of sound that precede and follow the central thunder travelling in company with the most destructive oscillations.

The acoustics of the Hereford earthquake of December 17, 1896, were particularly studied by Dr. Davison. This commotion was by no means violent; the brunt of the damage it occasioned fell upon chimney-stacks; yet much was learned from its patient investigation. Its sonorous onset emphasises a rather curious relation. The music of the gnomes is of an extremely low pitch. Its notes are at the very bottom of the scale; they consist of oscillations so slow as to strike the ear no more than thirty to fifty times in a second. They are, in short, just audible to most people, while for others they lie below the limit of sense-perception. Even those capable of hearing them receive totally different impressions of these profound telluric harmonies. The ear discriminates. According to its special range of sensitiveness, it selects some and discards others from the sheaf of vibrations, and so materially alters their aggregate quality. 'To one observer,' accordingly, Dr. Davison writes, 'the 'sound may be like a rising wind, to another like a heavy 'traction-engine passing; one may hear the crashes which 'accompanied the strongest part of the shock, while a second 'may be deaf to the same vibrations; to one the sound may 'become continually louder and cease abruptly, to another 'it may increase to a maximum and then die away.' The unexpected discovery has, moreover, been made that various nations have markedly different auditory powers. Pulsations are generally and easily heard in Great Britain which, owing to their slowness, attract slight notice in Italy, and none at all in Japan. The comparison of earthquake sound-areas attests the reality of these racial distinctions. That of the insignificant Hereford shock, for example, covered 70,000 square miles, while 3,300 measured the extent to which the awful Neapolitan catastrophe of 1857 rendered itself audible, and Japanese commotions are mostly dumb by local appreciation. Beyond a few miles from the epicentre, not a murmur intimates the imminence of ravage.*

The systematic observation of earth-tremors in Italy originated with the Riviera disaster of February 23, 1887.

* Davison, 'Recent Earthquakes,' p. 333.

It affected chiefly the strip of coast between Mentone and Savona, the focus being situated to the southward, eleven miles or so beneath the lazulite surface of the Mediterranean. Passing ships experienced blows which suggested their having struck upon rocks or being about to be dismasted; and shoals of deep-sea fish, killed by the impact of subsultory water, floated dead or dying on to the beaches near Nice and Mentone. The loss of human life amounted to many hundreds, and the property destroyed was valued at about a million sterling. The shock was almost insensible in railway tunnels; and it has been frequently observed that 'earthquakes roll unheededly away' to those engaged in mining operations. So the destruction of Lone Pine in 1872 was accomplished without the least symptom of disturbance being perceptible in the workings beneath.*

Earthquakes come, for practical purposes, unheralded. The signs of their approach, if any, are obscure; they may inspire apprehension, but they afford no reasonable ground for measures of precaution. Anticipatory changes in hot springs or fumaroles have not been substantiated; the evidence is wholly unsatisfactory that warning is given of impending danger by abnormal atmospheric conditions, by augmented electrical tension, or by the prevalence of earth-currents.† Yet the 'old beldam' is vaguely uneasy. Her 'distemperature' reacts on susceptible organisations. During the night preceding the Riviera earthquake, nervous persons were unaccountably agitated. 'Birds and animals,' Dr. Davison relates (p. 143), 'more sensitive than human 'beings to faint tremors, were more distinctly affected, 'especially for some minutes before the earthquake. 'Horses refused food, were restless or tried to escape 'from their stables; dogs howled, birds flew about and 'uttered cries of alarm. As these symptoms were noticed 'at more than 130 places within the Italian part of the 'central area, there can be little doubt that they were 'caused by microseismic movements for the most part in-'sensible to man.' Coming earth-troubles, too, are often, much in the same way, inarticulately notified in Japan.

The devastation wrought in Bengal and Assam, June 12, 1897, was on a scale unsurpassed within historical memory. One million and three-quarter square miles of territory were sensibly agitated by the fearful commotion; a region twice

* Fuchs, 'Vulkane und Erdbeben,' p. 147.

† Milne, loc. cit. p. 220.

the size of Great Britain was gravely ravaged; and the thrill of its ultimate vibrations may safely be said to have permeated the entire globe. In the central tracts, the solid ground seemed to lose its consistence, and the earth rose in waves which could be seen to approach like rollers on a sea-coast, but with the extraordinary velocity of two miles a second. At Nalbari, the singular spectacle was witnessed of rice-fields undulating rhythmically during the transit of the seismic swell. Even at Calcutta, 255 miles from the centre, the oscillations of the soil caused buildings to rock like ships ploughing the sea.

The face of the country near Shillong, over a stretch of some four hundred miles, was conspicuously altered by the catastrophe. Mr. Oldham, of the Indian Geological Survey, who made an exhaustive inquiry into its attendant circumstances, ascertained that hills changed in relative height to the amount of twenty-four feet, and shifted their bases by as much as twelve.* A partial revision of the trigonometrical survey was thus rendered necessary; while, by way of compensation, the subsidence of an intervening and inconveniently high hill facilitated heliographic signalling between two stations of the military police. A railway embankment a mile long was displaced nearly seven feet with its rows of trees all standing; railway lines buckled and crumpled up; fissures opened everywhere, and jets of sand and water spouted from the soil. From certain sections of the Garo and Khasi hills forests and foliage slipped like a cast-off garment, leaving them bare skeletons of sandstone, white under the blazing sun. Pillars were twisted sectionally by complex vorticose movements; thirty lakes added themselves to the permanent features of the landscape. Deep-seated structural modifications were further indicated by the development of several great fault-scarps, the extensive throw of which measured, in some degree, the intensity of the strain relieved by the rending of the strata.

The subterranean displacement of material which gave rise to this earthquake was considered by Mr. Oldham to have taken place over an area two hundred miles long by fifty wide.

'We may think,' Dr. Davison says, 'of a slice of rock three or four miles in thickness and large enough to reach from Dover to Exeter in one direction, and from London to Brighton in the other; not slipping intermittently in different places, but giving way almost

* Dutton, 'Earthquakes,' p. 59.

instantaneously throughout its whole extent: crushing all before it, both solid rock and earthy ground alike; and, whether by the sudden spring of the entire mass or by the jar of its hurtling fragments, shattering the strongest work of human hands as easily as the frailest. Such a thrust might well be sensible over half a continent, and give rise to undulations which, unseen and unfelt, might wend their way around the globe.' (p. 319)

Sea-quakes, the correlatives of earthquakes, have often proved no whit less destructive. Not through their direct effects. Ships take no serious harm from their vibrations. But the simultaneous booming of submarine artillery may signalise the start of a tidal wave bearing calamity to every encountered shore. Lisbon, in 1755, suffered thus a double destruction. Overthrown first by the swaying of its foundations, it was, within a few seconds, inundated through the irresistible assault of a mighty ocean-roller, originated, probably, by a collapse of the sea-floor somewhere to the eastward of the Azores. An analogous occurrence beneath the Pacific Ocean gave rise to the terrible inundation of August 13, 1868, when Arica in Bolivia met the same fate that had earlier overtaken the city by the Tagus. The sea, to begin with, retired, Major Dutton informs us,* 'from the 'shore, so that ships anchored in seven fathoms of water were 'left high and dry. A few minutes later it was seen returning 'in a great wall or "bore," which caught up the ships in the 'roadstead and swept them inland as if they were mere chips 'of wood. Among them was the U.S. steamer *Wateree*, which 'was carried inland nearly half a mile and left with little 'injury on shore by the recession of the wave.' There the hulk remained derelict until May 9, 1877, when, by a fantastic coincidence, the wave engendered by the 'Iquiqui quake' floated it still further inland. The flood of 1868 was felt on the most remote shores of the Pacific. Hakodate in Japan, at a distance of 7,600 nautical miles, was reached by it in twenty-five hours; and even there the oscillations had an amplitude of ten feet with a period of twenty minutes. Their harmless advent gave scarcely a hint of the violence with which, on June 15, 1896, seismic waves, raised in the vicinity, and unspent by long travel, rushed upon the Japanese shores. Twenty-nine thousand inhabitants of the country perished on that day by drowning.

Catastrophes of the sort are due to sudden changes of

* Earthquakes, p. 281.

level in the sea-bottom, the frequent occurrence of which is vouched for by differences in soundings taken before and after earthquake shocks. Broken telegraph cables are another common result of slips and subsidences. Australia was in this way completely isolated in 1888, and the cause being unknown, the approach of a hostile fleet was apprehended, and the reserves were called out.*

It is impossible to ignore, however difficult to define, the relationship between seismic and volcanic action. Both accompany strains in the earth's crust; and though the regions of their respective prevalence do not coincide, they are usually adjacent. The crest of a summit-ridge is the characteristic seat of explosive vents; the tilted tracts at its base are the frequent nurseries of earthquakes. Professor Milne's analysis of 10,000 observations on seismic events in Japan showed that only a small minority had their source quite close to the volcanoes which stud the backbone of the country.† Most of them spread outward from centres along the coast, or beneath the rapidly deepening ocean, where pronounced flexures create lines of weakness. Yet the two orders of phenomena cannot be altogether set apart. Scrope long ago referred earthquakes to the 'snap and jar' caused by the instantaneous rupture of rocky formations, associated, perhaps, with injections of 'intumescent molten 'matter.'‡ Nor is it doubtful that such combined events take place. Abortive eruptions have left abundant geological traces. Intruded veins, sheets, and lenticular expansions of lava frequently permeate formations which they did not succeed in penetrating. The igneous activity by which subjacent rocks were being altered and displaced was unapparent at the surface except by mechanical concussions. It would be illogical to deny that these have the significance now that belonged to them in Tertiary or Palæozoic ages. They may frequently, although they need not invariably, betoken explosive uprushes in conjunction with abrupt dislocations. Seismic phenomena cannot then be said to depend solely upon strains and stresses. The restoration of equilibrium is possibly only the pulling of a trigger by which an intricate piece of machinery is set going.

The connexion is at times unmistakable. Humboldt relates that, on the day of the awful Riobamba earthquake,

* Milne, Ency. Brit. vol. xxvii.
† Seismology, p. 31.
‡ Volcanoes, p. 294, 2nd ed.

February 4, 1797, a lofty column of smoke and ashes sent forth during three previous months by the volcano of Pasto in Quito suddenly ceased to be emitted.* The distance is 240 miles. Again, a long series of mixed events, volcanic and seismic, culminated in the destruction of Caraccas, the 'earthquake city,' March 26, 1812. The subterranean disturbance of 1772 in the Caucasus, by which the hill of Metshuka was engulfed, coincided approximately with the memorable explosion of Papandayang in Java. And the year 1783 was marked by catastrophes of each description. On February 5, Calabria was laid waste by one of the most severe earthquakes described in detail and authoritatively. In the following June, Skaptar Yökull, in Iceland, ejected prodigious floods of lava at an unusually high temperature; while on August 1 the Japanese crater of Asama-yama burst into vehement eruption. Every conspicuous event of the kind in the West Indies since 1692 has been apparently related to underground displacements either in one of the neighbouring islands or further off in Central America.† The unparalleled explosion of Mont Pélée, May 8, 1902, made no exception. Subterranean trouble first manifested itself in Mexico and Guatemala. Town after town was ravaged by earthquakes from January 16 to September 23; then, on October 24, the dormant crater of Santa Maria woke up with terrific detonations, and, amid lurid flames or pitchy darkness, laid waste the thriving coffee plantations of El Palmar.‡ Similar disturbances were, indeed, general and world-wide. On April 12, 1902, the country round Lake Baikal was violently shaken; on July 5 hundreds of dwellings were overthrown near Salonika by a concussion, the reverberations of which extended to Birmingham, 1,440 miles away; Kishin Island, in the Persian Gulf, marked the centre of a number of destructive shocks, July 9–10; earthquakes occurred a little later in California, at Skagway, and at Carrara. A sea-quake struck a steamer in mid-Atlantic on July 20; and the calamitous Kashgar earthquake of August 22, in which 3,000 persons lost their lives, with minor disasters at Tiflis, in Ferghana, and the island of Guam, completed an unexampled record of desolation and dismay.

Some degree of interdependence between earthquakes and volcanic eruptions must accordingly be admitted. Sub-

* 'Views of Nature,' pp. 360–1.

† Milne, 'Nature,' vols. lxvi. p. 151, lxvii. p. 92.

‡ Rockstroh, ibid. vol. lxvii. p. 271.

terranean adjustments are highly unstable. Their overthrow at a single point may involve their subversion at others very distant from it. The propagated effects of one fault-slip, or the evisceration of a solitary crater, may disturb the balance upon which are poised the foundations of a continent. Reciprocal action is thus inevitable, albeit varied in its modes and seemingly indeterminate as to its measure. To some small extent the state of the earth's interior responds even to extra-terrestrial influences. Many illusory correspondences have, it is true, been alleged. Sun-spots, meteors, auroræ, planetary configurations have no true relations with seismic phenomena.* These, however, are affected by meteorological conditions, which again depend upon the sun. Earthquakes, for example, are slightly more frequent in winter than in summer, owing, it is thought, to snowy deposits by which inequalities of strain are increased. And their occurrence is, for a similar reason, favoured by steep barometric gradients. The strata, in other words, are most apt to crack and slide when a gale of wind is blowing. Their rupture is also sensibly promoted by lunar attraction, which tends to lighten the load of pressure they have to bear. And this naturally facilitates the elastic rebound by which equilibrium is restored. Now the lunar orbit pivots completely round once in about nine years; and Mr. Espin † has detected an accordant periodicity in earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, their times of maximum agreeing with the most northerly situation of the perigee, when (it might be argued) the moon's pull against gravity is most effective over the best observed parts of the earth's surface. But the genuineness of the connexion is, as yet, far from being established.

The new seismology, as already explained, is distinctively the science of wave-transmission through the earth. Vast stores of energy are radiated outward in all directions from deep-buried regions of rock-collapse; and their radiation is governed by laws easy to enunciate, but extremely difficult to apply. Strict inferences from them must be corrected by experience; and instructive experience depends upon a process of disentanglement practicable only at great distances from the foci of disturbance. The comparative study of seismograms has been organised mainly by Professor

* Milne, 'Earthquakes,' pp. 262–6, 4th ed.; 'Seismology,' pp. 208–18.

† Wolsingham Observatory Circular, No. 49.

Milne, whose observatory at Shide, in the Isle of Wight, supplies, in a continuous series, autographs of earth-tremors that have travelled thither from the shores of Kamchatka or Japan, from beneath the floor of the Pacific, or the flexured declivity of the Himalayas. Their discussion, though arduous, has proved of unique interest. The vibrations of the earth supply the best means at our disposal for probing its depths; and they bring news both authentic and suggestive, though our inexperience may still partially darken its true meaning.

The various kinds of waves set up by earthquakes travel with different speeds. What is more, they evidently pursue different routes. Mr. Oldham distinguishes three types of pulsation in the seismographic records of distant shocks.* The first two are preliminary oscillations of small amplitude and short period, which appear to have been transmitted right through the globe; the third and strongest set have taken their way round its circumference, causing the surface to undulate more or less sensibly as they passed. They are surmised to be of a hybrid nature, partly elastic and partly gravitational, thus combining the properties of sound and sea-waves; but their velocity, of about three kilometres a second, is much higher than that of disturbances in air or water.

The tremors, however, which anticipate their arrival attract still more curious attention because of their exploratory powers. They follow paths otherwise untrodden, unless by Dante in his voyage to the Giudecca. The two species into which they of themselves separate stand, nevertheless, apart in some important respects. The foremost group probably consist of longitudinal waves modelled on those of sound. They proceed, Dr. C. G. Knott considers, straight from point to point along the chord of the terrestrial segment interposed between the epicentre of the earthquake and the spot where its occurrence is recorded. The rapidity of their transit would else be unaccountable. They take advantage of their fellow-travellers, the large surface-undulations, by striking out a much shorter way, and a way that shortens proportionately as the distance from the starting-post to the goal increases. For this reason, to say nothing of their tripled speed, they win the race by a continually widening interval.

The secondary group of vibrations represent, we are told, the transversal part of the disturbance. They are, in a

* Philosophical Transactions, A, vol. cxciv. p. 172.

sense, complementary to their immediate predecessors of the longitudinal type. Like them, they are propagated through the earth's interior, though not, like them, with an uniform speed. As they plunge deeper into its profundities they become accelerated owing to the augmented rigidity of the medium; and the consequent bending of their paths by refraction renders them convex towards the centre. From these deep seismic soundings something has already been learned regarding the structure and qualities of the colossal mass of matter beneath our feet.

Within the globe, pressure grows with every yard of descent, and its materials must, by the mere fact of their superincumbence, be rendered more homogeneous. Joints, cracks, vesicles, become obliterated; a nearly equable composition is finally attained.* The effacement of inequalities is doubtless helped by elevation of temperature. The rise with descent in mines and borings is at the rate of about one degree Fahrenheit for 64 feet; but how far it continues to prevail is uncertain. There may be a fixed thermal limit which, for aught we know, falls short of the melting-point of rocks. Erupting lavas are, to be sure, enormously hot; but local and temporary causes may be largely concerned in producing volcanic conflagrations. It is certain, in any case, that the core beneath the crust of the earth is in a high degree rigid and elastic, and possesses, accordingly, a superior capability for the swift transmission of wave-tremors. Their subterranean velocities imply, indeed, an elasticity twice (approximately) that of steel.

Dr. C. G. Knott's analysis of the statistics of earth-tremors† involves an unlooked-for distinction between the elasticity and the rigidity of the bulky mass transmitting them. Should his conclusion be established, that those of longitudinal type travel uniformly at all depths—once they have penetrated the crust—while their transversal associates quicken their pace as they approach the globe's centre, it would be necessary to admit a constant ratio, throughout its innermost layers, of elasticity to density, coupled with a ratio increasing downward of rigidity to density. Let us look at the conditions. Vibrations taking place to and fro along the line of march owe their origin to the power of matter to resist and rebound against sudden compression, and they travel quicker as this faculty becomes intensified

* Dutton, 'Earthquakes,' p. 232.
† Ibid. p. 222.

relatively to the density of the transmitting substance. The constancy, then, of their speed within the earth proves the invariability of this ratio, and makes it probable that only a moderate standard of density is reached in the deepest subterranean abysses. Waves, on the other hand, of the transverse description are set on foot by forces of recovery from distortion. Their velocity grows with rigidity, and has an inverse relation to density. So that the quickening of pace with the increasing length of the chords traversed by this kind of earth-tremors leads to the inference that the strata harden in their consistence beyond the proportion of their density as pressure is augmented. Their chemical constitution remains unknown. Pure iron, formerly assumed, by way of giving precision to ideas, as the main, if not the exclusive ingredient of the terrestrial core, does not possess the requisite qualities.* They would more probably belong to some metallic alloy. The probability is indeed strong that all the metals are present there together, although in very unequal quantities. The subject, however, is not yet nearly ripe for discussion.

Earthquakes are a sign of planetary vitality. They would seem to be characteristic of the terrestrial phase of developement. Effete globes like the moon can scarcely be subject to the stresses to which they are due; nor can they be very suitably constituted for the propagation of elastic waves. Inchoate worlds, such as Jupiter and Saturn, are still less likely to be the scenes of reverberating concussions. Their materials have not yet acquired the necessary cohesion. They are pasty, or fluid, if not partially vaporous. On the earth the seismic epoch presumably opened when, exterior solidification having commenced, the geological ages began to run. It will last so long as peaks crumble and rivers carry sediment; so long as the areal distribution of loads fluctuates, and strains evoke forces adequate for their catastrophic relief. Our globe is, by its elasticity, kept habitable. The separation of sea from dry land is thus and no otherwise maintained; the alternations of elevation and subsidence manifest the continual activity of this reserve of energy. The dimensions of the globe we inhabit depend upon the balance of pressure and expansiveness. Relaxation or enhancement of either instantly occasions a bending inward or an arching outward of the crust. Just by these sensitive reactions the planet shows itself to be alive, and seismic thrillings are the breaths it draws.

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* Milne, 'Nature,' vol. lxvii. p. 539.

Art. III.—THREE PHASES OF PASTORAL SENTIMENT.

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6. *Diana.* By Montemayor; tr. B. Yonge. 1598.
7. *Giovanni Segantini.* By L. Villari. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1901.

Sentiments—sentiments emotional and imaginative, secular and religious—have, no less than individuals, nations, and races, their periods of growth and decline, their apogees of blossom and fruit-bearing, their subsequent decadence. From phases of exigent vitality, when they clamour for manifestation and expression, they pass into limbos, more or less permanent, of non-active, non-influential, non-potent existence, they lie in abeyance, they hibernate during the winter of men's disesteem. Again, they regerminate. Why? Who can say? But the disused, discarded sentiment stirs afresh at the heart of the world; there comes a new impulse from within, a new call from without, a new revolution of the wheel of fashion in feeling brings with it a new evocation of semi-extinct sensation. And the dormant emotion, or its similitude, rises from the dusty tombs where, with other rags and shreds of humanity's mental equipment, it lay awaiting the day of resurrection.

Thus, on the secular plane of life, the sentiment of mediæval romanticism ran through its courses, ascendant and decadent, of empire over men's sympathies. It had its fluxes and refluxes of enthusiastic hyper-sensitiveness. Its gallant endeavours to domesticate a Quixotic ideal in our poor world of clay suffered eclipse, died maybe at the hands of the melancholy satirists of this unbelieving earth, or, more likely, expired, exhausted by the exuberance of its own efflorescence. Having died, it came forth from its grave rejuvenated, claiming its exponents in a Hugo or a Scott, its colour-devotee in a Delacroix, its sentimentalist in an Ary Scheffer. Once more it effaced its own imprint, it

slept awhile. Yet sleeping—the idea suggests itself with insistence—sentiments are capable of interludes of somnambulism, and romanticism wandered forth afresh clad in the maladive incarnations of a Burne-Jones picture, whispering through the clamorous passions of a Wagnerian Tannhäuser or the stagnant delirium of Tristan, dreaming the fever-dreams sick men dream of visions which have passed away. So, too, the transit of the sentiment of antiquity, exteriorised in the diverse classicisms of Italian Renaissance or the Siecle Louis XIV., or in that phase associated with the names of David and Ingres. So, too, the transit of religious sentiment illustrates above all others both the fitfulness and the persistence of the hold abstract emotional imaginations retain over the minds of men. It has had, more than any other, perhaps, its periods of stagnation and inertness; it has had, more than any other, its tidal waves, when in revivals or reformations it has swept the souls of men upon its flood-currents to seek new truths or new heresies, till in sterilising formulas of sectarianisms, or conventionalised pacts of man with God, emotion has worked out its especial tragedies: the declension of aspirations too vehement to endure, the base materialisation of conceptions too transcendental to admit of incorporation amongst the maxims of practical conduct or the dogmas of rational belief. Nor has this very sentiment been in later days without its dream-walking phenomena, both in printed and painted thought. The *légendes dorées* of the 'other-worlds,' above and below, are, save as tradition, effete. But the vision-seer, Blake, in the earlier decades of last century, reclothed the sentiment of religious supernaturalism with a symbolism of deeply indented actuality, overcharged with emotions of faith, hope, and aspiration; while, reversed, and turned into grim and coarse grotesques, the supernatural transmuted into the fantastic, Félicien Rops—whose genius for the first time has been made widely known to the English public *—replaced the visions of faith with his sinister nightmares, the devil-dreams of an imagination imbued with the religious sentiment *à rebours*—visions which in very truth are visions of the night.

Recently M. de la Sizeranne † has traced parallel developements in the history of art; the evolution of the battle sentiment, once embodied and crystallised in national epic

* International Exhibition. New Gallery, 1904.

† Le Miroir de la Vie, 1902.

as the sentiment of heroism, but in pictorial art passing through manifold stages till the glories of the field are finally obscured by the brutal and revolting aspect of physical suffering and bodily disfigurement: the odes of victory and Te Deums of triumph, culminating in Whitman's hospital verses; the evolution of the sentiment of the art of caricature, rising from trivial grossness, abnormalism, distortions, deformities of body, gesture and grimace, to the keen unveiling—the accentuated unveiling—of an actual and just portrayal of qualities no longer only material, but mental and moral, and culminating, as a refinement of modern sentiment, in M. Willette's Pierrots when 'le rire et l'ironie chuchotent ensemble,' and in Mr. Dana Gibson's discomfited Cupidons, naked and disconsolate, announcing in varied circumstances to the rich, the prosperous, and the ambitious 'qu'ils n'ont pas de joie.' Again he records the evolution of religious sentiment in the growing tendency to effect the realisation of the religious theme by its transplantation from the glass-house of traditional formula to the market-garden of familiar naturalism, and lastly, the emergence in art of the sentiment with regard to childhood, passing from the anonymities of limbless cherubs and winged loves into the individualistic child portraiture of later days, reaching a climax in the cult and commemorative poetic celebration of children and grandchildren by Hugo and Hugo's great disciple, Swinburne.

Less, it may be, intrinsically enwoven with the life of the deeper emotions, spiritual, passionel and intellectual, than those sentiments of which M. de la Sizeranne treats, the pastoral sentiment has æsthetically almost a place apart in the literature of post-Christian Europe. It is in itself a lay sentiment as distinguished from sentiments moral and religious, with which it is often connected. It is a sentiment of taste as distinguished from those feelings which induced the cult of acute sympathetic sensation—the 'sensibility' of early English novelists. Moreover, it is a passive sentiment as distinguished from sentiments combative, active, and judicial. It is a sentiment which has, if it may be so expressed, rather the qualities of atmosphere than of outline, form, or substance.

As an atmosphere it has attached itself to the most varied and diverse themes and has subjected itself to innumerable transmutations; its translucency reflects every shifting colour, while it in turn imparts to every scene, to every image, its own aura. It sounds every note, to change

the analogy, of the scale of life, rising from the utmost homeliness of primitive simplicities to the high, thin octaves of unrivalled artificiality. It hovers round old Nativities, creeps into the background of Adorations, insinuates itself into the shepherd symbolism of tombs, catacombs, mosaics, asserts itself in sacred eclogue and mystery-play, it lingers to this day in dumb show of Christmas creches, and gives its *motif* to the Noëls, the Weihnachtslieder, the carols, of folk-song. Equally is it at home in secular guise in the peasant love-idylls—the *bergeries* of herdsman, goat-herd, and shepherd, the *pastoritas* of later Provençal poets, the *serranillas* of Spanish grandees—and in the lyrics of Elizabethan dramatists, Marlowe, Greene, Ben Jonson, Fletcher; and the puritanism of Marvell has fallen under its most perfect spell. Again, in another group, the poets of the Italian Renaissance, Lorenzo de' Medici, Marino—the list needs no making—contributed a gay contingent of nymphs and gods and satyrs, dryad and hamadryad, to the pastoralism of literature, and pastoralism disowned a simplicity which, after all, was rarely simple—and became a model art of fluent graceful unrealities, an art of culture and courtliness, and the fashion of Arcadia, for Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, and England, in prose and verse, was definitely—for a season—fixed. Then the old Arcadias, embodying all that was most winning and all that was most tedious in the fiction of their day, pass out of sight, leaving behind them a legacy of artificiality to the generation to come. And with the evanescent, imponderable beauty of a soap-bubble floating in still sunlight, Watteau recreated pastoralism, a pastoralism of redoubled artifice, faint, radiant, and delicate, where form and sentiment, and, by infinitely subtle suggestion, sound, are so interblended, so incorporate, one with another, that sentiment, colour, substance, the emotion and all that pictorially evokes emotion, touch but one single string of responsive sympathy.

Watteau achieved the one wholly perfect expression of pastoral artificiality. Elsewhere, in literature and in art, it abounded, for the most part in various stages of decadence. In the fairy tales of the brilliant group of compilers represented in the volumes of the 'Cabinet des Fées,' in the figurines of Dresden china (and with more charm in those of Staffordshire), it became a decorative element; while in actual life—as life was then lived—it declined still lower. The artificiality, which in its trivialities had every element of

grace, became the vulgar mannerisms of a popular affectation, the costumed pose of a common herd of amateur play-actors, copyists, and plagiarists of art, it became the pastoralism of a 'Journal des Modes,' of the Bois de Boulogne and the Palais Royal Gardens. In literature it died an unlamented death in the yet duller affectations of English pastoral poets of the eighteenth century. Thus pastoralism reaches its last phase, the phase William Blake anticipated, both in his poems and his designs. As he touched the note of a renewed seriousness, none other will ever touch it again. But with the chief amongst modern pastoralists, Giovanni Segantini, pastoralism in its alliance with nature and earth has no less discarded all levity and reclothed itself with as grave a garb as when it served for a framework to Nativities or an emblem to Christian beliefs.

Taking count of the pastoral sentiment (though the division is somewhat arbitrary) in three of those phases—in its association with the religious theme, in its association with art, in its association with nature—it comes before us mainly as, in the first place, imagery or emblem; in the second phase, as fiction and the theme of fiction, written or painted. In the third and last stage it wears the likeness of the idealisation of actuality. Its history presents itself in two forms, the field of inquiry ranging from where the sentiment in question must be studied as a general sentiment traceable in the anonymous traditions of religion, or, in secular guise, in its anonymous manifestation amongst the uncultured, the unlettered, and the unwritten literatures of peasants, to another plane where individual genius, touching the high-water mark of perfection, must be taken to exemplify special interpretations of the pastoral idea.

Obviously in the first post-classic pastoralism, individual expression is of small account. Its source lies in the Gospel narrative and legends of the Nativity and in the Scriptural imagery whose pastoral symbolism in the first centuries of Christianity stamped its impress upon the emblematic art of the forbidden cult. It is a curious, and more or less inexplicable, circumstance in the history of æstheticism that the pastoral sentiment, thus originated in close connexion with the origin of the faith, was not a more pervasive and permanent element in the subsequent developements of religious art. For whatever other ideas the central figures of the Nativity-scene may suggest, the environment, in its incidents and episodes and circumstances, is designedly such as would seem best to befit the birth of the *Agnus Dei*.

Great Pan is dead—as Thamus, the Egyptian pilot, proclaimed in accordance with the bidding of the mystic voices sounding across the Albanian shores. But from the first hour the Christ comes before our eyes as the Shepherd God—the God of Sheep—Himself the first-born of the Flock at once the Pastor and the Lamb, 'O ye Heathen, look 'for your Shepherd.' Legends, the stories of the False Gospels, beautiful above compare in their intense human feeling, prelude the birth of Mary, with a picture of Joachim communing with his shepherds, while his childless wife, sitting beneath the sparrows' nest in the laurel tree, entreats the gift the Lord of Birds has not withheld from the winged love-mates. The first Christmas night, the vision of Joseph on his search for succour at Bethlehem, is no less a vision of pasturage and flocks. He sees men who, arrested by a sudden suspense of life—recalling the slumber scenes of Briar Rose's palace—sit down to eat and eat not, lift hands and draw them not back, who turn their faces upward and stir not, action being transformed into expectancy. Amidst astonished clouds he sees birds who flying cease their flight; he sees sheep scattered yet in their scattering motionless; the shepherd lifting his staff to smite, smiting not; kids, their mouth touching the water, drinking not.* And here the older gospel, taking up the narrative, carries on the thread of shepherd thought and sheep-faring imagery. There is the hillside, the flock, the herdsmen, the light upon the midnight pastures, and then a forsaken grazing-ground, sheep whom no watchers tend, and a little group of men hurrying to Bethlehem, seeking the shed where, patient, wide-eyed, the oxen of Bel the Sungod, with the ass who at length 'knoweth his master's crib,' in Nativity after Nativity of ancient missal, coloured glass and painted panel—survey the scene, dumbly adoring. And to complete the story a last touch comes from those books churches disowned for artists to adopt; we see the shepherds—it is winter, and the Child is cold—kindling a fire, by whose warmth they, with angels and oxen, greatly rejoice.

The incidental pastoralism recurrent in later-day Nativities, and perpetuated in the Noëls of all days, was, it would seem, partially suspended during the first six centuries of suffering, strife, and triumph. In the art of the catacombs the sentiment of the symbol was displaced by the sentiment of what it symbolised. The Christ, imaged per-

* Protevangelion, ch. xiii.

petually* as the Good Shepherd, men, as his flock, presented a pastoralism of analogy and metaphor, a pastoralism of the soul, where the pipes played a call to the arena of martyrdom and the sheep-bells rang, as the Sanctus bell, for the sacrifice of altars. Pastoral idylls these were in outward semblance—but ever receding from actualities of shepherd life, as the shepherd's crook became unrecognisable in the jewelled staff of episcopal authority. Pastoral is the youth, sandalled and shod and habited in shepherd's dress, who plays Orpheus-wise on pipe or syrinx to upgazing, listening beasts. Pastoral the Christ-Mercury, bearing in his arms a goat. Pastoral those many shepherd-gods, those who seek, those who find; those who rejoice, as in the fresco of that Greek painter who 'hat seinen Hirten mit 'einem Laubkranz gekrönt, ein dem Hirtenleben entlehntes, 'anmuthiges Detail'; † those who sorrow, as that figured herdsman whose raised hand betokens ill tidings have overtaken him. They are seen with the attributes of shepherddom, milk-jar, crook, pipes played or slung across the shoulder, the purse pendent, the dog, too, occasionally an accessory. They stand or recline in landscapes indicated by Noah's Ark trees, naïf archaisms of olive or palm, to tell of shadow at hot noonday, and the pastoralism is further emphasised by rivers (with hint of, perhaps, the divine thirst for the water-brook). Sometimes the surroundings are varied. The emblems of seasons that come and go accompany the Shepherd-figure; the winter of death is imaged forth, and the resurrection of spring, and the circle of the hours where the motion of time itself is meant as a suggestion of eternity's routine. And all these first and earliest embodiments of Christian conceptions are essentially emanations upspringing from memories of the fold and the herdsman, and surely too of that kindly tie between man and earth's lesser sheep-children which binds together the Feeder and the fed, the Protector and the protected, the Guide and those who wander by roadway and rock, in friendly relationships of faith and confidence? On the other hand, all unpastoral in sentiment are kindred images where the symbol is lost in the thing symbolised, or, rather, where it is so stamped with the idea that the actuality it reproduced is obliterated by the thought it

* Kraus counts some 105 extant representations in paintings, sculptures, and decorative arts. See sect. 'Altchristliche Malerei.'

† Kraus, Fig. 18, p. 84.

represents. The purple stripes of martyrdom upon the Shepherd's tunic: the sheep dyed as with the death wounds of confessors: the gladiator who stands beside the herdsman, holding the palm and crowned with the crown of victors; the Cæsar-Christ (of perhaps less remote years) divined as Pastor only by the flock who surround their imperial deity, royal in His robe and mien, and only by implication guardian of those herded sheep—such images carry us far from the simplicities, the homeliness, the spontaneity of primitive Gospel realism. So, too, the mystic Lamb, who from the fourth century onwards * became a prominent feature in ecclesiastical decoration, wrought in gold, ornamented with precious gems, surmounted by the sacred monogram, is wholly dissociated from any reminiscence of field and meadow and pasture. Its history in art is a curious one. The 'Concilium quinisextum,' in the seventh century, prohibited its use by a canon which forbade the 'Lämmerbilder,' and ordained that 'die menschliche 'Gestalt Christi . . . von jetzt an in den Bildern anstatt 'des alten Lammes, errichtet, ausgehauen und gemalt werde.'† But despite of councils and canons the *Agnus Dei* remained enthroned, sharing with the crucifix of later origin the highest place of honour amongst the symbols of Christian worship—a Lamb, jewelled and wrought with precious metals or painted with all the glories and splendours of mediæval invention, the Lamb of the visions seen by saints and artists of Patmos, the Lamb, infinitely divine and infinitely unpastoral, of Van Eyck's 'Adoration.'

It is in its relation to the Nativity theme that Christian art, more especially the song-art of those peasants whose lives were lived in closest intimacy with earth and toil and poverty, returned to the sentiment of true pastoralism. The mysticism and the homely literalism of childhood met in the pages of illuminated Missals,‡ and in the verses of countless, countless Noëls. Both picture and song are, it is true, preoccupied with the central Figures, and all that they signify to the eye of faith. For both picture and song, for painter and rhymer, the pastoral element is but an adjunct to a divine drama, and if they dwell on it, it is by a mere happy instinct, an intuitive appropriation of its human sympathies

* Kraus: 'Von da beginnen die Darstellungen des *Agnus Dei*.'

† Kraus's 'Kanon der Synode.'

‡ *Buchmalerei*, of which the origin is traced to the fourth century, lasted on into the Renaissance period. Kraus.

in the service of religion. Pastoralism to the artists—themselves often monks painting for ecclesiastics—may have presented itself too much in the light of an everyday occupation to be easily reconciled with their embodiments of sacred ideals, and the shepherds with whose 'annunciation' the folk-songs are busied, are relegated by the painters to those little side-scenes of the stage where minor episodes of the principal subject were depicted. The oxen and the ass are rarely omitted from the *dramatis personæ* of the Holy Night, yet over these lowly personalities the veil of symbolism is thrown to serve as an apologia for their prominence—Jew and Gentile are, we are told, figured thereby. Here and there, no doubt, the sentiment of the Missal runs parallel with the Noël, as in the 'Bedford' Missal, where on a steep grass slope one couple, amid the grazing sheep, lift their heads attentive to the unfamiliar voice of the celestial apparition of whose presence the herdsman, his hat slung from his neck, seems still wholly unaware. But as a whole it is to the song-makers we owe the preservation of the memories of shepherd-life in the Miracle-Play of Bethlehem. And so far were such memories incorporated with peasant imagination that to the end of the eighteenth century * in some districts in France the midnight Christmas Mass was known in popular parlance as 'La Messe des Bergers,' while with processions of *bergers* and *bergères*, the sound of pipes and *musettes*, the addition to the congregation of sheep or lambs, the vivid pastoralism of the chanted verse was accentuated and enhanced. Moreover, to this day its echoes linger round the painted, brocaded effigies, seen through the dim gauze screen by the light of uncertain lamps and flickering tapers, where the Shed is erected in every Catholic church and chapel, and the Crèche with its Nativity environment—relic of the Mystery-Play of earlier days—is still to the believing worshipper not a 'Representation,' but a verisimilitude. The antiquity of these customs may be questioned. The Noëls extant may be of hybrid origin, inventions of priests not of peasants, the product of known authorship not the anonymous offspring of genuine folk-art. Yet, allowing for criticism, may we not believe that the modern usages are based upon antecedent observances reaching into a far past, and that it is the peasant sentiment of remote centuries these new Noëls have reclothed and assimilated, a sentiment

* J. J. Tiersot.

in whose expression ('souls are not Spanish') the poor of all nations meet and are at one.

Whatever their ancestry, in truth, may be, their charm of gaiety and grace is irrefutable.

'Laissez paître vos bêtes,
Pastoureaux,
Par monts et par vaux.
Laissez paître vos bêtes,
Et venez chanter nau.

J'ai ouï chanter le rossignol
Qui chantait un chant si nouveau,
Si haut, si beau, si raisonneau.'

So runs one Noël popular in French midlands, where the nightingale—the love-messenger of the *chanson de galanterie*—is enlisted in another service. A Gascogne song is not less characteristic of the interpenetrating of the religious and pastoral sentiment:

'Pasteurs, Pastourelles
Y courent tous
Voir la naissance
De Jésus si doux.
Il est dans la Crèche,
Couché tout du long.

Dans le ciel les anges
Jouent du violon;
Le bœuf et la mule
Lui respirent dessus.
Voilà le réchauffement
Du divin Jésus.'

Or, to take another example, before the revolution in religious feeling had banished the light-hearted notes from religious worship, the Weihnachtslied preserved in the 'Cantiques de Strasbourg' (1697) belongs equally to the Kindergarten of the Christian creed:

'O Jesulein zart,
Das Kripplein ist hart . .
Schlaf Jesulein wohl,
Nichts hinderen soll . . .

Ochs, Esel und Schaaf
Seyd alle in Schlaf . . .
Schweig Eselein still,
Das Kind schlafen will.'

Or, to revert to the 'Pastor bonus' theme, verse makes amends for the pastoralism art discarded.

'Ein Schäflein auserkohr'n
Such' ich so manchen Tag;
Hat sich so gar verlor'n
Dass man's nicht finden mag.
Will rufen laut mit heller Stimm',
Wer weiss ob ich's nicht bald vernimm;
Schäflein, Schäflein,
Wo hast verkrochen dich?
Ach folge mir, helf selber dir,
Nicht lang lass suchen mich.

Da, da, dünket mich
In einer Staude dicht
Hör' ich's bewegen sich.
Halt—halt! Da wird es wahrlich sein.
Will rufen laut zum Wald hinein,
Schäflein, Schäflein . . .
Du liebes Schäflein mein,
Kehr' wiederum, kehr' wiederum,
Zu gross ist meine Pein.'

From the symbolic pastoralism of the catacombs to the Arcadian pastoralism of the Renaissance is a far cry. Nevertheless a closer study of literature discloses many a link connecting the pastoral art associated with religious faith and the pastoral sentiment attached to the *dolce far*

niente of mundane open-air life. In Spain the pastoral convention seems from early days to have lent itself equally as a formula to both religious and secular usages. The *Egloga*, composed for representation at church festivals, was apt to combine both, and in the 'Colloquies' and *Autos* dealing with the News from Bethlehem may be found subject matter of singularly extraneous import. In one Christmas *Representacione* * the four shepherds, impersonations of the Evangelists, preface the more sacred portion of the dialogue with a discussion on the poetic art, St. Matthew rebuking St. John (Juan de la Enzina refers to himself in the character of the Apostle) 'for works not 'worth a straw,' while St. John, defending his inventions, states that in pastorals he admits no rival 'as will appear 'the following May'; at which point in the argument St. Mark intervenes, announcing the Birth of Christ. Nor is the 'sort of mad dance' executed by patriarchs in another Christmas Representation, and accompanied by a song concerning Cassandra the Sibyl, more suggestive of devotional feeling, if the translation does it justice:

'She is wild, she is wild:
Who shall speak to the child?
On the hills pass her hours
As a shepherdess free,
She is fair as the flowers,
She is wild as the sea!
She is wild, she is wild:
Who shall speak to the child?'

But while in Spain and elsewhere the pastoral formula was adapted to all sorts and conditions of inventions, it must be remembered that stage properties † do not create a sentiment, that the crook does not make the shepherd, and neither four shepherds nor forty ensure the atmosphere and emotion which change the pastoral convention into the true pastoral. Moreover it is no easy matter to define the essential quality the art of a Watteau shares with that of a Segantini, which the authors of false Gospels share with those of artificial Arcadias, which exists in folk-songs unreckoned, but which the art-songs of Spanish grandees and French culture-poets possess likewise in no disputable measure.

To pastoral art belong, says M. de la Sizeranne, personages, circumstances, episodes, history ignores and philosophy passes by; to it he assigns the sentiments, emotions, and passions 'des infiniment petits.' But even more circum-

* By Juan de la Enzina, born 1468. See Ticknor.

† Cervantes asserts that, shortly before his day, four crooks, four smocks, four beards and false locks formed the staple of the itinerant manager's wardrobe. See Ticknor.

scribed, the sentiments, emotions, passions, should be those, and those only, which the life of herdsmen would spontaneously induce, and with them are only admissible the dreams, the visions, the idealisations, which may be conceived of as the blossom and fruit of such open-air lives. In peasant *Bergeries* folk-song has embodied the daily experiences of the hour and the lingering tradition of past memories. Pastoral art-song, at its best, is the embodiment of imaginative realisation, at its worst, of superficial imitation of the same traditions and experiences. Nor is it possible to say where the sentiment both represent, a sentiment serene, gay, and light as thistledown, is most at home. The theme, the landscape—Pater's analysis of the landscape school of Giorgione gives one such green background to perfection*—is the same in its unvaried monotony. *Berger* and *bergère*, *pastoureau* and *pastourelle*, await each other for ever under the shadow of pine, elm, thorn-tree or willow, of laurel, myrtle, or olive. Always we have the sense of the *vert bocage*, where leaves stir above and lovers whisper below. Always it is morning, morning at its first and freshest hour. Always the lovers drive their flocks across shallow fording-places to pasturages washed by running streams; somewhere not far off is the sheepcote, and, often near at hand, the village. The sheep-bells tinkle, and, according to a folk-song of modern Greece,† the shepherds pipe slumber-songs to tree and flower. The shepherdess sits under the white coif (which plays a prominent part in many widely spread *chansons*) or decked with other headgear, and spins her thread as she, herself guarded by her dog, guards her sheep from the wolf, and her other treasures—'Little pipe of mine, little pail of mine, little 'wether, little flocks'—from predatory enemies of other species. Then there comes the recurrent episode. 'Le 'Passant,' be he *gentilhomme*, soldier, hunter, king, pays, usually in vain, his addresses to the *bergère*. He recounts, usually untruthfully, the tale of her true love's perfidy. He offers 'robes de soie et de bourlan," jewels, golden chains, pages, according to his means and estate. And she, sometimes with mockery, sometimes in sober earnestness, declines all proffers, and if here and there it is a refusal which acquiesces, more often it is in all seriousness and sincerity that she declares her preference for 'capeline et 'houlette' in comparison with silk attire. In the intervals

* The Renaissance. † L. Garnett, 'Greek Folk-songs.'

of love-making or love-refusing, she finds other occupations; seeking flowers—mostly violets—*seulette* in spring woods, where *seulette* she rarely remains. The nightingale is for ever the messenger of constant loves and the consoler of the forsaken. For the most part it is the *berger* whose fickleness is recorded—the shepherdess herself loves with a curiously facile fidelity. She laughs and cries with the irresponsibility of April emotions, but though her love is a gossamer thread, thin as the threads which net the dew-wet grass at dawn, its strands have an unexpectedly adherent quality, lasting at least till

'Les roses sont finies
Et le romarin est mort.'

Take one or two instances, from the early culture-*bergerie* and from the *bergerie* of folk-song, and set each by the other for sake of the likeness and the dissimilarity:

'En un verde prado
De rosas e flores
Guardando ganado
Con otros pastores
La vi tan fermosa
Que apenas creyera
Que fuese vaquera
De la Finojosa'

wrote the Marquis of Santillano in the fifteenth century. His verse might serve as keynote—or as faithful echo—of hundreds of pastoral lyrics emanating from peasant villages and hamlets in France, and sung to this day. Choice amongst them is difficult when so many seem by virtue of their grace to demand quotation. Few verses must serve:

'Paissez, brebiettes,
Paissez doucement.
Je vous laisse seulettes
Pour un bon moment.

La pastourelle
Qui vient de m'appeler
S'ennuie seulette
A côté du saule.

Sur le pont de Lourdes
Il y a un oisillon.
Toute la nuit il chante,
Il ne chante pas pour moi.

S'il chante, qu'il chante,
Il ne chante pas pour moi,
Il chante pour ma mie
Qui est près de moi.'

Another in the same collection,* 'Tout dort dans la campagne,' surpasses most in the sense it imparts of the dew-drenched earth of morning hours, while the exquisite example M. Tiersot cites from the *ronde*, 'Nous n'irons plus au bois,' gives an idea of the delicacy folk-song attained in its moments of spiritualised naturalism:

'Mais les lauriers du bois—les lairons-nous faner?
Non, chacun à son tour—ira les ramasser.
Si la cigale y dort—ne faut pas la blesser.
Le chant du rossignol—la viendra réveiller;

* Bladé.

Et aussi la fauvette—avec son doux gosier,
Et Jeanne la Bergère—avec son blanc panier
Allant cueillir la fraise—et la fleur d'églantier,
Cigale, ma cigale—allons, il faut chanter;
Car les lauriers du bois—sont déjà repoussés.'

Place by these, for contrast, those poems of modern culture-poetry no less pastoral in theme, scene, and imagery, but where the true pastoral sentiment has evaded the poet's grasp, and the semi-justice of M. de la Sizeranne's limitations of pastoralism to the emotions of the 'infiniment 'petits' are apparent. Heine, in his 'Hirtenknabe,' possibly touches some notes of the reed:

'König ist der Hirtenknabe,
Grüner Hügel ist sein Thron;
Über seinem Haupt die Sonne
Ist die grosse, goldne Kron.'

But turn to Goethe's 'Schäfers Klagelied' and the last echo dies:

'Da droben auf jenem Berge
Da steh' ich tausendmal,
An meinem Stabe gebogen,
Und schaue hinab in das Thal.

Dann folg' ich der weidenden Heerde,
Mein Hündchen bewahret mir sie;
Ich bin heruntergekommen
Und weiss doch selber nicht wie.

Da stehet von schönen Blumen
Die ganze Wiese so voll;
Ich breche sie, ohne zu wissen
Wem ich sie geben soll.

Und Regen, Sturm und Gewitter
Verpass' ich unter dem Baum;
Die Thüre dort bleibet verschlossen,
Doch alles ist leider ein Traum.

Es stehet ein Regenbogen
Wohl über jenem Haus!
Sie aber ist weg gezogen,
Und weit in das Land hinaus.

Hinaus in das Land und weiter,
Vielleicht gar über die See,
Vorüber, ihr Schafe, vorüber,
Dem Schäfer ist gar so weh.'

Here, surely, with the shepherd's lost love the pastoral sentiment is gone beyond land and sea to seek in far-off years a home and an abiding place, for the emotion coiled at the root of pastoral semblances is sharp-edged as an infinite passion, and the hopelessness of the melancholy is the despair, not of one poor herdsman, but of the heart of all losers in the great game of life when fate has cast the dice and chance has set her iron face against the player. These have no place in the kingdom of pastoralism.

In the great romance-Arcadias of the sixteenth century the sentiment of pastoralism wore a different guise. It was clothed in the garb of elaborately artificial fiction. In them, as later in the court pastorals of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the last remnants of simplicity, actual or assumed, were abandoned. The shepherds are shepherd-errants, knights who have laid aside their mediæval armour,

but who in smocks and sandals have preserved a faint aroma of old chivalries. They are poets who prefer, for the moment, to sing to bagpipe and rebeck the stories of their loves. It is a pastoralism of scenery, of costume, an open-air masquerade staged under green woodland boughs for the pleasure of city dwellers. Yet—and here lies the enigma—in these indeceptive counterfeits the true sentiment undoubtedly has its dwelling. Song-notes are no less natural than speech-notes to the human race, and there is a corresponding form of artificiality in imaginative fancies which in no sense presupposes the falsification of its themes. Harmonising, selecting, combining, it presents us, not with a fraud, but with what, in its most comprehensive meaning, we term fiction. The Arcadian fiction—represented by the work of Sannazaro, Montemayor, Sir Philip Sidney, Lodge, and many another—bears the same relation to reality as song to speech, and the 'Diana,' the 'Arcadia,' the 'Rosalind,' embody the idyllic conception after a fashion we might almost conceive was natural to the attitude of mind in which such conceptions were possible, or, given the length of these interminable romances, one must at least concede that the pose had ample time to become the habit of art. And howsoever it may have been with the authors, the spirit of pastoralism found a home in their volumes. These poet-goatherds, these sad shepherdesses, have taken so kindly to their beribboned crooks, to their docile flocks and sheltered sheepcotes, have taken so kindly to their transitory emotions, their despairs which have so much of hopefulness, their consolations which console so easily, to, in fact, their country life in all its details, that we feel their play-acting is itself almost a spontaneous impulse and their artificiality a part of nature. Some intimation of pastoral leisure is conveyed by the laggard paces of the stories themselves where summer days stretch themselves out with indefinite extension; there is time to spare when all its blithe labours are accomplished, and still to spare when its pleasures have all been enjoyed. Storms come, but storms of the haven, not of the free grey seas, the boughs of the sycamores are not broken, nor the leaves scattered, nor the grain downbeaten; and everywhere we have the sense of some human birthright of sweetness, of melody and gaiety, a birthright an older world has sold, the famine of life compelling, for the bitter nutriment of the world's pottage—truth. Simplicity, no doubt, in some sort has gone astray, yet there is some delicate flavour

of homeliness imparted to high courtesies, as of high courtesy to things homely, which makes mower and reaper, princess-shepherdesses and dairymaids of blood-royal, akin each with the other, and yet removes neither wholly from their own human sphere:—

> 'Fair and fair and twice as fair,
> As fair as any may be,
> The fairest shepherd on our green,
> A love for any ladye.'

—as Peele's 'old passionate ditty' runs.

And thus Arcadian artificialism fulfils some of the conditions of the true pastoral. It derives largely from the happy lands of classic idyllists, where the music of Pan's pipe was heard by the river's brim, where wood-nymphs haunted the groves and naiads the waterpools, where the first loves of the first herdsmen were whispered to the first shepherdesses, where the first Corydon kissed and the first Amaryllis refused her love, and the first Daphnis died of a broken heart. They, these chroniclers of Arcadian story, like Dr. Donne after them—

> ('I long to talk with some old lover's ghost
> Who died before the god of love was born')

—would seem to have made it their main endeavour to conjure up that pagan world of fancy and invention whose inhabitants passed centuries before from Arcady to Hades. The hour had not struck in which a Walter Scott, poet of a feudalism as artificial as any pastoral, could pronounce judgement on the presentment of 'Arcadia—a pastoral 'region, in which a certain fantastic sort of personages, 'desperately in love and thinking of nothing else but their 'mistresses, played upon pipes and wrote sonnets from 'morning to night, yet were supposed all the time to be 'tending their flocks'—it was a notion, he asserts, with a curious misappreciation of the gist of the whole matter, 'too monstrously absurd to be true.' Veracity certainly was not the aim of the great inventors of the Renaissance. In its place truth to fancy was theirs. And so penetrated were they by the glamour of that serene pre-Christian conception of a land of paradise upon earth, that its spell lies, not alone on the hand that wrote, but upon our eyes of later, greyer years, that read. And the charm works, the grass of their pastures, the eglantine of their bowers, the white fleece of their sheep, carry with them to this day that gift of pastoral illusion neither language,

formula, imagery, method, costume can, without it, produce.

True, the geography and physiographical features of the country they depict are not indicated after the manner of a surveyor's map. Yet that it was an imaginative reality who can question? There the morning 'did strew roses 'and violets on the heavenly floor against the coming of 'the sun; meadows were enamelled with flowers, pastures 'strewn with sheep, and shepherd-boys piping as though 'they never should be old.' There ran silver-rippled brooks of clear water, 'covered almost all over with sweet and 'smelling herbs.' There grew thickets of laurels, groves of oak, low sallows, the elm, and the chestnut, 'beset 'with sweet jesmines, amongst which many little birds 'made the place pleasant with silver notes, where the 'golden sunbeams, interbetween boughs and leaves, 'painted the green grass with divers colours which were 'never steady by reason the moveable leaves did disquiet 'them.' It is but one of countless pictures giving us visionary glimpses of a land of water, of sun, and of shade, of meadow-spaces spotted with fine golden flowers, giving us the sense of freshness in the summer heat, the sense of soft blowing winds in the hot noon; we see the white flocks gathered in the glade or scattered in the field, and other groups, girls with sandalled feet and hair of sunbeam-colour, and by them friend, companion, and lover. Afar off, if never very remote, are villages and cities; temples likewise—temples of Diana and Jupiter and of 'goat-bearded gods that love the grassie mountains'—to whose honour are sung the shepherd hymns, and for whom are twined the fragrant garlands, for such are the gods of the Arcadian 'churches.' And as in the *bergeries* of folk-song, love-making is the sole occupation of the long leisure hours.

> 'I wonder, by my troth, what you and I
> Did till we loved . . .'

might have been more fitly spoken by the denizens of those fields and woods than by that Dean of St. Paul's who was all too prone to officiate as divine of Cupid's Court. It is the serious business of the day, and yet it is all a 'make-'believe,' that love-making, and the sorrows and the hopes and the fears, the adorations and the jealousies, are all 'make-believe.' They skim the surface of emotion, stir the fringe of passion, but never, never do they pass beyond

or penetrate below. Still, play as it is—child's play as it is—like the play of all childhoods, it has its element of seriousness, and takes to itself here and there a sudden earnestness, an almost unwarrantable accent of sincerity. Such an accent Sir Philip Sidney's verse *intermezzos* bear—'My sheep are thoughts'; 'My true love hath my heart'; 'Locke up, faire liddes, the treasure of my heart'; 'Oh 'stealing Time,' verses too familiar to quote. Such an accent gives to many an interlude of the 'Diana' an almost impassioned pathos.

'I never can go homeward with my sheepe,
When to the west the sun begins to gyre,
Nor to the foldes returne from our towne,
But everywhere I see and seeing weepe
The sheepscote of my joy and sweete desire
Broken, decayed and throwen unto the ground:
Careless of lambs and sheepe, there sit I downe
A little while untill
The herdsmen feeding on the hill
Cry out to me, saying, "O Shepherdesse,
What doe thy thoughts possess,
And let thy sheepe goe feeding in the graine?
Our eyes do see it plaine:
For them the tender grasse in pleasant vales doth grow ywisse,
Sweete shadowed river bankes, tell me where my Syrenus is."'

Here Diana's lament touches the very note Fletcher struck in his 'Sad Shepherdess,' and Jonson echoed in his 'Sad 'Shepherd.' For sadness is not an exile from the Happy Land. The story of Selvagia, an episode of the 'Diana,' is typical of many of the interlaced plots of these Arcadian annals, telling how, of four shepherds and shepherdesses, 'either loved other and none their lovers again but were 'all at discord,' and telling how all these sorrowful lovers solaced sorrow with singing, as at close of daylight 'they 'go softly towardes the town.'

'Shepherd, who can passe such wrong
And a life in woes so deepe?
Which to live is too, too long,
As it is too short to weepe.

Grievous sighes in raine I waste
Leesing my affiance, and
I perceive my hope at last
With a candle in the hand.

What time then to hope among
Bitter hopes, that ever sleepe?
When this life is too, too long
As it is too short to weepe.

This greefe which I feele so rife,
Wretch, I do deserve as hire,
Since I came to put my life
In the hands of my desire.'

So sorrows supplant mirth, and the grey-leaved willow weeps by the river-side, the cypress points its black finger across the sunshine, briars and thorns overgrow the bay tree

and the rose, winter succeeds summer, lovers forsake and hearts are broken.

> 'The culver on the baréd bough
> Sits mourning for the absence of her mate.'

Nevertheless though the melody has changed its note, it is played upon the same strings. Love and joy, also sorrow and pain, are personal, individual; essentially personal, radically individual they are—to return to the phrase—of those emotions history passes by and philosophy ignores. They represent personal accidents, not general laws; they have our sympathy, unsharpened by any consciousness of contagion; they never remind us of our participation in their adverse fate. It is the winter at the door of one earth-dweller, not the winter at the door of the world, they deplore; it is the grief of one heart, with no afterthought of grief's universalities, they lament; it is the death of one playmate, one companion—even in the passionate melancholy of Spenser's elegy: 'Break now your girlonds, O ye 'shepherd lasses'—with no afterthought of the vast shadow which encloses life's whole circle of light. Death, betrayal, suffering, come before us bounded and limited in each single loss.

They came, those Romance-Arcadias, and passed out of view, forgotten of the many, and perhaps not over greatly treasured by the few. But by no manner of means did pastoralism divest itself of artificiality. From them in part, albeit in part only, the eighteenth century derived that *idée fixe* in theatrical art, in painting and literature, which Molière ridiculed: 'Pourquoi toujours ces bergers?' French pastoralism surpassed all precedents of artificiality, and its Arcadian precursors fade into pure naturalism beside the fashion-book figures, the costumed marionettes, the emotions *à la mode* of the new pastorals. It had its own novel distinction. Arcadian, strictly considered, it was not. Levity rather than gaiety, jests which have the edge of the knife rather than blithe laughter, griefs which mock themselves—these belong to the new art, and with them a ghost comes and goes behind the footlights, hides in the *bocage* of the side-scenes, or creeps stealthily before the curtain hand in hand with the actors. It is the ghost of a haunting, trivial melancholy—that spiritual malady whose taint passion itself cannot efface: the malady of *ennui*.

> 'In Elizium, how do they
> Pass eternity away?'

is the question Marvell, master-puritan of pastoral lyric, puts into the mouth of his Dorinda. It is a question every one of these Dresden china figures of Watteau fêtes might seem to ask. The senses, gentle, delicate, ethereal-ised, reigned in Arcadia serenely and without inquiry—love was enough. Here the senses still reign, but a faint cloud, a vapour, floats through the sunshine. There is a dim spirit who passes amongst the flowers—the spirit of an abiding doubt. The senses reign—but will they satisfy? 'L'amour fait passer le temps, mais le temps fait passer l'amour.'

Moreover, these pastorals, pictured or sung, are the *bergeries* of city and court; they have the fragrance not of the flower but of the *parfumerie*.

'Les simples bergers du moyen âge ont disparu, et fait place à des personnages enrubannés, vêtus de satin, couverts de broderies, et qui ont toujours l'air de vouloir attaquer un pas de gavotte. . . . Robin et Marion sont bien loin; Tircis, Aminte, Philis et Lisidas, voilà les héros du jour. . . . Ils envahissent tout, le roman, le théâtre; . . . il est bon ton de donner dans la bergerie.' *

Undoubtedly the Arcadian herdsmen were also play-actors, equally beribboned and brocaded. Only with a difference. With them it was not all a matter of *toilette*. They were play actors who intended to produce a certain degree of illusion; prince and princess, courtier and sonneteer attempted some concealment in their disguise, and to a limited extent merged their personalities in their *rôles*, and endeavoured, somewhat futilely, to lose themselves in their parts. The *bergerie* of later days would not seem to suggest any such effort, any least purpose of illusion. From the overture onwards we are invited into the greenroom, and throughout we are admitted freely behind the scenes. We see the paint put on, and when the performance is over, and the spectators dispersed, we may see it replaced by another complexion. The sentiment is part of the fancy dress. It is a sentiment of the footlights and the studio, of the Fête Galante and the Fête Champêtre, of Ballet, Intermède, Scène Lyrique, Vaudeville, and Opera. Gaiety there is, gaiety with an *arrière-pensée*, a butterfly with the sting of the wasp.

'Aux vignes de Cythère
Parmi les raisins doux
Est mainte grappe amère:
N'en cueillez pas pour vous.' †

* Tiersot. † Dufresny; see 'La vieille Chanson Française.'

Love-lyrics there are many and various, an integral necessity of the scene. But the *chanson satirique*, with little touches of the world's shallow wisdoms, is heard through the notes of the *rossignol des bois* dear to folk-song.

> 'La Bergère un peu coquette
> Rend le Berger plus constant.' *

Sentimentalities have put off their last thin aureole of chivalry, their last relics of quixotism, their last counterfeits—for counterfeit it was and no more—of passion. Frivolity—graceful, sceptical, and witty—is the order of the court.

One further phase awaits classification. It is a phase which enlarges the scope, as it reasserts with emphasis the claim of pastoralism to a prominent place in the history of emotional art. In it pastoralism allies itself to representations of earth, to interpretations of nature, in her gravest, simplest, and profoundest moods, in her most impressive manifestations. Here Emblem and Symbol are discarded and artificiality renounced. It is the pastoral sentiment animated and vitalised in the presentment of idealised actuality.

Pastoral idealisation has always existed—here in a peasant's song, there in some printed verse, for there is nothing new, alas, under the sun, or in that 'miroir de la 'vie'—art. But when in 1814 William Blake, poet, painter, and visionary, engraved his designs for Philips' 'Pastorals,' he gave to the modern world a new reading of an old sentiment.† Reverting to a seriousness as religious as the seriousness of early Christian art, he has stamped his conceptions of the images shepherd life presents, with all the reverence, the tranquil veneration of a primitive mind for the strength and repose of earth, and of earth's quiescent forces. The love of beast and bird, of flower and leaf, of shadow and sun, of all the intimacies and harmonies of natural life, are wedded by him to the thoughts of pasturage and sheepfold. The artificialism of the eighteenth century was a false varnish, a gloss covering and decorating the pastoral sentiment. The Nature-worship of Blake was an underlying emotion, a current running deep below the surface and threading its way to far-off horizons, to infinite and unbounded distances.

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* J. J. Rousseau, 'Le Devin du Village.'

† See also illustrations to the 'Songs of Innocence and Experience.'

Nor does Blake, although pre-eminent, stand undisciplined in this interpretation of the theme. Others—minor poets and minor artists, to whom life owes many of its lesser pleasures in days too much preoccupied to afford the hours of mental isolation greater works demand—have, now here, now there, caught some passing breath of kindred inspiration. They have sought (with us of to-day it is mostly a question of seeking) and have, some few, found, the reed-note, grave or gay, of the veritable idyll.* But if we are to trace in their endeavours something more than the accidental reaction against the realisms of the art which is essentially an art of cities, we must turn for its complete expression to an operative individual impulse gravitating insistently towards pastoralism, not as an accessory as in Noëls and Nativities, not as a decoration as in Watteau and his imitators, but as a central and independent idea. And in this phase the pastoral sentiment would seem to have entered into close alliance with an instinctive search after those aspects of Nature which, unlike the human theme, may stand unveiled without disclosing either distortions of form, disease of surface, or deformity of feeling and desire.

This impulse lies at the root of one section of the life-work of Giovanni Segantini. No labelled *doctrinaire*, he arrived at his conceptions making his own track to his own goal—a visionary but with the rare distinction that in his earlier period actuality never obscured his visions nor his visions actuality. The volume lately published, containing reproductions of his paintings and drawings, may be taken as giving a fair representation of his aims and achievements. They comprise much: peasant pictures of the school of the peasant-painters of France; landscape, the portrayal of the far-off horizons, the immense snow-clad spaces of mountains, the wide stretches of plains, he by predilection delineated; with, in his latter years, symbolical inventions and some few portraits, the portraits of an artist who was intrinsically a painter of nature in broad outline rather than in detail.

Segantini has himself summed up for us his purpose and place in art. 'To master the method of expressing senti-'ment' is his confessed endeavour, "the final goal": to 'master the whole of nature in all her gradations . . . with 'the relative structure and form of all things, of men, of

* G. H. Shannon, in his earlier lithographs, has more than once achieved the highest excellence.

'animals, and of insects, and finally to create a powerful 'and vigorous work that shall be wholly ideal.' And in the pictures pastoral sentiment may claim distinctively for its own, he applied his theory with strength and consistency. They remain typically pictures of the idealisation of the actual. There is no hard-and-fast line between what are strictly speaking pastorals and those works which deal with Nature and peasant occupations. The subject matter is by no manner of means an invariable indication of the sentiment, and sentiment, not sheep, it must be remembered, is the final test. It is a question of emotional association. As dawn-light or sunset determines, with the mutual images evoked, the sentiment of many a landscape scene, appealing to memories of eons of dawns, to anticipations of centuries of sunsets, so the pastoral sentiment appeals to sympathies transcending the narrow compass of individual experience. And it is largely by virtue of such associative appreciation that, where and when in Segantini's works pastoralism becomes a single and self-sufficing motive, it severs itself from the mere portrayals of cattle-tending and agricultural painting. The sentiment is the atmosphere in which human life, animal life, plant life, moves and has its being. And that sentiment is for him the outgrowth, as it becomes the environment, of the life of meadowland and hillside. Human passions, dreams, pleasures and sadnesses, are coloured and shaped by those surroundings, by the monotony of long vacant hours in sunshine or rain, by the breath of the open air, by the breaking of days which call the herdsmen to the pasture, by the closing of days whose close leads to the fold.

What ideals of happiness would arise in lives lived under such influences of space, sky, and companionship? Surely love-in-idleness, between the fellow-guardians of those tranquil charges, whose very footfall on the summer dust of the roadway or the short turf of the cropped slopes speaks peace, whose voices, sometimes content, sometimes querulous, are always subdued. Or if on the mountain-side and in the shadow of steep rocks, with wilder flocks, more of struggle and hardship, less of serenity and quietude, may obtrude itself, yet, even so, set side by side with the struggle of workshop and warehouse, with the sordid hardship of lives spent within street walls and in the penury of crowded cities, it is easy to grasp the differences of mental atmosphere attendant on the differences of occupation and the differences of surroundings. And love-in-idleness idealised is Segantini's subject in that most pastoral fountain scene,

where the water runlet splashes in the basin, where the boy who kisses is not cumbered with his crook, nor the girl kissed, by her water-pail, where the road winds towards the setting sun, and the sheep loiter a little beyond and apart, in no wise impatient of the lovers' delaying. It is thus Segantini has framed his little love-idyll—and the setting, such is his conscious or unconscious use, suggests itself as the creative cause no less than as the passive background to the human sentiment—a sentiment leisured as the sheep, gentle as the twilight shadows, possibly flitting as the fading daylight. In another idyll, the sense of leisure is absolutely complete. Here it is noon—the flocks are out of sight, if flocks there are. A girl lies full length on the sloping bank of high-grown grasses, her silhouette dark against a sky of thin floating clouds. Her figure sinks deep in the herbage, her head rests against the lad who sits, his back turned to her, his feet hanging over the bank, his face bent, his lips to the pipe he holds in both hands, from which, no doubt, come those thin clear notes tradition has from all time appropriated to the herdsmen of hills and plains. He pipes, she listens; again it is an ideal scene of human comradeship as the effluences of field and flower and open air and sunlight and spring (a flowering leafless bough tells us of spring) might, for a passing hour, fashion it.

Insistently too does Segantini dwell on that other inarticulate comradeship of man and beast. The boy-shepherd asleep by the giant tree-trunk of some shadowed grove, with two of his flock, recumbent but awake, keeping guard beside him (a reversal of office), is full of the lazy summer calm and the perfect trust of familiar companionship. In 'Uno di più,' where the woman shelters the new-born lamb under her unwieldy umbrella while the mother sniffs anxious, but confiding, after her offspring, a touch of humour enhances the charm of realism. Elsewhere similar portrayals approach so closely to pictures of thought, intention, and idea, as to transcend the sphere of true pastorals. When a man has something to say it is usually, though genius admits of no dogmatic prohibition, better for his art that he should not paint it. But Segantini, as years advanced, was not content with 'maintaining in himself the sensations 'and emotions with which he impregnated his work.' More and more he strove to communicate his reflections and beliefs, and in his favourite theme of Two Mothers—woman and child, cow and calf, ewe and lamb—sentiment is emphasised into a moral, and we feel he is painting, not his models, but what he thinks about them.

From love to comradeship, comradeship human and comradeship with nature, he passes, and then in one most lovely of conceptions he reverts to what religion has retained of the pastoral tradition. It is in the scene where, from midway the flight of circular steps leading upwards from the village road to the village church, an old priest, with attendant acolytes, blesses the thronging crowds of inattentive herds who wait his benediction patiently browsing the stray grasses amongst the stones. The whole sentiment—fraught with piety as it is—has the simplicity, the homeliness, the calm of a pastoralism as true as the pastoralism of days when the herdsman's instinct sought amongst the gods of men, who were many, one god, if only a semi-god, who should deign to become a god of sheep. Again Segantini steps onwards from religion to symbolism, and even here the note rings clear and with no uncertain sound. In 'Love at the Fountain of Life,' sheep are there none, and shepherd and shepherdess have exchanged their clumsy attire, their rough and heavy footgear, for the drapery and lightly bound feet of nymphs and dryads. Yet in this fantasy of the symbolist an echo of his old spirit abides. The meadow, mountain-bounded, the springing water, the delicate outlines of the seated figure, a transitive vision of love's incarnate form with the soft drooping of wings so great and strong that it is as though an eagle had lent his pinions to a butterfly—comes before us as a dream indeed, but not as the dreams of the city dweller are, not as the dreams of those who dream amid the jostling of men and the jar and fret of activities, but as the vision of the pastoral artist, a vision born of the sleep of shepherds, fashioned out of the shadows of sunset and moonrise and the silent mists of stream-fed meadows, the meadows watered by the River of Life.

With Segantini pastoralism of theme and sentiment would seem to have said, for modern art, its last inventive word. It travelled far from the sheepfolds of Bethlehem, through the romance-Arcadias of Renaissance fiction, to reach the regions of pure artificiality. Again it cast aside the cold levities of late eighteenth-century affectations, to retrieve its soul in Blake and its heart in Segantini. And fitly enough the circle whose starting-point in the history of post-classic art was the Incarnation of the Divine may end with the painter who achieved the Idealisation of the Earth; fitly enough, the sentiment which found a place at the nativity of a new faith should find a last expression in the reverence of an old worship—the worship of the serenity, the repose, and the elemental spirituality of Nature.

Art. IV.—TIBET.

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I.

Within the last year has been enacted a drama profoundly interesting in the annals of this world. One of the last of the earth's hidden places has been revealed; and up among the snows of the Himalayan Mountains the curtain that veils an obscure and fascinating community has been plucked back, held open for a few months during which the curious eyes of Western civilisation have peered upon the mysteries which it concealed, and has fallen and veiled them again from our vision. Yet it is not distance and obscurity alone that have lent to Tibet its deep and unique interest. As time goes on, the world becomes in a sense smaller; countries and peoples are drawn together by threads of commerce, of enlightenment, by possibilities of travel and communication before unknown; and as the surface of the globe thus seems to contract, the primitive wonder and amazement of men, the childish sense of physical discovery and adventure, fades in the light of knowledge. One by one the obscure places of the earth are visited, their hidden secrets revealed, and something of the commonplace infused into them by the flooding stream of civilisation. We were interested in them because they presented a picture of human life which was perhaps incredible and alien to us; because in them we might discover an existence going on in which, although it was lived by men and women made in the same image as ourselves, we could recognise hardly any

conditions common with our own except the great primitive facts of life, birth and death. One by one, as we say, these mysterious regions have been visited, explored, revealed; one by one they have become absorbed in the common life of this planet, which, however painfully, however slowly, does nevertheless gradually but surely grow towards cohesion and conformity. The last of these strongholds of silence and secrecy to fall are those which Nature herself has most completely isolated, and which offer no great temptation to the cupidity of men or of nations; and among them the country of Tibet, poor and unenlightened, girdled by dangers, perched amid forbidding mountain peaks and the huddle of rocks and glaciers that are the roof of the world, has remained the last upon which the light of modern knowledge and curiosity has been turned. But not only, we repeat, because of its isolation is Tibet an intensely interesting country: an almost greater claim than this lies in its sanctity as the home of one of the most mystical and obscure schools of the Buddhist faith. Across all the dangers and difficulties of the road, beyond the mountains and glaciers, the dangerous and rocky track ends four hundred miles from Siliguri, in Mr. Landon's words, 'in a 'loop ensnaring the golden roofs of the Potala and of the 'Cathedral, and round that loop the sad-eyed Lamas, 'muttering their unchanging prayer, creep solemnly all day.' Here is the centre and shrine of a religious system which remains without parallel in the world for its power, its completeness, its harshness. We say 'harshness' with regret; for truly one of the most disappointing things which the exploration of Tibet has revealed to us is that the religion of lamaism is not the mild and gentle influence that seems to beam from the eyes of Buddha, but a dark and rigorous intolerance, a harsh priestly rule, a system peopled with all the bogies and terrors of a childish hell, and appealing to crude and simple fears such as only cruelty can impose and ignorance support. But however disappointing and painful this fact may be, it is true that this rumour of sanctity gave the sharpest edge to our wonder as to the isolated land of Tibet and the holy and forbidden city of Lhasa. A profound, a painful curiosity dominated the minds of men when they thought of that distant place with its thousands and thousands of monks, its myriads of holy men, its stream of thought and intention turned for ever upon the contemplation of holy things. What were the people like who thus passed the days and years of their lives in the

pursuit of abstractions? Of what nature was this land of theirs, guarded and isolated so completely by the great ramparts and bastions of the world? What were their cities like, in what sort of houses did they live, what was their attitude towards life, what things did they value, how did they regard the great world beyond their mountains, what were their appearance, their speech, their thought? These are among the questions that thronged into our minds, questions the instancy of which was only increased by such fragments of knowledge as came to us from the few men who had penetrated into the remoteness of Tibet, and whose habits of thought were sufficiently akin to our own to supply some kind of link between our curiosity and the objects which excited it. And now for the first time that curiosity is to a large extent satisfied. Its satisfaction, of course, is a purely incidental result of the British Mission to Tibet; that it is the result most profoundly interesting to those who take a large human view of the world's affairs will not, we imagine, be doubted. With the Mission were a few men who have given an account of their adventures, each according to his mind and ability; the accounts vary as the minds and abilities of the writers vary; but from the mass of them we are enabled to form some definite but imperfect picture of this remote and holy kingdom, which has to-day returned again to seclusion and privacy, and where to-day, this very hour, as these lines are being written and read, the unending stream of prayer ascends to the divine Bodhisat, the Mild and Omniscient One, the Most Holy and Most Precious King, the Lord of Mercy and of Judgement.

II.

Before looking closely at the picture that has been thus revealed to us we must make some survey of the political situation, such as it was, which led up to the despatch to Tibet of an armed mission from the English Government; and to the understanding of these causes a glance at the history of the country itself is necessary, for in that history are found enshrined the qualities of mind which have made negotiations with the Government of Tibet difficult and primitive and insecure.

Like so many of its landscapes, wrapped in mists of whirling snow and cloud, the early history of Tibet emerges from a cold and obscure garment of legend in which, like

figures seen through a winter mist, the chief actors in its drama appear and disappear. Early in the seventh century we find a people at once fierce and shy, savage and primitive, pastoral and warlike, skirmishing and fighting upon the border of China. Lootings and ravishings and all the incidents of primitive and brutal strife are the features of this gloomy and bitter warfare on the part of a people among whom life was in an early and barbarous stage. One of them, their king, ravaging across two borders, is the first figure of any individuality which emerges out of the mist. He captures a Chinese princess, and then in another expedition bears off a Nepalese princess; these were among the prizes of his fierce and gloomy reign. A Buddhist by faith and devout after his manner, it is nevertheless obvious that he was no blind follower after peace, for in the year 648 he is seen with an army in India, fighting and defeating the King of Magadha, and bearing off the famous and beautiful image which is now enshrined in the holy of holies of the Jo-kang at Lhasa. Another century passes, still in strife with China; a Tibetan army sacks the capital; a Tibetan monarch invites the Buddhist saint, Padma Sambhava, to visit his country. War and religion—these are the primitive mark of this time; but with the coming of the saint Padma religion began to take the upper hand, for this man founded the Samye monasteries, and also took one of the highest places in the religious hierarchy of the Lamas, in which he is reincarnated both in the person of the Grand Lama of Tashi-lhunpo and in the Dalai Lama himself; and he was also the founder of the great Red Cap school. Doubtless it was the attraction of this saint's foundations that helped Tibet to take the place of India as the holy centre of the faith which was being slowly expelled from the South; and soon after an end was put to the continual conflicts with China by the famous treaty which is engraved on the Do-ring, or treaty stone, at Lhasa. For several centuries the mists close again over Tibet, perhaps because, being at peace and resting from its long period of wars, its annals were few and unexciting. The kingdom was divided into a number of small states, and with the exception of its conquest and occupation by the Tartars in the thirteenth century we hear little of the country until the fifteenth century, when the Yellow Caps, the second great subdivision of its religious life, were founded. The present system of hierarchy and of reincarnate Grand Lamas of Lhasa dates only from the seventeenth century, and represents, strange

as it may seem in our eyes, the reformed religion of Tibet. The increasing power of the successive Grand Lamas, or rather of the regents who acted for them, produced more trouble with China in the eighteenth century, when the Chinese emperor occupied Lhasa with an armed force and established two viceroys with a strong guard.

The rareness of the visits of strangers to Tibet and to Lhasa is significant both of the physical barriers with which Nature has isolated the country and, later, of the strong policy of exclusion adopted by the Government of Tibet. The country immediately beyond the various borders is of course fairly well known to hunters and adventurous travellers, but since the eighteenth century nearly all attempts to penetrate to Lhasa itself have failed. Until the eighteenth century there was no policy of exclusion, and it was open to any person with sufficient endurance and spirit of adventure to enter the sacred city; and in the eighteenth century there are many records of Dutch and Capuchin monks who established missions and built chapels, but with little missionary success; and they were finally expelled in 1745. A Dutchman, Van der Putte, arrived in 1720, and stayed there several years, although he left little record of what must have been a profoundly interesting sojourn. Not until 1811, nearly a hundred years later, do we find another European adventurous enough for the task, but in that year Thomas Manning arrived at Lhasa, the first Englishman who had ever reached the city. Manning of course came in direct disobedience to the law which forbad the presence of foreigners in Lhasa; he had been fortunate enough to make himself useful to a Chinese general whom he met at Phari Jong, in whose retinue he was smuggled into Lhasa. He contrived to remain there four months, during which time he made the acquaintance of many interesting personages, including the Dalai Lama; but at the end of that time he was warned that his life would be forfeited if he did not depart, and he returned to India. He kept a minute diary which has since been published; but it must be confessed that it is a singularly feeble document, and that few men could have so completely failed to make use of an opportunity that up till last year was unique in the history of the world. His diary is almost valueless; and had it not been for the work of two Englishmen who preceded him in Tibet, but who never penetrated to Lhasa and consequently had not his unrivalled opportunity, our knowledge of Tibet previous to the despatch of the English Mission would have been

scantier than ever. These two men were Bogle and Turner. George Bogle was sent in 1774 by Warren Hastings on a diplomatic mission to establish friendly communications with the Government of Tibet and to develop and improve commercial intercourse between the two countries: an intercourse which has never been and probably never will be of economic importance. Bogle was sent to the Tashi Lama at Tashi-lhunpo, where he was well received; and although he was not allowed to visit Lhasa he was given by his host excellent opportunities for studying matters of Tibetan life and religion. His mission accomplished little of the purpose with which it was designed; but incidentally it supplied us through Bogle's notes and diaries with a comparatively large amount of information concerning the country and people of Tibet. In 1783 Warren Hastings made another attempt to establish communications with his Northern neighbour. He sent his cousin, Samuel Turner, to Tashi-lhunpo in the hope that he would be at least as well received as Bogle had been. The Tashi Lama, however, had died in the interval and his successor was an infant; the seat of power, moreover, had been transferred to Lhasa, and the supreme authority, political and religious, was now vested in the Grand Lama himself, whose attitude towards Turner and the object of his mission was entirely unsympathetic. Turner, on his return to England, published an account of his journey which, although lacking in the completeness and interest of Bogle's narrative, is still a valuable document in the literature of Tibetan exploration.

The next visitors we hear of who actually reached Lhasa are two French Lazarist missionaries, Huc and Gabet, who in 1845 set out from China in the disguise of Lamas, and after eighteen months of wandering and hardship in China and Mongolia reached Lhasa in the year 1846. They were not allowed to remain in the city on account of their missionary intentions, and were compelled to make their long journey back again. Huc wrote a book describing his travels, but his accounts of Lhasa are sketchy and inaccurate, and indeed it is not wonderful that they should be so. After that time every attempt on the part of the European to penetrate to Lhasa has failed. Sven Hedin's plucky attempt brought him near enough to the city in point of distance, but was foredoomed to failure from its very daring, and no European had probably ever set foot in Lhasa since the Lazarist fathers left it, until, a few months ago, Colonel

Younghusband and his followers marched into the city The fullest account of the city of Lhasa, prior to the publication of Mr. Landon's book, is the dreary monograph of Sarat Chandra Das, who in the years 1878, 1882, and 1883 visited Tibet and Lhasa. This industrious servant of the Indian Empire has done much valuable work in surveying and exploring, but his account of the sacred city of Lhasa and of his own doings there remains one of the dullest achievements of human industry.

But if these were the only European visitors to the forbidden land, there were others of other races whose journeyings there were to have a greater effect upon its destinies than all the arms of China and Nepal had accomplished in the past. The name of Dorjieff emerges in late history with a sinister halo of romance. There is a deal of legend, no doubt, in the account of his journeyings between Lhasa and St. Petersburg, but they make a story so romantic, and one which we must admit tallies so well with the known facts, that one is inclined to accept it as something entirely suitable, entirely of a piece with this land of spells and magic, prayer-wheels and incantations. It is chiefly to Mr. Landon's research and industry that we are indebted for any consecutive account of the doings of Dorjieff. That his intrigues with the Dalai Lama on behalf of Russia were the chief cause of, or real justification for, our action in Tibet, is for many people a doubtful question; it is probable that we should have ignored them if there had been no other causes of difference between ourselves and the Tibetans. It is, however, obvious from Mr. Landon's book that in his view the Russian danger was the most serious one. Not, it should be noted, the danger of invasion from Russia; for invasion across fifteen hundred miles of almost impassable country, during the greater portion of which wheeled transport is impossible, is not a serious danger. But the danger arising from the persistence of powerful Russian influence in Lhasa itself might be extremely formidable if it were used for no other end than to stir up disaffection against the Indian Government on the part of the countries and tribes situated along the northern frontier. A powerful influence in Lhasa hostile to us might produce infinite trouble in Tibet, in Nepal, and in Bhutan, and would be extremely damaging to our prestige; while in the event of any action on the north-west frontier of India, the disturbance on the Tibet frontier would create a very troublesome and even dangerous diversion. That proposition will, we

think, be granted by a majority of impartial opinion, but it takes for granted the real existence in Lhasa of organised Russian intrigue. If we are convinced of the existence of that intrigue, then in our opinion some action in Tibet was justifiable and necessary; if it were exaggerated or unfounded, it would be hard to believe that the mere local impertinences of the Tibetans on the trade frontiers were grave enough to justify so formal and formidable a protest on the part of the Indian Government. Mr. Landon is quite convinced of the gravity of Dorjieff's intrigues, and regards the political relations between Tibet and India as a useful excuse for, rather than as the actual cause of, the despatch of the Mission. Mr. Candler, on the other hand, who goes less fully into detail, and was, perhaps, less in the confidence of official knowledge, treats the Dorjieff matter somewhat lightly, but regards as serious the vacillations and dishonesties of the Tibetan Government with regard to our treaties with them; and in his opinion the futility of the Macaulay commercial mission sent by Lord Dufferin in 1886 was the beginning of that 'weak and abortive policy 'which lost us the respect of the Tibetans, and led to a 'series of affronts and indignities which made the recent 'expedition to Lhasa inevitable.' It will be remembered that the escort was withdrawn almost as soon as it started to accompany the mission, at the instigation of China, with whom we were at that time engaged in the settlement of the Burmese frontier; and apparently tempted by what they regarded as weakness on our part, the Tibetans invaded the State of Sikkim and remained there for two years without protest on our part.

It may be as well in this place to trace lightly our relations with Tibet up to the despatch of Colonel Younghusband's mission. In addition to their encroachments on our territory in Sikkim, the Tibetans established a military post fifteen miles within our frontier, which British subjects were forbidden to pass; they had built walls across the trade route from India, and had thrown down the boundary pillars set up in accordance with the terms of a recent treaty. The military expedition of 1888 had, of course, defeated the Tibetans and driven them into the Chumbi Valley; but this little campaign had no real effect upon their respect for us and for our frontier rights. A Convention drawn up between Britain and China finally defined the Sikkim-Tibet boundary, and both Powers undertook to prevent any violation of it. Trade regulations were

drawn up in Darjeeling in 1893, but produced little result, chiefly because we evidently failed to recognise that the influence of China in Tibet was no longer vital, at any rate for our purposes, but was merely nominal and used as a convenience both by the Tibetans and the Chinese. An incident, moreover, in connection with this meeting at Darjeeling in 1893, slight in itself, proved to have no small influence on our subsequent relations with Lhasa. At the Darjeeling negotiations Tibet was represented by the Shata Shapé, the chief of the Council of Four, which is nominally at the head of the Tibetan Government. Not only was this official ignored by us and not invited to attach his signature to the treaty, but because of some impertinence, real or imaginary, which he is alleged to have offered to an Englishwoman in Darjeeling, he was ducked in a horse pond, being probably regarded as a mere border 'native.' This grossly ignorant and unpardonable action very naturally filled the heart of this great official with bitterness, and he is said to have returned to Lhasa vowing vengeance against the English. It is not wonderful, at any rate, that when in that far-away place relations with us as a nation came to be discussed, we should be represented in his mind by the only treatment he had, in his own person, received at our hands, and that we should have found in him one the weight of whose counsels was inevitably thrown in the scale against us. The terms of this treaty of 1893 were consistently stultified and violated by the Tibetans. As we have seen, they overthrew our boundary pillars, they built a wall across the road at Yatung, where a trade mart was to have been established, and they levied a tax of ten per cent. on Indian goods, in order to prevent any possible benefit arising from the commercial treaty. When they were actually called to account for these matters, they went so far as to repudiate the treaty, which of course, owing to our shortsightedness, had not been signed by any representative of Tibet, but was only signed by China as the suzerain Power, and they represented that they had not even been consulted as to the terms of it. A further appeal to China was of course useless, for China has repeatedly confessed that she is quite unable to coerce the Tibetans even into observance of treaties made on their behalf. We are reluctantly compelled to admit, therefore, that it was impossible for us to continue negotiating with the Tibetans through China, and that the making of treaties which were openly disregarded could only have a fatal effect upon our prestige with either

Power. The absurdity of this situation was finally revealed in 1901, when Lord Curzon prevailed upon the Government to allow him to send a despatch to the Dalai Lama himself. In this despatch he pointed out that the Tibetans were occupying British territory in direct violation and defiance of the treaties which had been made, and he invited the Dalai Lama to enter into friendly negotiations with him in order to secure their observance, and in order to prevent the necessity for more forcible insistence upon our rights. This letter was returned unopened, with a verbal message to the effect that the Chinese did not allow the Government of Lhasa to enter into direct communication with us; so that, in Lord Curzon's own words, we were moving in a 'vicious 'circle.' This was enough to bring matters to a head, but the negotiations of Dorjieff on behalf of Russia had at that time made it doubly imperative that some action should be taken.

Let us now return to Dorjieff himself, that strange, romantic figure which is seen hurrying hither and thither on the long road between Lhasa and St. Petersburg; now making the ninety-day march from Lhasa to Urga; now hurrying through Nepal and India to Colombo, taking ship to Odessa; now travelling to Darjeeling, where he met Norzunoff, the Russian emissary; always occupied, always involved in affairs, continually on the move. Dorjieff is a Mongolian Buriat monk or lama, born somewhere on the Siberian Steppes on the east of Lake Baikal, and by nationality a Russian subject. Destined for holy orders, he came in his youth to Lhasa, where he studied in the Debung Monastery, in which seat of Buddhist learning he ultimately became a professor of metaphysics. A strange destiny, a strange training, a strange beginning, this, for a life of political intrigue. One forms what picture of him one can, performing for so many years his duties and offices in the great monastery on the rocks; a dreamer, we may be sure, dreaming great dreams and harbouring great ideas the while he turned his prayer-wheel and studied the holy books, and made his pious marches round the Ling-Kor, where, walking and meditating, he could see the evening skies and sunsets across the Plain of Milk. Up to the age of fifty-two he lived this life of hypnotising and deadening routine; but in the year 1898 he was sent on a journey to Russia to collect monies from the faithful communities of his religion situated in the south-eastern provinces of European Russia. Some ember of adventure and ambition there must always have been in

the man, which was doubtless fanned into flame by the prospect and experience of this arduous and extensive piece of travel; and although we do not know when or in what way he first came into contact with the Russian Government, there came a point in his wanderings from town to town at which he ceased to be merely a pious monk collecting money, and began to move, a minute but important cogwheel, in the slow and intricate machinery of international politics. We need not blame the Russian Government for making use of such a man; we should rather, as Mr. Landon points out, blame ourselves that we either had not or failed to use a similar opportunity. As he very truly says, 'these quick-witted adventurers are often the most 'effective screen which can be interposed between two 'advancing nationalities, so long, of course, as they are 'officially recognised by neither.' What actually happened to Dorjieff in Russia, as we have said, is not known, but when at length he returned to Tibet he brought with him a number of valuable presents which he distributed judiciously amongst influential members of the Lhasan hierarchy, upon whom he forthwith proceeded to urge the desirability of securing the informal protection of the Czar of Russia. With a good deal of cunning he represented to them that China was a useless protector and was far too willing to be friendly with the British, to whom she would not fail to betray Tibet if it suited her. Against this great nation of heretics and conquerors such a suzerain, he represented, was no protection; but Russia, a vast number of whose subjects were of the true faith, and whose territories bordered on those of Tibet, would be a powerful friend and ally. He even hinted that there was a possibility that the Czar might ultimately be brought to embrace the Buddhist faith. Foolish as this view was, it was not foolishly designed for the ears to which it was addressed; its effect upon the Dalai Lama was to inflame his ambition.

And here we may pause to endeavour to form some picture of this mystical reincarnation, the Gyal-wa Rinpoche, Precious Majesty and Defender, the Divine Avalokita, the Lord of Mercy and of Judgement. He is the thirteenth incarnation of the Bodhisat, and of the reformer Tsongkapa, and is at this moment a young man of about thirty-one years of age. Of his predecessors, the first four were merely spiritual rulers without temporal power; the fifth secured the temporal power by inciting the Mongols to the invasion of Tibet, and then, by judicious tampering with the

Buddhist scriptures, he secured to himself the reincarnation of the divine godhead. On the death of a Grand Lama his successor is chosen by means of ritual and horoscopes, and some harmless baby is then discovered to contain in his small body a reincarnation of the Most Holy Lord. The sixth incarnation was executed by the Chinese because of his dissolute life; the seventh was deposed for the murder of his regent or protector. The eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth were all assassinated in childhood in order that the ruling power might be kept in the hands of the regent. The thirteenth and present reincarnation, Ngak-wang lo-sang tub-den gya-tso, is alive by no merit or grace of his own, but because it was part of the policy of the Tibetans in gradually throwing off the yoke of the Chinese to postpone the assassination of the Grand Lama and so to avoid the necessity of acknowledging the authority of China in appointing his successor. He turned the tables on his regent soon after he had attained his majority, accusing that official of witchcraft and casting him into prison, where he conveniently died at the end of a year. The young Dalai Lama, a person of considerable strength of character but of violent temper and passions, has since that date and until our appearance on the scene wielded an authority unprecedented in the history of his line. Mysterious as he is, and hedged about with divine exclusiveness and circumstance, we are able to form some kind of picture of him, and we can do no better than quote Mr. Candler's description, an admirable passage in which an intelligent imagination has combined with such information as could be obtained to produce a very reasonable portrait:—

'From various sources, which differ surprisingly little, I have a fairly clear picture of the man's face and figure. He is thick-set, about five feet nine inches in height, with a heavy square jaw, nose remarkably long and straight for a Tibetan, eyebrows pronounced and turning upwards in a phenomenal manner—probably trained so to make his appearance more forbidding—face pock-marked, general expression resolute and sinister. . . . His face is the index of his character. He is a man of strong personality, impetuous, despotic, and intolerant of advice in State affairs. He is constantly deposing his ministers, and has estranged from himself a large section of the upper classes, both ecclesiastical and official, owing to his wayward and headstrong disposition. . . . The only glimpse I have had into the man himself was reflected in a conversation with the Nepalese Resident, a podgy little man, very ugly and good-natured, with the manners of a French comedian and a face generally expanded in a broad grin. He shook with laughter when I asked him if he knew

the Dalai Lama, and the idea was really intensely funny, this mercurial, irreverent little man hobnobbing with the divine. "I have seen him," he said, and exploded again. "But what does he do all day?" I asked. The Resident puckered up his brow, aping abstraction, and began to wave his hand in the air solemnly with a slow circular movement, mumbling "*Om mani padme hum*" to the revolutions of an imaginary prayer-wheel . . . I was glad to meet a man in this city of evasiveness whose views were positive, and who was eager to communicate them. Through him I tracked the shadow, as it were, of this impersonality, and found that to many strangers in Lhasa, and perhaps to a few Lhasans themselves, the divinity was all clay, a palpable fraud, a pompous and puritanical dullard masquerading as a god.'

To such a man, then, came Dorjieff with his gifts and promises. He at once made preparations for embracing the new policy and even for visiting St. Petersburg himself; but the National Assembly refused to sanction his actions and replied to Dorjieff that they were not in need of the Russian Emperor's protection. Upon this Dorjieff again returned to St. Petersburg, where he had an interview with the Czar himself, whence he returned bearing a letter inviting the Dalai Lama to send a representative to Russia to discuss the matter, and bringing also as a present a complete set of vestments of a bishop of the Russian Church. The Dalai Lama immediately despatched an abbot as a representative, and with this man Dorjieff was soon once more travelling the road to Russia; and on arrival at St. Petersburg he was again received by the Czar. On their return they laid before the Dalai Lama a proposal that a Russian Grand Duke should take up his residence in Lhasa, and they also brought a draft treaty, or proposal for a treaty, between Russia and Tibet. The treaty represented the friendly feelings of Russia towards Tibet and towards the Buddhist religion, and it also asked for concessions to construct railways, bridges, and roads. This, however, was too large a matter even for the Dalai Lama to settle on his own initiative. The Chinese Viceroy denounced the whole transaction, and in this he was supported by the Tsong-du, or National Assembly.

Here we leave the ascertained facts; the rest is chiefly conjecture based on evidence of the value of which we have for the moment no means of judging. Mr. Landon, who has been in Lhasa and who has had the advantage of discussing the matter with both Chinese and Tibetan officials, believes that from this moment the Dalai Lama's policy was to pick a quarrel with the English. Mr. Landon definitely states

that 'Russian rifles came into the country in camel-loads'; and it is a fact that the primitive arsenal at Lhasa was put into repair; while Dorjieff made the bald statement that the Russians would have a detachment of Cossacks in Lhasa by the spring of 1903. With this statement his work, so far as we know, was finished. After his brief and vivacious appearance upon the stage of politics he disappears again into the same pathetic obscurity that has enveloped the Dalai Lama, with whom, perhaps, in some Mongolian border town, he now wanders and plots and schemes beneath the shadow of the mountain chain of Burkhan Buddha.

III.

With the progress of Colonel Younghusband's Mission the daily newspapers have made us familiar, and the events connected with the advance to Lhasa are too recent and fresh in our minds to need recapitulation here. What is historically interesting about that expedition from a military point of view is that it represents one of the most difficult feats of transport that have been attempted or accomplished in modern times. To project a small force four hundred miles into a hostile country is always a difficult and somewhat anxious matter, for the protection of communications involves a continual weakening of the original body until, perhaps at the moment when it is in the greatest danger, it is at its very lowest point of strength. But the expedition into Tibet was complicated by much graver dangers and difficulties than these. Of all the four hundred miles that had to be traversed only the first thirty could be covered by wheeled transport. For the rest there was no road in our sense of the word, and often only a trail which was barely possible for the passage of men and animals in single file. The enormous altitudes attained in this mountain-tossed track involved severe strain and fatigue as well as physical disabilities consequent on the rarefaction of the atmosphere; the country into which the force was proceeding was, in addition to being hostile, entirely unknown; and it was suspected that practically no supplies were to be had on the way and that the expedition must be self-supporting. That means that every ounce of food had to be carried by short and painful stages across that long and arduous track, sometimes by coolies, sometimes by mules, sometimes by yaks—in fact there was hardly any known and available means of animal transport

which was not tried on this expedition. When we add that this little party was steering, as if by compass, across a wild, inhospitable, and unknown country towards an unknown spot called Lhasa, which no one had ever seen, which was merely a name and a dream, and where every kind of barbarous hostility might be expected, it will be realised that the adventure was one not unworthy, in dangers, and risks, and hardships, of its destiny as almost the last great voyage of discovery left for man to attempt.

These things, we say, are sufficiently recognised; nor do we intend here to concern ourselves minutely with the somewhat painful subject of the opposition offered by the Tibetans at different points along the route and its inevitable result—the killing of between two and three thousand of these brave and simple people. It is enough to say in this connection that such fighting as took place was honourable to both sides who were actually engaged. Our force, highly trained and efficiently armed as it was, had always to fight against extremely heavy odds in point of numbers; the Tibetans, although they had the advantage of numbers, had no training, no generalship, no efficient weapons, and yet showed themselves courageous to the death. One minor result of the expedition, indeed, has been entirely to revise our notions of the character of the Tibetans in this respect: they had hitherto been esteemed a cowardly aad treacherous people, whereas we now know them to be possessed of that kind of berserker bravery in which judgment and prudence are entirely swallowed up in impulse, and where no consideration of the hopelessness of the struggle will prevent its prolongation to the bitter end. Whenever the Tibetans were met in hand-to-hand fighting, as was often necessarily the case, they seem nearly always to have been intrepid and formidable and to have earned the respect of their opponents. Nor need we here concern ourselves with the somewhat undignified questions as to the division of responsibility, the differences between General Macdonald and Colonel Younghusband (which seem to have been something of a feature in the expedition), or the differences between Colonel Younghusband and the Home Government, or between the Home Government and Lord Curzon. What is obvious to every one who reads the accounts of this expedition is that if it reflects credit on any one man more than another (and so far as the executive is concerned it was thoroughly creditable to many) it is creditable in the highest degree to Colonel Younghusband. It was upon his

shoulders that the whole responsibility really lay; it was upon his knowledge and judgment that all really depended; it was owing to his coolness and courage and knowledge of character that the Mission accomplished even so much as it did and returned in safety to India. In saying this we do not underestimate the admirable services of the military escort nor of those who organised and took charge of the transport; but the fact remains that the Tibet expedition will always, quite justly, be associated chiefly with Younghusband's name. It is on that account the more unfortunate that the Government, in vindicating a very necessary principle in regard to military or diplomatic operations conducted at a long distance from home, should have deemed it necessary to censure Younghusband for his action in assuming responsibility and acting on his own initiative, and so have discouraged a quality which, however liable to misuse it may be, is still supremely valuable, and a virtue rarely to be found in agents acting at a distance.

But what remains now, and what will remain in history, a truly interesting fact in this connection is that an expedition did in the year 1904 set out from India, did traverse the snows and passes, the plains and glaciers of Tibet, and did actually reach the holy and forbidden city of Lhasa. It is hard for us to realise it who only read of it as a fact; it must be hard even for those who were there to believe that those days and nights of fatigue and pain and exposure, those months of expectation, those days spent walking in the sunny streets of Lhasa, are not the components of a vivid but fast fading dream. And harder still must it be to the Tibetans, living their simple and monotonous life, centred in themselves and in their own country, ignorant and careless of all that lay beyond the horizon—it must be hard indeed for them to believe that the sudden irruption of a little band of foreigners upon their peaceful lives, the brief glimpse they had of strange faces, strange manners, and the short concert of foreign speech, is anything but a strange, gaily coloured illusion, a dream of harsh and vivid moment. For in Lhasa itself, as all along that stony way by which it was reached, we may suppose the Tibetans to have returned to their normal and uneventful ways, the peasant listening in the rain and the wind to the crack and flutter of his prayer-flag, or watching the argol smoke swirl and darken in his rude hovel; with no trace of the foreign invasion except here and there some relic of western civilisation, some strange product of Bond Street or Birmingham,

enshrined in that remote environment, and some memory, sad and bitter perhaps, of the death and loss of friends. Yet in a philosophy where all is illusion, how easily these things must become absorbed in the unreal and the unseen; and how quickly the volume and thunder of their chants and prayers, interrupted for a moment by the clash of arms and the new sounds of the invading host, must, when they were resumed, have absorbed and drowned the memory of that alien and inconstant rumour.

But we are concerned in these pages with literature not less than with politics and history, and with the literary expression which has so far been given to this interesting moment of sensation and discovery. The collision of two minds so remote from each other as those of the Tibetan and the Englishman, the almost extreme representatives of the West and the East, could not be otherwise than interesting; the result of it, as shown forth in the books that are written by those who had a part in it, could not perhaps be otherwise than disappointing. It is rarely, indeed, in matters of this kind that the moment makes or finds the man; and we are reluctantly compelled to admit that there probably was not accompanying the Mission to Tibet a man with the ideal mind and the ideal technical equipment quite worthy of so great an opportunity. We can only think of Stevenson and Carlyle among modern English writers who would quite adequately have fulfilled this task: but so remote in its dignity and simplicity is it from any spirit of mere literary cleverness that we find ourselves thankful that no famous impressionist writer accompanied the expedition. We are reminded of this by Mr. Landon's book, which exhibits some of the disabilities of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and few of his particular abilities—exhibits them just enough, as we say, to remind us of what we have fortunately missed. But if Mr. Landon's faults are those of other people, his merits are entirely his own. His great monograph is by far the richest literary harvest which is likely to be reaped by this expedition, and will probably remain for long by far the most important work on Tibet. Beside it the other books, which are infinitely smaller in scale and have been approached from a much less serious point of view, become almost insignificant; such a work, for example, as that of the officer who adopts the *nom de plume* of Powell Millington, facetious, jocular, irreverent, and yet pathetically feeble and dull, seems beside the magnitude of the subject almost ribald and impertinent, like an indecent word scratched by a child on

a great rock. Entirely well intentioned as it is, and written probably by a man whose real services in the expedition contributed in no small degree to its success, it is a sad example of the injustice which a man may do himself in the attempt to make use of a medium which he does not understand. The work of Mr. Savage Landor, on the other hand, is not a direct result of the expedition, which he did not accompany, but is an indirect result, and no doubt prompted by the ebullition of interest in Tibet. We have read no modern work issued by a serious publisher which is so entirely successful in creating an impression of untruth and insincerity. The pictures in the book, which are evidently intended to be its chief feature (for the letterpress can hardly be treated seriously), are for the most part sketches by the author of himself in some physically impossible position of extreme danger. This may seem a harsh and exaggerated description; but we need only refer the reader to the drawings facing pages 22, 34, and 96 of his book for what we regard as a quite sufficient justification of even more severe criticism. Much as Mr. Landor has travelled, and successful as he has no doubt been in penetrating where less intrepid travellers have failed, we can only feel regret that he should apparently be able to make so little use of his experiences.

Mr. Edmund Candler's book, on the other hand, hastily compiled, and in places even slipshod though it undoubtedly is, is interesting because of the sanity and modesty of point of view of its author. It is a narrative of the events of the expedition from a human point of view, and so far as mere narrative is concerned it is far from the least interesting and attractive account of the expedition that has been written. It would indeed be inadequate if there were no other works on the subject. It was Mr. Candler's misfortune to be very severely wounded in the Tibetan attack at Hot Springs, and it says much for his pluck and industry that he rejoined the expedition in time for the advance to Lhasa, and also worked hard enough to be able to produce his book in the beginning of 1905. 'The Unveiling of Lhasa,' inadequate as it would be by itself, makes a very pleasant companion volume to what must be regarded as by far the principal literary result of the expedition—Mr. Perceval Landon's 'Lhasa.' We have seemed to complain that there was no ideal historian accompanying the Mission, but we are far from insensible of our good fortune in that so good a substitute for an ideal historian was present in the person of Mr. Landon. He

brought to his work just that equipment of imagination, sympathy, and out-of-the-way knowledge the possession of which makes all the difference between profitable and unprofitable observation, and when we consider the arduous physical toil involved in the marches across those inclement mountains and passes we are filled with both admiration and gratitude for the courageous sense of duty that impelled Mr. Landon to note almost every shrub and tree, every distant view, and every immediate environment of nearly every step of the way. His chapters describing the road to Lhasa are so minute in each detail as to fail altogether to convey a picture in the literary sense of the word; they are as different from a piece of pure descriptive literature as the picture of a distant ship would be as painted by a sailor from the same ship painted by an artist. The sailor puts in everything minutely because he knows it to be there; the artist merely reproduces the effect of its presence upon his own vision. Thus, in Mr. Landon's narrative, as we have said, every mountain, every bend of the river, every shadow of the sunset, every name and scent and colour of shrub, or tree, or flower, is in its place; we have a catalogue rather than a description, a stage diagram rather than a picture. Yet there are passages in the book which tempt us to think that it was not unknowingly that Mr. Landon sacrificed true literary effect; for here and there he shows that he can write with grace and vividness and literary propriety. There is, for example, an exhibition of every quality of perfect descriptive style in such a sentence as this:

'The sight of a Himalayan river reaching the plain is worth looking at. The Tista, pent up between narrow and precipitous hills for eighty miles, here bursts fan-wise over the Terai, marked and parcelled by long smooth banks of sand, through which in twenty channels the suddenly contented water drifts slowly and at peace.'

Nor can we deny that the true literary quality is to be found in the following passage, in which are so admirably summed up the conflicting thoughts and emotions roused by contemplation of Lhasa and the Potala:

'Lamaism may be a barrier to all human improvement; it may be a living type of all that we in the West have fought against and at last overcome, of bigotry, cruelty and slavery; but under the fierce sun of that day and the white gauze of the almost unclouded sky of Lhasa, it was not easy to find fault with the creed, however narrow and merciless, which built the Potala palace and laid out the green spaces at its foot. In this paradise of cool water and green leaves, hidden away

among the encircling snows of the highest mountain ranges of the world, Lamaism has upraised the stones and gold of Lhasa, and nothing but Lamaism could have done this thing. To Lamaism alone we owe it that when at last the sight of the farthest goal of all travel burst upon our eyes, it was worthy, full worthy, of all the rumour and glamour and romance with which in the imaginings of man it has been invested for so many years.'

He seems indeed to have been torn asunder between the desire to do artistic justice to his subject and the desire also to produce a work so full of detail and information that it would live in archives and museums as a great and valuable work of reference on Tibet. In the latter object he has certainly succeeded; in the former (if indeed it ever was his object) he has partly failed; and yet we can well imagine that if we were ever to find ourselves on the road to Lhasa his book and no other would be our companion, and that we should then con with gratitude to the author every word of catalogue and every list of diagram. The book is really a mine of information on Tibet and the Tibetans. If we have seemed to find a little fault with its style, it is only because we regard some measure of minute criticism as due to its genuine weight and importance and the authority which it is likely to enjoy for many years to come.

We have already said that what makes Tibet and the city of Lhasa most interesting to the ordinary mind is the religion which is enshrined there, and that the mysterious religious life of the people and the strange and monotonous existence of the Lamas were subjects upon which curiosity was most vital and universal. And it is just in this respect that Mr. Landon's book is satisfactory in a very high degree. It is obvious that he shared that profound and painful curiosity of which we have spoken. It is obvious that his mind was stored beforehand with much of the knowledge that enabled him to understand and sympathise with what he saw in Tibet; and in proportion as it gets nearer to the heart of the religious mysteries his writing becomes better, more spontaneous, more human. He has been wisely lavish both of description and of illustration with regard to the city of Lhasa; more lavish still when he treats of the Potala, that wonderful and tremendous stronghold whose great bulking outlines and soaring golden roofs are the crown and glory of Lhasa; most lavish of himself, and therefore most truly informing and illuminating, when he describes that holy of holies of Buddhism, the Jo-kang, or Cathedral, at Lhasa, which is indeed the innermost shrine

of the faith. No Lama, no priest of the mysteries, no passionate pilgrim, wearied with long travel on the painful way from China or India, ever entered those courts in a spirit of more profound reverence than did this Englishman. There is a passionate curiosity which is the deepest form of reverence; and it is this quality, inherent in himself with regard to Buddhism, which he excites and satisfies in his readers. The beautiful illustrations in colour and photogravure which adorn his book cluster round these two treasures of lamaism in delightful and satisfying profusion, and when we lay it down we feel that we too have looked upon the mild and comprehending eyes of the great Buddha, that we have walked round the Ling-Kor, or sacred way, that encircles the city, that we have filled our eyes with the grandeur and beauty of the Potala, and with the tears that the last glimpse of it quickened as we turned our faces homewards and took our way back to the modern world.

Mr. Landon's book contains appendices by all the principal persons connected with the Mission, each on his own subject; and perhaps the most interesting of these is a monograph by Captain O'Connor, who acted as secretary to the Mission, on the present condition of the Government of Tibet. He draws a very striking parallel between the Tibetans and the Irish—a parallel which must have been suggested to many people by the religious, pastoral, and semi-feudal conditions of the country, but which it is interesting to have confirmed by so expert an authority. Such matters as the natural history of the country, the habits and customs of the people, and the civil and religious government are dealt with also at great length, both in the text and in appendices contributed by authorities accompanying the Mission. One of the most curious and interesting things in the book is an appendix in which four or five Tibetan fables are translated—peculiar and fascinating narratives which seem to point to the existence of a really rich literary field in this remote and unlikely quarter.

But however interesting all these things may be, there remains one pertinent question which most people will put even after reading so full a narrative as that of Mr. Landon. It will be asked: What is the net political result of our expedition to Tibet, and what justification have we not only for the cost and risk of the expedition but for the invasion of a peaceful country and the killing of several thousands of its inhabitants? This is a grave question and one which is not too easily answered. One cannot count archæological

knowledge and discovery, however interesting and important they may be, as furnishing the least justification for the expedition; and there remains the question as to the net political result. We are inclined to think that just because it is of a somewhat intangible character there is danger of its being underestimated by many who have not been able to go fully into the intricate story of our dealings with Tibet. One very important result that has been achieved is the overthrow of the excessive civil authority acquired by the Dalai Lama, and his complete dethronement from the position of civil and political authority which he had attained. His rule has been entirely discredited among the Tibetans, and as he represented the ambitious party, willing to intrigue with foreign Powers and to tamper with foreign influences, it is entirely to the good that an end should have been put to his political influence. The rule of Tibet has now devolved upon the Three Monasteries, which represent the ancient conservative order of things, which cherish an extreme distrust of foreigners and foreign Powers, and wish nothing better than to resume the policy of isolation and exclusion, and to apply it indiscriminately to all non-Buddhist nations and individuals. If we have accomplished this—and there seems every reason to believe that we have—and if the result of our interference has been to double-lock the doors of Tibet upon ourselves and every one else, we are inclined to think that our action will have been fully justified; while our presence in the Chumbi Valley is a guarantee that this time, at any rate, our agreements with the Tibetans cannot be treated with absolute contempt.

The flight of the Dalai Lama of course robbed Lhasa of one of its most unique attractions, and all the appendices in the world on the subject of his religious and political position would not compensate us for the loss of an actual account of the man himself and his doings. Yet it was left to Mr. Candler to convey in one crude but incomparable quotation the whole tragedy and comedy contained in the presence of a British soldier in the holy city of Lhasa. He describes him parading the streets of the forbidden city ‘ as ‘ indifferently as if they were the New Cut or Lambeth ‘ Palace Road. He looks up at the Potala and says: “ The ‘ “ old bloke's done a bunk; wish we'd got 'im, we might get ‘ “ 'ome then.” ’ Could anything be more monstrous and impertinent, more improper, ribald, and even criminal in its irreverence than this? Yet it sums up the whole of the

wonder and half of the interest of this strange penetrating march of a handful of the most highly civilised people into a territory which even Time would seem to have forgotten, where the world is a thousand years younger than it is with us, and where the mind of man is seen to be primitive and childish and dark, clouded by mists once tender and beautiful, but now becoming heartless and corrupt, through which it must fight to attain self-consciousness, to cleanse itself from the stain of slavery, and to attain the upper air of freedom.

Art. V.—LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE.

Life and Correspondence of John Duke Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England. By Ernest Hartley Coleridge. In two volumes. With illustrations. London: William Heinemann, 1904.

A life of the Lord Chief Justice Coleridge has long been looked for both by the public and by the legal profession. It has now been written by his cousin, Mr. Ernest Hartley Coleridge, a grandson of the poet, as Lord Coleridge himself was the grandnephew of that illustrious man. The life is therefore naturally sympathetic, though by no means undiscriminating in its estimate of the Chief Justice. Indeed, the book is based upon a plan which is generally conducive to truth, that of allowing the subject of the biography to reveal himself in his own letters, journals, and speeches. It may be said, indeed, that only selections from these are given, and that in this way an unreal view may be presented to posterity. To some extent this is and must always be true. But, in spite of some notable instances to the contrary, mankind in general have long ago given their approval to the salutary rule 'de mortuis 'nil nisi bonum.' It is a rule, no doubt, which does not apply to the public acts of public men and women. Living or dead, they must face the publicity which they have themselves courted. Their private lives, however, concern their countrymen only so far as they bear upon character; and it is difficult to think of any better way of getting at a man's real character than by a study of his letters written during a long lifetime. Lord Coleridge's published letters extend over a period beginning in April 1829, when he was nine years old, and are carried on to April 1894 to within a fortnight of his death. The story so told is likely to be truer on the whole, and fairer, than any picture drawn by a biographer, however brilliant, however blind, or however biassed. Mr. Coleridge tells us of the admiration felt by the Chief Justice for Cicero. Where in the whole world of literature is such a revelation of character to be found as in that great man's correspondence with his 'familiars'?

The Lord Chief Justice was born in 1820 and died in 1894. His parentage, boyhood, and youth are dwelt on at considerable and pious length by his kinsman. It is sufficient here to say that his family belonged to Devonshire,

that his great-grandfather was the vicar of Ottery St. Mary, in which place the family have been settled for upwards of a hundred years. The Chief Justice's grandfather was a soldier, Colonel James Coleridge, and his father was the well-known judge, Sir John Taylor Coleridge, the close friend and the biographer of Keble. Many men have owed their character and qualities to their mothers. The late Chief Justice lived always on the fondest terms with his mother, and when she died he wrote in his diary, 'Her 'affection, her generosity, her kindness in a thousand ways, 'were wonderful. To me she poured out for more than fifty 'years a stream of love always fresh, always the same, 'always abounding.' But it was not from her that his great qualities came. It was his father who during a large part of both their lives guided the son's steps, moulded his character, and influenced his career. It is not, perhaps, too much to say, that if it had not been for the wise counsel and unremitting care of his father, the Chief Justice might, in the enthusiasm of youth, have chosen a different profession from that of the law, and another creed than that of the Anglican Church. No one was more aware than he was of all he owed to his father, and he has recorded it in terms of eloquent affection in his letters and diary. Sir John was a sound lawyer, a good judge, and an ardent Churchman, who sat at the feet of Keble. He was respected by all who knew him, and beloved by his intimates. In politics he began by being a Peelite, and finished by being a moderate Gladstonian. He was made a judge by Sir Robert Peel, a Privy Councillor by Lord Derby, and was offered a peerage by Mr. Gladstone, a distinction which, at his son's instigation, he declined. He died in 1876 at the age of eighty-five, to the great grief of his whole family. His son's letters to him are full of love and reverence, and after his death he put on record his feeling for him in a striking passage which contains the following sentences:

'In the character of my father the difficulty is for anyone who knew him well, to find fault. . . . I never knew so good a man—not one who seemed to me so entirely to live by principle and in the presence of Almighty God as he. . . . Intellectually his journal does him injustice. He was an abler man than anyone who read only his journal would believe. . . . But of his intellect, though very considerable, I hardly ever think: nor of the form of his religion, which was narrow and bigoted enough. His character was, I really think, perfect, his princely generosity, his large *boundless* charity, his tenderness which was never weakness, his noble trust in others, his severity

to himself, his unfailing sweetness, his thorough, unequalled, *angelic* goodness, made such a man as I never knew before or since, and of whom I do not believe, before God, there have been many equals.'

It was in the refined and spiritual atmosphere of such a character that the boyhood and maturity of Lord Coleridge developed. It is true that in later years he differed from his father on many points; but he never lost the abiding sense of what he owed him, and the picture disclosed in their correspondence of the touching relations which so long existed between father and son is one of the great attractions of the book. Following in his father's footsteps, the Chief Justice was educated at Eton and Oxford. His tutor at Eton was his uncle, the Rev. Edward Coleridge, to whom he was much attached. He was in the sixth form at Eton, and distinguished himself in the debates in 'Pop.' He was a good oar, but the intellectual side of him was always uppermost. At the age of fifteen he writes to his father:

'I have finished the "Œdipus Tyrannus," and my tutor said I had better ask you to send me down a good Sophocles. And, if you do, would you accompany it by Elmsley's "Scholia in Sophoclem," which is a capital book, and which Cotton has lent me for the "Œdipus Rex." I also want you to send me my Lucan and Claudian for occasional reading, and . . . that little Cicero in four volumes which you were so kind as to give me. . . . I have been reading the life of Milton, by Sir Egerton Brydges, and the "Paradise Lost" attentively. I never thoroughly, I think, saw before what a truly splendid poem it is—so full of the *mens divinior* in every line. I am going on with the "Paradise Regained."'

When he was barely eighteen he was elected First Scholar of Balliol, and plunged at once into all the charms, literary, social, and ecclesiastical, of Oxford. To mention his intimate friends is enough to show the manner of man he was at the dawn of his career. They included (to give them their after-acquired titles) Archbishop Temple, Principal Shairp, Dr. Jowett, Bishop Mackarness, Archdeacon Furse, the Rev. J. Manley Hawker, and J. B. Seymour, whose sister he afterwards married. He fell early under the spell of Dr. Newman, for whom he conceived a reverence and affection which deepened as life went on, and continued till the Cardinal's death. The Tractarian movement found in Coleridge a warm supporter, and there were times when it almost seemed as if it might carry him away, as it did

Newman, Ward, and others. For instance, in 1841 he wrote:

'Nothing else than Rome can stand the splendid powers of the (German) Rationalists: any half and half Protestant system goes down before them like a reed. What a noble opportunity was lost by the Church of England at the Reformation! She might have become a genuine branch of the Church Catholic had not an unworthy fear of offending the foreign Protestants tied up the hands of true Reformers.'

And a year later:

'What I want to be allowed to hold is that the Reformation and the Reformers (Ridley excepted) were wicked or dishonest, and yet that our Church is *the* true Catholic one in this land. I most thoroughly believe the former . . . I wish I could, on grounds of argument as well as of feeling, believe the latter.'

Fortunately, however, he had in his father, and his father's friends Mr. Keble and Sir William Heathcote, staid counsellors who steadied his judgement and sobered his enthusiasms. It is remarkable how early he established himself in the affectionate confidence of these men of an older generation, and how he retained their friendships, in spite of the gradual development of his own opinions in a direction far away from theirs.

He was elected President of the Union at Oxford, and displayed again the oratorical powers which had made him conspicuous in 'Pop.' at Eton: but his career in the schools was marred by ill-health. In 1843, however, he was elected a Fellow of Exeter College, and in the following year he became engaged to Jane Fortescue Seymour, the sister of his Oxford friend, whose father lived at Farringford, in the Isle of Wight. The marriage did not take place till 1846. It was commemorated many years later, after Lady Coleridge's death, in some exquisite and pathetic lines written by her husband:

'The past comes back, the small grey wind-worn church,
The gleaming inlets of the land-locked sea:
The sudden sunshine: all the wedding train
. . . one loveliest form
Thine, darling, veiled and wreathed, thy face half hidden
In the rich glory of thy golden hair,
Thyself a dream of beauty.'

Then with deepening feeling, in allusion to his wife's artistic gifts and her beauty of character, he goes on:

'The world could see thy gifts and pay them honour:
It knew the noble artist: men whose praise
Itself was fame, gave it ungrudgingly.
A man's firm hand, a woman's tender soul
Met in thine art. . . . But only those
To whose fond wondering gaze the inner shrine
Of thy soul's temple was by fits revealed,
Knew that these outward gifts were but the robe
Clothing rare graces: silence against all wrong:
No strife for self: though in another's cause
Unyielding firmness: such a royal spirit
Of trust, of love, of fathomless charity,
Of free forgiveness, as, if Angels share,
They do not more than share.'

These lines are quoted both as a specimen of the rare poetic talent which Lord Coleridge undoubtedly inherited from his great-uncle, and also as a true picture of a pure and beautiful character. Lady Coleridge died suddenly in 1878, but not before she had made a great reputation by her portraits in crayon of Cardinal Newman, of Sir W. Boxall, of Mr. Butterfield, and of Sir John Coleridge. Her husband placed in Ottery church a recumbent effigy of her, and added this eloquent inscription:

'TO THE FAIR AND HOLY MEMORY OF JANE FORTESCUE, BARONESS COLERIDGE, HER HUSBAND DEDICATES THIS MARBLE, THANKFUL FOR HIS HAPPINESS, SORROWING FOR HIS LOSS, HOPING STEADFASTLY, THROUGH GOD'S MERCY, TO MEET HER WHEN THE NIGHT IS PASSED IN THE PERFECT AND UNENDING DAY.'

It was towards the end of 1842 that the subject was seriously discussed of Coleridge taking orders instead of going to the Bar. His father, however, with wise sagacity, recognised his qualifications for the legal profession, and wished his second son, Henry, to become a clergyman. This was what eventually happened, though Henry, about ten years later, left the Anglican Church and became a Jesuit, and from 1865 to the date of his death in 1893 was attached as priest, and subsequently as vice-rector, to the Church of the Immaculate Conception in Farm Street. Coleridge was not actually called to the Bar till November 1846. He occupied the interval between that date and his leaving Oxford in reading in the chambers successively of Hugh (afterwards Mr. Justice) Hill, J. H. Christie, and W. H. Tinney, Q.C., and in going as Marshal to his father on circuit. His success at the Bar was not at first rapid. Indeed, in 1850, he was actually inclined to accept a quite subordinate appointment

from Lord Chief Justice Campbell, but was dissuaded by his father. Four years later he was still nearer shelving himself by taking a Clerkship of Assize, and in 1858 it was with much hesitation that he declined the Chief Justiceship of Calcutta. Yet he had little real cause for misgiving as to his career. He was made a revising barrister in 1851, secretary to a Commission to inquire into the Corporation of London in 1853, and in 1854 a Commissioner to settle claims in the New Forest. He was at the same time on the permanent staff of the 'Guardian' at 200*l.* a year. In 1855 he was appointed Recorder of Portsmouth. In 1858 he had the most lucrative circuit he had ever had, and in 1860 after fourteen years at the Bar he records his income as being about 4,000*l.* For twelve years after his marriage he and his wife and family lived with Sir John and Lady Coleridge at 26 Park Crescent, and upon the Judge retiring from the bench into the country in 1858 his son writes to him: 'It 'is a sad thing to have really to plunge into life away from 'you on whom I have leaned for everything so long, and 'God knows how it will answer'—a remarkable indication of the closeness of the bond still existing between the father and son. And on the following Christmas Eve he wrote to his father: 'I hope we have many years yet in store of earthly 'love and intercourse. I know for myself that if you were 'not here to share it all, good fortune would lose half its 'pleasure for me, and life would be another thing to me 'altogether.'

Fifteen years later, the year before his father died, he wrote: 'From the bottom of my heart I wish you joy of 'your eighty-third birthday. . . . You are dearer than ever 'now, dearer every year you live, and when it pleases God to 'take you to himself, half the interest and pleasure and 'sunshine of my life will go with you.' In 1861 he became a Queen's Counsel at the suggestion of the Lord Chancellor. This was a high honour, inasmuch as he had not solicited it, for, with the curious distrust of himself which comes out in a hundred ways throughout his letters and journal, he 'knew he had not knowledge or brains for a real leader, 'and he thought not physical strength for it.'

As a matter of fact, his great career was now well assured, politically as well as professionally. In 1864 he stood for Exeter against Lord Courtenay, and was beaten; but was returned unopposed in the following year. In 1868 he became Solicitor-General in Mr. Gladstone's Administration, and in 1871 Attorney-General. In 1873 he was appointed

Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, after having already refused both the Presidentship of the Divorce Court and the Mastership of the Rolls. Finally, in November 1880, upon the death of Sir Alexander Cockburn, he became, on the nomination of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Chief Justice of England, a position which he filled till his death on June 14, 1894.

A well-known French writer under the title 'Cicéron et 'ses amis' has portrayed the life and character of the Roman orator and statesman by giving a picture of the friends and associates to whom he was attached. The same method may be well applied to the late Lord Chief Justice. Alike in the catholicity and in the moral and intellectual level of his friends, Coleridge resembled Cicero. Several of his undergraduate friends have already been mentioned. Among his friends in later life were Dean Stanley, Matthew Arnold, Lord Bowen, Sir Stafford Northcote (afterwards Lord Iddesleigh), Sir Charles Clifford, Lord Justice Lopes (afterwards Lord Ludlow), Lord Hannen, Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, Lord Young, Lord Lindley, Lord Justice Mathew, Cardinal Newman, and Mr. Gladstone. His circle of friends was not confined to one country or to one sex. It included his brilliant aunt, Sara Coleridge, and Lady Eastlake, the Comte de Franqueville and M. Gennadius, and a large number of distinguished Americans. Amongst these last were Mr. Lowell and Mr. Phelps, Mr. R. H. Dana and Mr. Henry James, Mr. Ellis Yarnall, Mr. Joseph A. Clay and Mr. Horace Binney. The deep impression which he made upon some of these Americans may be guessed from an entry made by Mr. Yarnall in his journal, on hearing of Lord Coleridge's death. 'I have kept every letter, I have 'some of them near me as I write; and as I read them, here 'and there, he is again before me, and I am listening to the 'tender and sweet tone of his voice. They are a priceless 'possession.'

It has been said by a not very friendly critic that these letters show Lord Coleridge not to have been a great letter-writer. But that will not be the general verdict. The letters are from first to last full of vigour and interest, often eloquent, sometimes original. They illustrate frankly and vividly the many-sidedness of the writer and the marked changes which took place in his opinions on political and ecclesiastical matters. The verdict of the cultivated public is more likely to be that of Mr. Ernest Coleridge, who, after lamenting the impossibility of printing more than a few out of the mass of letters before him, says that they would make

a most interesting volume by themselves, since they are valuable as history and at the same time present a dim though faithful reflection of the man. He adds with truth that in the American letters Lord Coleridge shows the highest side of his nature—his love of liberty and his passion for justice. But it would not be an unjust criticism upon Mr. Coleridge's book, admirably done as on the whole it is, to say that he has devoted too much space to letters from Coleridge's friends which have little intrinsic merit. Such for instance are some of the letters from Cardinal Newman and the Duke of Bedford. On the other hand, one regrets the paucity of letters from Lord Bowen, and the absence of any from Mr. Bright, though it is evident from Lord Coleridge's letters that considerable correspondence must have taken place between him and them.

A very interesting feature of Lord Coleridge's life was the development of his opinions in affairs both of Church and State from something very like high Toryism to advanced Liberalism. In this, no doubt, he followed largely Mr. Gladstone's example, but far more than with Mr. Gladstone did his Liberalism affect his religious views. The process was gradual, but none the less complete. He grew up with traditions and in an environment of Anglican orthodoxy and Conservatism which were all the more difficult to shake off, because they were due to the close and loving influence of his father, which remained in full force so long after the time when a father's influence is generally operative. This affectionate reverence for his father and his father's friends, Mr. Keble and Sir William Heathcote, continued till their deaths, and must have constantly checked him in breaking away from old-fashioned opinions. After their deaths his profound respect for and intimacy with Cardinal Newman must have acted in the same direction. It is easy to divine what this influence was from little things dotted about his correspondence and journal. For instance, on January 16, 1843, he records after a visit to Keble:

'Mr. Keble particularly choice upon William III., whom he would not allow even to have been a great general, Namur and the Boyne were the only two successes he would allow him. He was also very strong against Milton—some of the sonnets and "Comus" were the only things of his he could admire. He said he had long ago suspected his Arianism before the Bishop of Winchester's book put it beyond doubt.'

In 1853 he was taken to task by Mr. Keble for speaking disrespectfully of Charles I. Mr. Keble's tract against the

marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister, published in 1849, made such an impression on him that to the end of his days he never changed his views on this question. And when he first stood for Exeter in 1865 he was still in favour of Church rates.

Again on the crucial question of the American Civil War he failed to shake himself free from the misconceptions and prejudices which led so many Englishmen wrong. This brought him for the time into sharp conflict with his American friends. His view was that the Northerners were not genuine in their crusade against slavery, but were really fighting for tariffs and empire, and that 'so large a 'body as the South had the right to set up for itself.' This drew upon him weighty rebukes from Mr. Ellis Yarnall.

'The tariff,' he wrote in 1861, 'is scarcely alleged by the South as a grievance—slavery is their one thought, and conquest for the extension of slavery their one desire. . . . you say with vehemence that you are *neutral*. . . . Have you no admiration then for a people more than any other interested in works of every-day utility and comfort, giving up all rather than allow their government to be broken up? Or, to take another view of it, declaring they will accept any sacrifice rather than bring upon their consciences the sin of negro slavery? Had we opened the territories to slavery—given congressional protection to it—there need have been no war, but a burden would have been upon the souls of us all.'

And three years later again:

'That you, John Coleridge, a Christian gentleman, should be beguiled from your support of the men of the North, from Whittier, from Bryant, from Binney, that is indeed surprising. Again I say to myself it is but for a time. Can anyone doubt that history will give honour to those who helped forward the cause of freedom, and that the men in any country who put obstacles in the way will receive condemnation? As to England, the list will be, on the one side, Cairns, and Cobden, and Mill, and Bright, and Milner Gibson, Cornewall Lewis, Dean Trench, and Neale; and on the other, Laird, and Lindsay, and Roebuck, and Beresford Hope. . . . I recall what dear Mr. Keble said to me in 1852, that the power of the Church was not in her eminent men. . . . The poor work-people of Lancashire on whom the suffering . . . from the war has chiefly fallen, have been steadfast in their refusal of support to the South. I hear from Sharp of the "Guardian" that one of the new Archbishops declared he would not allow that journal to enter his house so long as the letters of the American correspondent appeared. Now, I know that those letters, however meagre they may have been, have upheld in their measure the cause of truth and righteousness, and therefore the anathema of the prelate perplexes me.'

It does not appear that at the time those eloquent appeals from America had much effect upon Coleridge's views. Indeed, about the sixties his Liberalism was so little suspected that he was more than once approached with a view to becoming a Conservative candidate for Parliament. This, however, was quite a mistaken view of him. Even before the American war he had written to his old Tory friend Sir William Heathcote in a strain which must have startled that orthodox country gentleman. In 1860 he writes:

'My dear Sir William,—The serious difference in opinion between me and so many people whom I love and honour with all my heart has made me very careless about public life. For I am sorry to say that democratic feeling and convictions only strengthen with me every year I live. . . . And it has become part of my inmost conviction that the aristocracy is destroying our glorious England. The existence of men of rank gives occasion and opportunity for that base, tuft-hunting subserviency which is the most disgusting characteristic of the Englishman and American. They corrupt and weaken our Government, they destroy the manliness and freedom of society, they obstruct the path of honour and usefulness to everyone who does not belong to them, or who has not some wonderful worldly gifts whereby he forces his way into their ranks. . . . If ever I do go into public life *Delenda est Aristocratia* would be the banner under which, as an honest man, I *must* fight.'

These views may have had something to do with his dissuading his father from accepting the peerage offered by Mr. Gladstone, but they must have been considerably modified before 1873 when he accepted a similar distinction for himself.

The advance which took place in his political views was accompanied by a like movement in his attitude towards the Anglican Church. His early ardour for the High Church Tractarian movement has been already mentioned. But at the end of 1860, when his father wrote to him, 'I 'wonder whether you have read your Keble to-day. One 'must be an old man, I suppose, to feel it as fully as I 'do. . . . Oh, what would life be at its close if one had no 'belief in a hereafter, or no belief in an Atonement!'

The reply of the son is:

'You have a compensating influence which I never can or shall have, I mean a real belief in and affection for the religious system in which God has cast your lot. I get no help from Anglicanism for all my deepest and strongest needs.'

In 1870 he wrote:

'I think there is an incompatibility between a democratic country and an Establishment, unless the Establishment is the outward expression of the general religious sentiment and no more. I think St. Paul would have stared at the Thirty-nine Articles, and I see nothing impossible in fact or wrong in thought in wishing for such a perfect simplicity of creed as I believe St. Paul, St. Peter, and St. John would all have said was enough.'

A couple of years later he elaborated his position as follows:

'The supremacy of conscience is the great truth of all, and when a man has really done his best with his conscience, I think he should follow its leading without hesitation, and with a firm belief that the Infinite God, in His mercy and wisdom, will accept all His children according to their lights. While I hold with all my soul to God and Christ, I must say most Christian theology, properly so called, seems to me the most audacious and insolent presumption.'

His acts and votes in Parliament were practical proofs of his advanced opinions. The year after he was elected he moved and carried a Bill for the abolition of tests in the University of Oxford, but a change of Ministry led to the measure being dropped. In the following year he carried a similar Bill, extended in scope by being made applicable to Cambridge, but it was thrown out by the Lords. In 1868 the Bill was still further enlarged by giving power to colleges to elect non-Anglican Fellows. It was passed in the Commons but never reached the Lords. In 1870 he again carried the Bill through the Commons, but only to find it shelved through the agency of Lord Salisbury in the Upper House. Up to this time Mr. Gladstone had held aloof from active support of the measure, but in 1871 he changed his attitude, and when the Bill had been again carried through the Commons the Lords were compelled to accept it, containing as it did the substance of an amendment by Mr. Fawcett making the abolition of tests in the colleges as well as in the Universities compulsory.

He warmly supported by speech and vote Mr. Gladstone's resolution in 1868 on the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, though on this point he had long been a Liberal, for, as he had told his father twenty years before, 'I can 'never get over the fact of 900,000 getting the tithes of '8,000,000.' In 1868, moreover, he was strengthened by his father's assurance that Mr. Keble agreed with Mr. Gladstone on the principle of disestablishment. When

Mr. Gladstone formed his first Government in December 1868, and offered Coleridge the post of Solicitor-General, it was declined, but under pressure ultimately accepted. The reason of the refusal was not clear, but his biographer calls it 'an unwise decision.' He was induced to change his mind by several friends, including 'Palmer and Bowen.' In 1869 he spoke strongly in favour of the second reading of the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill. On questions of law reform he was in favour of many things which have since been carried, and some which have not. Amongst the latter he advocated a Minister of Justice, a Code, and a simplification of land transfer on the Australian plan. But he was strongly opposed to a proposal (which has since been adopted) that the Law Officers of the Crown should not take private practice. In 1872 he introduced, but did not carry, a Juries Bill reducing the number of jurors in all cases except murder from twelve to seven, and allowing the verdict to be that of the majority. Generally, as his biographer points out, his attitude as a Minister was certainly not a Radical one. He has himself mentioned, as measures passed between 1868 and 1872 upon which he looked back with satisfaction, the Bankruptcy Act, the Naturalisation Act, the Foreign Enlistment Act, and the Law of Master and Servant. His Solicitor-Generalship came to an end in November 1871, from which date he was Mr. Gladstone's Attorney-General till October 1873, when he became Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. In November 1872 he had been offered and declined the succession to Lord Penzance in the Divorce Court, and in August 1873 he was offered and declined the Mastership of the Rolls in succession to Lord Romilly. He seems to have regretted both his decisions after he had made them, but they were made under the belief that he was not qualified to fill the offices satisfactorily. With regard to the Mastership of the Rolls he wrote to his father as follows:

'I should have everything to learn, and, for years, I should exhibit the spectacle of a judge inferior to his Bar, and to a great extent and often in their hands. I might, by going to school again, in time learn my trade, so as not to be a wholly incompetent judge, but no one would think so, and I should not have even the little credit I deserve. . . . I will not promise to take it, for honour is the first thing in a public man, and after all no other man can judge of honour so well as a man's self. But I should much like to have your counsel.'

The same inherent self-distrust comes out again in the

records in his journal after he had accepted the Chief Justiceship. On November 20, 1873, he wrote:

'All day in court. I shall never be able without real work to do my duty. But I will, please God, try to do it. Nothing can be kinder than my judges, but it is difficult to keep my place with them.'

And on the following day:

'I hope I am getting on, but I am certainly not yet the Chief of the Court. I am careful and civil, however, and hope to get on.'

And on November 26:

'Went to sit in the Court of Errors. Sat between Keating and Bramwell. What gentlemen they are! They were very kind to me and helped me through the duty very much. I do not think I did as badly as I expected.'

And, in April of the next year, to his father he wrote:

'I speak the truth when I say that I am not up to it, and no one likes to do what he knows he does not do well.'

Opinions have varied a good deal as to his merits as a judge: but as to his powers as an advocate there has been little real difference of opinion. Indeed, the very large income that he made for many years before he was raised to the Bench speaks for itself. On December 23, 1869, the first year of his Solicitor-Generalship, he entered in his diary: 'And so ends the legal year—a very great one. I 'shall have gone over 19,000*l.*, and, I think, not fallen much 'from where I was last year.' The most famous triumphs of his advocacy were the verdict he gained for the plaintiff, Miss Saurin, in the case of *Saurin* v. *Starr* in 1869, an action brought by the inmate of a Roman Catholic Convent at Hull against the Mother Superior and another for damages for conspiracy to procure her expulsion. Then his defence of the directors of Overend, Gurney, & Co. Ltd., who were charged in the same year with fraudulent conspiracy, was brilliantly successful. Still more celebrated than either of these cases was the Tichborne case—an action of ejectment—in which an impostor of the name of Orton put himself forward as Sir Roger Charles Tichborne, a baronet supposed to have been drowned at sea in 1854, and claimed the family estates from the guardians and trustees of the infant baronet in possession, Sir Alfred Tichborne. Serjeant Ballantine led for the plaintiff, and the Solicitor-General (Sir John Coleridge) led for the

defendants, and the trial lasted from May 11, 1871, until March 6, 1872, the presiding judge being Lord Chief Justice Bovill. The cross-examination of the plaintiff by Coleridge lasted for twenty-one days, and will always be remembered for the satirical form of the questions he put to Orton when he meant to expose some particularly gross mistake make by him: 'Would you be surprised to hear.' Coleridge addressed the jury for twenty-six days from January 15 to February 26, and on March 6 the plaintiff was non-suited, and arrested on a charge of perjury. He was subsequently tried in the Queen's Bench and convicted of perjury and fraud and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. It has been suggested by no less an authority than Lord Brampton, who was one of the distinguished counsel retained with Coleridge for the defendants, that his cross-examination of the plaintiff was not skilful, but actually put the plaintiff on his guard and prolonged the case. That is not the general view, nor the view of other great experts. Lord Russell of Killowen has recorded his opinion that

> 'It was the best thing he ever did. When, indeed, the subsequent prosecution for perjury took place, it was then seen how thorough and searching that cross-examination had been—I am glad to find that my opinion of that cross-examination has recently been corroborated by so eminent an authority as the Master of the Rolls, Lord Esher. I must not be understood in what I have said to depreciate his great speech on the Tichborne case. A more masterly exposition of complicated facts combined with a searching criticism of the claimant's evidence has rarely, if ever, been delivered.'

His qualifications as a judge have, no doubt, been freely canvassed. He was not regarded in the legal profession as a great lawyer. He himself would have been the last person to claim to be one. He had not the avidity for law which is necessary to become a great lawyer. His tastes and interests were far too wide. He kicked against what he described as 'the destruction of thought and of all 'cultivation of mind, and the inevitable loss of freshness 'and sympathy' which it involved. But admitting, as he himself admitted, his limitations as a lawyer, he yet brought to the performance of his duties so many brilliant qualities that he justified Lord Justice Mathew in saying that 'he took his place in the foremost rank of 'English judges. He was second only to Cockburn.' In all externals he was perfect, that is to say in voice, in manner, in appearance, and in stateliness of demeanour.

Moreover, his widely cultivated mind illuminated every case he tried with flashes from the world of art and literature and religion which are too rare in courts of law. In certain branches of law which appealed to him he has rarely been surpassed; and above all he brought to everything he did an overwhelming desire to do justice. The style of his judgements was, in point of literary finish, unique; and, as Lord Lindley has said, 'there runs through 'them a broad and liberal spirit, a love of truth and free-'dom, a detestation of trickery and sophistry, and a marked 'reluctance to decide in obedience to authority when opposed 'to his own clear views of justice.' Who of living judges would lay down the law of blasphemy which had to be explained to a jury in *the Queen against Ramsay and Foote* in such eloquent language as this?—

'It is no longer true in the sense in which it was true (according to the old law) that Christianity is part of the law of the land. . . . Therefore, to base the prosecution on a bare denial of the truths of Christianity, *simpliciter* and *per se* on the ground that Christianity is part of the law of the land in the sense in which it was said to be so by Lord Hale, Lord Raymond, and Lord Tenterden, is, in my judgement, a mistake. It is to forget that law grows: and that though the principles of law remain unchanged, yet (and it is one of the advantages of the common law) their application is to be changed with the changing circumstances of the time. Some persons may call this retrogression. I call it progression of human opinion. It is also true that persecution is a very easy form of virtue. A difficult form of virtue is to try in your own life to obey what you believe to be God's will. It is not easy to do, and if you do it, you make but little noise in the world. But it is easy to turn on someone who differs from you in opinion, and, in the guise of zeal for God's honour, to attack a man whose life perhaps may be far more pleasing to God than is your own. When it is done by men full of profession and pretension, who choose that particular form of zeal for God which consists in putting the criminal law in force against someone else, many quiet people come to sympathise not with the prosecutor but with the defendant. That will be so as human nature goes: and all the more, if the prosecutors should by chance be men who enjoy the wit of Voltaire, who are not repelled by the sneer of Gibbon, and who rather relish the irony of Hume. It is still worse if the prosecutor acts, not from the strange but often genuine feeling that God wants his help and that he can give it by a prosecution, but from partisan or political motives. Nothing can be more foreign from one's notions of what is high-minded, noble or religious: and one must visit a man who would so act, not for God's honour, but using God's honour for his own purposes, with the most disdainful disapprobation that the human mind can form.'

Lord Coleridge's love of animals is well known. He was

the leader of the anti-vivisectionist movement, and his humanity often showed itself in his judgements. In 1889, it fell to him and Lord Brampton (then Mr. Justice Hawkins) to decide upon the legality of the cruel practice of dishorning cattle. It was admitted to inflict excruciating and prolonged pain upon the animals, but was defended on the ground that it improved their condition and value. The statute forbids the 'cruel abuse or torture' of animals; and the question was whether dishorning fell within those words. The Court held that it did, both judges being equally emphatic in their opinions on this point. Lord Coleridge said *inter alia*:

'Necessity to form an excuse under the statute does not mean simply that the effect of an operation cannot otherwise be secured. There must be proportion between the object and the means. . . . To put thousands of cows and oxen to the hideous torments described in the evidence in order to put a few pounds into the pockets of their owners is an instance of such utter disproportion between means and object as to render the practice as described here not only barbarous and inhuman but I think clearly unlawful also. . . . If the suffering inflicted is necessary, as I have tried to explain it, it may be inflicted; if not, it is an unnecessary abuse of the animal, and we have neither the moral nor the legal right to inflict it, a conclusion not only of sentimentalism but of good sense.'

In the middle of his judicial career, Lord Coleridge, with the goodwill of both the British and American Governments, undertook a semi-political mission to the United States. He left England at the beginning of the long vacation in 1883, and was the guest partly of the Bar of New York and partly of the American Government and nation. Irish affairs were then, as usual, a disturbing influence. He himself had been drawn within the area of disturbance by having to try and sentence Irish dynamitards, and vengeance had been vowed against him by some extremists. So real was the danger believed to be by alarmists that his projected visit to Canada was abandoned. But the United States authorities would not listen to their fears, and promised and secured him a safe and highly successful tour. He was, indeed, received from first to last with a splendid warmth of hospitality by all classes and professions in America, and in speech after speech, full of ennobling thoughts clothed in elevated language, he gave them of his best in return. Compliments, international and personal, were, no doubt, the order of the day. The pacific object of the mission could not have been achieved without them.

But the Chief Justice did not shrink from pointing out to our cousins in what their weaknesses consisted, and in what their real strength. Take this passage, for instance, from his speech on October 11, 1883, to the New York State Bar Association :

'The first question which has almost always been put to me by my kind American friends, is whether I am not amazingly struck with the vast size of this country. Now, at the risk of offending my friends here . . . it is not the vast size of this country which particularly impresses me. Size seems to me a commonplace incident in the history of a nation . . . Then, after all, let me say about this matter of size, you did not make it . . . Let me be equally frank about your wealth . . . "*Aude, hospes*," says Virgil, "*contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum Finge deo*," grand words indeed! of which Dryden says: "I contemn the world when I think of them, and myself when I translate them." It is not your colossal fortunes, your vast estates, your piles of gold and silver which have interested me. I can see them at home. What I do admire, what I long to see, and never shall see in my own dear England, is what may be called your upper and lower middle classes. I have seen hundreds, thousands, and perhaps tens of thousands of comfortable solid houses . . . occupied by the owners of them . . . I am told that your intelligent farmers own their farms, your educated gentlemen their houses, and your artisans and poor people their cottages. They are their own houses and they are therefore precious to them. If they improve them, they improve them for themselves . . . What a state of satisfaction and content this produces in time of peace! . . . This is your great glory. This is your real greatness. This is your happiness. Keep it—guard it, cling to it. Never let it go. Never be betrayed into the pursuits of the false glitter, but real misery and discontent, which always have followed, which always will follow, in the train of feudalism.'

His advice to the students of Haverford College was :

'Read Milton and Wordsworth, Gray and Keats, study and learn by heart the great classic writers, Homer first, Virgil next, then Euripides, then Catullus, then Horace. Read only the best books, and never read bad books. Good books will nerve you for the work—the serious and earnest work, which is the lot of all good and true men.'

Lord Coleridge returned to England in October, and on the voyage home met the lady who afterwards became his second wife. She was Amy, the daughter of Henry Baring Lawford of the Bengal Civil Service, and niece of Charles Lawford, an old Eton school-fellow of the Chief Justice. The marriage took place in August 1885, and Mr. Ernest Coleridge speaks of the abundant happiness which it brought with it, while Lord Justice Mathew says that the

Chief Justice's 'later years seemed to be the happiest of 'his life.'

As to the public results of his mission we have Mr. Gladstone's opinion on record; for, writing to the Chief Justice from Downing Street on November 15, 1883, he thus expresses himself:

'Let me say, or say again, that I think you have rendered a public service by your excursion to America . . . I wish the two countries to be married at all points, and you have married them at one important and vital point, namely, in the legal profession . . . Have you done or thought anything . . . as to getting some competent person to study and then write upon the social state of America? which is almost a sealed book to us, while even of its material condition we are but roughly and loosely informed.'

And again on January 2, 1884, Mr. Gladstone wrote:

'When you have written . . . a great work on the social condition and movement of America, I have another subject to commend to you, for which I should like to see a real author forthcoming. It is the transformation of Oxford during the last half-century, and the manner in which the throes of that University have acted on England and the world.'

The Chief Justice did not live to act on either of these suggestions, nor does his biographer say whether, if he had survived his contemplated retirement from the Bench in 1896, he had any idea of writing either of these books. Certainly the Oxford one would have been a highly interesting work.

There are valuable sketches of distinguished men in many of the letters to and from Lord Coleridge. His view of Cardinal Newman was evidently that of a warm and devoted admirer. In 1875, after the Cardinal had been staying with him in London, he wrote to his father:

'The fascination of the man, personally, is far the greatest I ever felt. He never talks controversy, hardly alludes to difference, and you feel all the while that you are talking to a great and holy man, unto whom dogma and opinion may, indeed, have importance, but who recognises the fact that men differ on these matters, and who clearly thinks that *conduct* and devotion are *the* things, and is in sympathy with goodness wherever he finds it.'

In 1882 he wrote to Sir M. Grant Duff:—

'Most wonderful man certainly. I cannot analyse or explain it, but to this hour he interests and awes me like no other man I ever saw. He is as simple and humble and playful as a child, and yet I am with a being unlike anyone else. He lifts me up for the time and subdues me—if I said frightens me it would be hardly too strong.'

And in 1884 he describes him as

'the great Cardinal, to whom it seems impossible to do anything hastily or imperfectly, the only man who now writes me polished and perfect letters.'

We get glimpses too of the Royal Family. After the murder of President Garfield in 1881, Mr. Richard Dana wrote to Lord Coleridge: 'All America bows to the Queen: 'and her last letter to Mrs. Garfield and her wreath on the 'coffin won all hearts.'

In the same year Lord Coleridge wrote to Sir M. Grant Duff after the death of Dean Stanley:

'We had a very interesting meeting over dear Arthur Stanley in the Westminster Chapter House. The Prince asked all the speakers, and himself made the best speech I ever heard him make—a speech which really did him credit both for feeling and composition.'

And in 1875 he sent his father Dean Stanley's view of Keble:

'I had a very interesting dinner last night at Russell Gurney's. Little Stanley was there, and, as usual, when he got upon Keble he was genial and delightful. He told me how sad and troubled he had been of late, and how he had found comfort in no book after the Bible like the "Christian Year." He likes the "Lyra" very much, but he is quite idolatrous about the "Christian Year," and he said the insight into human nature—the wonderful depths and beauty and holiness of it were quite unlike anything else. He always reads it every day, Sundays and Saints' Days, and he says, sometimes with Lady Augusta, he can hardly get on with it for his feeling.'

Lord Coleridge's own view of Keble was expressed in a few words to his father in 1869:

'Keble will never grow old or your book go out of fashion, because, though he was a man of forms no doubt, yet he was so much more—as great, as true, as real as an old Apostle.'

Here is the late Lord Salisbury's estimate of Mr. Disraeli in 1867:

'Cranborne, with whom I dined, says that Dizzy has no policy, but only floats on the top of the wave, making believe that he directs it.'

In the same year Lord Coleridge had a very pleasant dinner with Lord (John) Russell, and says of his host:

'I was more struck with his simplicity and a certain nobility of thought about him than his cleverness. His ideas were commonplace enough, but when Lord Granville said he feared that forcing some

point on might break up the party, Lord R. said quite simply that nothing would ever be done if people were afraid of such consequences, and that a great party could not fail more nobly than in trying for the attainment of such an object.'

Gladstone in 1864 walked home with Coleridge from a Grand Night in the Middle Temple Hall, and

'he talked politics and religion, and was very moderate and sensible as to both. One striking thing he said, which I think is true, that all really good things are, on the whole, gaining ground in the Western world, except Christianity. Moral and intellectual good is certainly advancing, while the *religion* of Christianity is certainly decaying.'

And in 1873 he records an interesting verdict of Gladstone's upon his Lord Chancellors:

'He told me that of six Chancellors with whom he had sat in the Cabinet, far the most "useless" (it was his own word) was Westbury, and (what surprised me) Campbell the next. He was speaking apart from law, on which he said Campbell always appeared to him a master. He spoke very highly of Lyndhurst, but, he said, probably from indolence, he was not so useful a man in Council as Hatherley. Lyndhurst, he told me, was the great solvent. If there was any difficulty or difference among Ministers, they all deferred to Lyndhurst, and he made it up.'

Lord Coleridge was by no means a blind admirer of Mr. Gladstone's political views, much as he was attached to him as a man. It is evident that he followed him with hesitation in his Home Rule policy. In 1886 he wrote to Sir M. Grant Duff:

'In this last change of his, so disastrous both as to time and circumstances, I think the Party has every reason to complain. Even if he is right *in re* (and I think him more right than you do) I think he is wrong *in modo*.'

And in 1893 he explains his support of the Home Rule Bill in these words to C. M. Roupell:

'I shall vote for the Bill, but whether or no it will restore peace to Ireland God knows, not I. To me it seems that, seven centuries and forty thousand troops having failed, we might as well try what a little trust and self-government can do.'

In a letter of congratulation to Mr. Gladstone on his return to power in 1892, he makes the following declaration of allegiance:

'I wish the majority had been larger, but it is, I hope, large enough to secure to you the crowning glory of your life. It is mere iteration,

but when the thought is the same the words must be alike too—and you know that you are the only political leader I ever had or shall have, and that I shall end my public life as I began it, as your faithful follower.'

His warm appreciation of Jowett was expressed in a letter written in 1893 to Sir M. Grant Duff:

'Since Newman, I suppose, no Oxford man has come near Jowett in influence, and, on the whole, how high and noble and elevating his influence has been! The world will be much poorer when he goes, and his friends will feel much more alone. One must go or be left behind, and as the time of going draws nigh, it is mercifully ordered that there seems less to stay for. Did Aristotle and Plato really care for friendship? Bacon, to judge by his Essay, certainly did not. Cicero did, but he was an exceptional nature.'

Between Coleridge and Sir Stafford Northcote there was a long family friendship, and to him he paid in 1888 this warm tribute:

'Sir S. Northcote lacked one quality of the great Dr. Johnson: he was but a poor hater. I do believe that, either by original creation, or in answer to his prayers, God had delivered him from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness. He thought the best he could of everyone; he declined to ascribe bad motives to those at whose hands he had experienced slights and injuries which many men, which perhaps most men, would have bitterly resented. He felt these things keenly, but with a rare magnanimity he uttered no complaint, he held his peace.'

There is this capital sketch in 1843 of Archbishop Temple as quite a young man:

'Temple seems to have as much knowledge of farming as he has of the differential calculus, and to take as much interest in horse and cow and pig flesh as he does in Logic and Rhetoric—being able to carry them all in trim without cramming or jostling. But Temples are like Phœnixes, and, though Charles Lamb's liar did say (see Elia) that "the Phœnix is not an uncommon bird in some parts of Upper Egypt," I never met but one Temple. Did *you*, think you, taking him altogether? His distinctive characteristic seems to me to be *maturity*, which, in so young a man as he, is generally not a favourable symptom, but then he combines with it an equally uncommon amount of buoyancy and energy. For sageness, to coin a word (sagacity won't do), I never met his equal.'

There are some humorous sketches of legal luminaries. The Barons of the Exchequer, for instance, presented themselves

to Coleridge, soon after he was called to the Bar, in this guise:

'Parke settles the law, Rolfe settles the Court, Alderson settles the Bar, Platt settles nothing, and Pollock unsettles everything.'

He records a characteristic dialogue between himself and the late Sir William Grove in 1884 on certain deep questions of life, origin, and personality:

'"Bundles of impressions, nothing more," says my Brother *Grove*. "What do you make of *character*?" said I to him. "Nothing but the physical result of each man's ancestry," says he. "But I don't know, I think, at present, that I am the same *person* whom Keate flogged for a copy of verses unreasonably full of false quantities and concords."'

There are some good stories in the book. Two sisters of the name of *Catt* claimed a legacy left to them on condition that they changed their name to Wilmot. The Vice-Chancellor Wickens asked them why they objected to taking the name of Wilmot, to which one of the sisters replied, 'It's not I and my sister who mind, but our dear 'brother *Tom*.'

At an early stage of his career he was instructed to defend a good-looking young woman at Exeter charged on very grave evidence of stealing boots and shoes exposed for sale. His solicitor's instructions to him were as follows: 'Great reliance is placed upon the eloquence 'of counsel and the *Me*donna-like countenance of the 'prisoner.' He treasured a favourite story of Dean Stanley's from an American paper, that when President Harrison died 'the papers stated that "The Secretary of '"State came forward and announced to the crowd, 'The "'President is in Heaven.'" This intelligence diffused '*universal consternation* throughout the United States.'

His literary tastes and judgement have already been clearly indicated. It is impossible not to be struck with his deep and life-long admiration of Wordsworth, a feeling shared only in a less degree by Matthew Arnold. His letters, American and English, in his earliest and latest days, all preach the same fervent Wordsworthian gospel. To give only one example. In 1859 he wrote to Mr. Yarnall in America:

'Noble and lofty as Tennyson's new volume is . . . it is not like Wordsworth. It does not add to one's store of thought, and open, as it were, new fields to one, as even the dullest and least exquisite of Wordsworth's poems do, yet he and Longfellow (!) are supplanting

Wordsworth here, and of the two I think Longfellow is the most popular. It marks a point in life that the generation now at school and college no longer look on Wordsworth and Walter Scott as contemporary—no longer feed upon them and are educated by them. I fear Dickens and Tennyson will hardly beget such a *masculæ proles* as Scott and Wordsworth. . . . Well, it is something to be able to say *Virgilium vidi*—the next man to Milton in the noblest literature since Adam.'

After reading Gosse's account of Gray in Mr. John Morley's series, he says of Gray:

'What letters! Cowper and Gray and Southey are our best, I think, for Horace Walpole and Pope, very good in their way, are too artificial. . . . Gray's letters are as near perfection as possible.'

His affection for the Greek and Latin classics was hereditary and deep-rooted. In the volume of his poems entitled 'Verses during Forty Years,' there is a translation made by his father at the request of Lord Chief Justice Denman of the well-known passage in Catullus, beginning

> 'Si quicquam mutis gratum acceptumve sepulchris
> Accidere a nostro, Calve, dolore potest,'

and quite at the end of his life he followed Lord Bowen's translation of the 'Æneid' with such an incessant stream of critical comments that Bowen with characteristic humour observed to Lord Justice Mathew, 'He shoots over me every 'morning as if I were a Scotch moor.' The friendship between the two men was very close, and death did not separate them for long, barely two months. On April 13, 1894, Lord Coleridge wrote to Sir M. Grant Duff:

'On March 20, Bowen borrowed a Horace of me. . . . I *knew* he had not a month to live, and that interview was hard work. You, dear old friend, according to your custom, immensely over-rate what I did for him—it was not a tenth or a hundredth part of what he did for me, but I did love him with my whole heart, and I thank God for the blessing of his friendship. Jowett might have given us an estimate of him, for no one has done it yet: but he is gone first. . . . How Bowen was loved, and how well he deserved it!'

Lord Coleridge, after a brief illness, died on June 14, and was buried in the family vault at Ottery St. Mary on the 23rd, while the parish choir sang Cardinal Newman's exquisite hymn, 'Lead, kindly Light.' A memorial service was held the day before in Westminster Abbey, at which all the Judges were present, and the pall-bearers were Lord Chancellor Herschel, Lord Selborne, the Bishop of Gloucester,

Sir Frederic Leighton, Sir John Mowbray, the Right Hon. George Denman, Lord Halsbury, Lord Lingen, Lord Aberdare, and Lord Young.

In laying down the 'Life and Letters of Lord Coleridge' the general reader will probably agree in the criticism that the letters have not been selected or arranged with quite the care they might have been. Omissions may be capable of explanation only known to the biographer, but the insertion of some letters devoid of anything of public interest and of some passages in others reflecting upon persons or things dear to people still alive is not easy to justify. And the professional reader will be inclined to think that Mr. Ernest Coleridge has passed over too lightly what was felt to be a grave defect of the closing years of Lord Coleridge's judicial career, his increasing drowsiness on the Bench; though it is fair to say that Lord Justice Mathew gives it as his opinion that in a Divisional Court 'suitors did not suffer.' Unfortunately the Chief Justice had often to sit alone, when no brother judge could either help him or criticise him, and it would be folly to ignore the fact that embarrassing and unedifying situations did occur. It appears that one at least of his intimate friends, Mr. C. M. Roupell, pressed him to resign, and less than a year before his death Lord Coleridge wrote in reply to this remonstrance:

> 'You say the time has come for me to go. Very likely it has, but if I can, I want to stay on the Bench till 1896, before which time I am not entitled to my full pension, and my full pension is a serious object to me. . . . I am not conscious of doing my work worse or more feebly than before. . . . The first moment I suspect myself I shall go, and if you hear disparaging remarks (I mean more than usual) I entreat you, *per amicitiam divosque*, to tell me.'

In the course of the same letter he admits that he knows that on such a matter no one will tell him the truth. And this fact must always be remembered in defence of holders of offices whose resignations seem to be unduly deferred. How far Lord Coleridge's life might have been prolonged if his tenure of office had been shortened it is impossible to say; but his biographer says that his illness was brought on by a chill caught on the occasion of his attending a State function in court dress. He, at any rate, died in harness, and after a long and honourable career in the public service, of which his biographer has given the world a faithful and striking picture. It may be doubted whether he was a popular man. His advanced political and religious opinions, his want

of sympathy with most of what appeals to the average man under the name of 'sport,' and his highly cultivated and strongly marked tastes in art, literature, and music account for a good deal of that. But he had all his life a circle of devoted friends, all of them men of the highest character and intellectual distinction, to whom his attachment never wavered. They gave him in return affectionate and devoted friendship. And the general public recognised that he brought to the discharge of his high duties a lofty standard, high ideals, and consummate ability. In these latter days, when our country has been rent by sectarian strife and conflicts about dogma, it is surely wholesome to be reminded of the great Chief Justice's wise words of charity and toleration written more than forty years ago:

'It is not latitudinarian, it is Christian to point out . . . how holy men of all times and of all Churches have agreed in the elements of faith, in the principles of practice, in the foundations of religion. Surely when all is done, . . . when warfare has ended in victory, and desire is swallowed up in fruition, we shall wonder at the simplicity of the truth, at the plainness of the one thing needful . . . and shall marvel how the breadth of God's law failed to strike the narrowness of man's eyesight. "I see that all things come to an end: but Thy commandment is exceeding broad."'

Art. VI.—THE ARAB.

1. *Le Sahara.* Par Henri Schirmer, docteur ès lettres. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie, 1893.
2. *L'Algérie de 1830 à 1840.* Par Camille Rousset, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Librairie Plon, 1887.
3. *Southern Arabia.* By Theodore Bent, F.R.G.S., F.S.A., and Mrs. Bent. London: Smith, Elder, 1900.
4. *La Chute de l'Empire de Rabat.* Par Emile Gentil. Paris: Librairie Hachette et Cie, 1902.

IT is difficult to believe that the gay and comfortable town of Algiers, with its roomy boulevards and fine hotels and gardened villas and busy port and railways, and all its residences of modern luxury and civilisation, can be the same town which only the other day was the centre of a great system of piracy: a system carried on with as much energy and consistency as if it had been a legitimate trade, which was the State's regular source of revenue, on which it lived and maintained itself, and which was continued down to a time almost within the memory of persons still living.

Taking one morning the electric tram, which winds down the hill, through the gardens of Mustapha Supérieur and the town below, we found ourselves sitting next to an aged Moor with beady black eyes and parchment skin, the countless wrinkles in which seemed traced with the point of a needle. His memory, it struck us, might conceivably go back to the days before Algiers closed for ever her career of mischief. The Exmouth bombardment took place in 1816, and the release of 1,200 Christian slaves followed it. But this was not the end. Algiers was used to these interruptions. The damage done by the British was swiftly repaired, and the buccaneering business was carried on down to the time of the French blockade which ended in the fall of the town in 1830. The man, therefore, whose memory could go back a stretch of three-quarters of a century about, might recall something of that now extinct industry, and as a child might have actually seen the corsair fleets ruffling the waters of the bay on their outward or homeward voyages.

Possibly, we amused ourselves with speculating, the ancient Moor in the corner, who looked ninety if a day, might have been equal to such a retrospect. We turned a corner and the bay lay beneath us. A Messageries mail boat was slowly pulsing seaward, attended by the usual

retinue of small craft that tossed in her wake or clung to her skirts as though loath to let her go. The dark eyes of the old Moor dwelt on the scene with imperturbable composure. Immediately opposite to him sat an English girl, tennis-racquet in hand, to whom he presumably was merely one of those local curiosities which had outworn the interest of novelty and were no longer worth the snap-shot of a kodak, but who to him was, as we fancied, a representation of that race whom his fathers had bought and sold like pigs in the slave-market below. We would have given much to have been able for a moment to look at that scene through his eyes and to clothe it in his memories and associations.

But if it is difficult to believe in the past of Algiers while we are among the villas of Mustapha Supérieur or the boulevards of the French town, the case alters when we attain the Arab quarter. To pass into this is to pass into Arab life and all the intricacies of Arab history. Winding, tortuous alleys meander aimlessly in all directions, flanked by little dens of shops with piles of merchandise obtruding on the pavement, and interiors like the lairs of animals, at the mouths of which the merchants squat, conning the passers-by with an air of serious indifference. Above, the zigzag cliffs of white walls, latticed with faded shutters, rise irregularly, and, tottering towards each other as if for support, block out all but a narrow and crooked thread of blue above and shroud the dim creeks beneath in an unnaturally cold twilight. And through this gloom mysterious figures move with noiseless footfall, in white flowing garments, with twisted turbans or veiled faces, who, as you tell yourself, are leading a life in all respects real and matter of fact, with the usual everyday duties and worries, but whom no effort of your feeble imagination can make to seem other than curious and fantastic and outside the natural order of things, and who look at you with eyes in which all you can read is the depth of the abyss that lies between you. Like all Oriental towns, Old Algiers leaves on the memory an impression of a haunt of animals or insects rather than of men; a warren, corroded and eaten through in all directions by a network of countless passages and tunnels.

We have the same sensation when we stand or wander in such a labyrinth as this as when we turn the pages of an Arab history. There is the same richness of detail, the same striking individual figures and incidents, the same brilliant glimpses and vivid little scenes. And behind and

around all there is the same inextricable confusion, the same lack of coherence and definite plan. The details of Arab history, however full of romantic adventure, are, to the Western mind inevitably tedious. Of what causes are these events the effects, of what effects are they the causes, are questions which repeatedly recur while we study the thrilling but inconsequent narrative. One receives an impression as of the wrong side of a tapestry. The brilliant colours are there in every stitch, but they are woven into no intelligible design. This inconsequence is the characteristic which dogs the Arab faithfully in all his doings, which distinguishes him from other races, and which will be apt to fix the attention of anyone with an eye for character.

Any episode we lay a finger on will serve as an example. Everyone who has been to Biskra has visited in the desert hard by the tomb of Okba ibn Nefi, still revered by Moslems as the soldier saint of North Africa. The conquest of this part of the continent, begun by Abdullah in 647, was continued twenty years later by Okba. Wherever the Arab is met with in history, he is invariably in a hurry, and Okba's furious advance was only stopped by the Atlantic Ocean. His observations on meeting with this unexpected obstacle have been recorded by Gibbon on various authorities which we need not recapitulate. 'He spurred,' says Gibbon, 'his 'horse into the waves, and raising his eyes to heaven, 'exclaimed with the tones of a fanatic, "Great God! if my 'course were not stopped by this sea, I would still go on 'to the unknown kingdoms of the West, preaching the unity 'of thy holy name and putting to the sword the rebellious 'nations who worship any other God than thee!"'

Such is the temper that underlies all Arab achievement, and it is a temper, as is easy to see, more adapted to rapid conquest than stable settlement. While Okba was occupied with the Atlantic, and a vague idea of riding to America, the conquests he had achieved were already slipping from him. The Arabs in their invasions were innocent of an established base or lines of communication. They were too intent on what was in front to have any thought to spare for what had been left behind. When Okba recalled his attention to the events that were passing round him, he found that the Berber tribes, scattered rather than defeated by his impetuous advance, had risen in his rear, and hemmed him in, in overwhelming numbers. The curtain drops on one of those deeds of individual chivalry so common in Arab chronicles. A rival chief who had attempted

to raise a revolt in the army was now a prisoner in the Arab camp. With his own hands Okba released him and advised him to fly while a chance of escape remained. His answer was that he would die by his rival's side. 'Embracing as 'friends and martyrs, they unsheathed their scymitars, broke 'their scabbards, and maintained an obstinate combat till 'they fell by each other's side on the last of their slaughtered 'countrymen.'

These incidents of the death of Okba, the mingling in them of frantic energy, fanaticism, and heroism, the tremendous show of conquest resting on no foundation of common-sense and unsupported by anything in the shape of a consecutive and thought-out plan, may be taken as an index to Arab action at all times. The character of what we call the Arab 'civilisation' partook of just the same qualities. It had just the same fanciful enthusiasm and just the same lack of solid coherence. As early as the eighth century an Arab renaissance had revived something of the knowledge of classic literature. Schools and universities flourished, libraries were endowed. The taste for learning was cultivated with that zeal which the Arabs infused into all their undertakings. Palaces and mosques rose in the midst of odoriferous gardens and splashing fountains. But how much of all this was real? Their architecture, in so far as it was original and not built for them by the Greeks, was a concoction of whim and fantasy. In those nervous hands every strong and simple feature was distorted with endless complications. And, as always happens, they lost in stability what they gained in eccentricity. Their learning was of the same complexion. Though they disputed interminably on the rival merits of the Greek philosophers, they were content to receive all their knowledge of the classics through indifferent translations. So long as they could acquire enough matter to feed their fancy on, they desired no more.

It is indeed this incurable fancifulness which infects all their undertakings. Their minds turn perpetually to the occult, the mystical, the fantastic. They are always sighing for new worlds to conquer before they have made good the ground they stand on. They have the curious gift of turning everything they touch from substance into shadow. Astronomy in their hands is changed into astrology, and the serious business of the science became the casting of horoscopes. Their study of medicine consisted largely in the composition of philtres and talismans and the reciting of incantations. Their chemistry meant a search for the

secret of the transmutation of metals and for the elixir of immortal health. In short, the tendency always was to change the appeal from the intellect and reason to the fancy and imagination, and their zeal, instead of being devoted to laying firm foundations, evaporated in vague aspirations after the unintelligible or the unobtainable.

It is owing to this fancifulness, no doubt, which was so inbred in it, that the Arab past seems to be more legendary than real. Other civilisations abide our question. Not the Greek and Roman only, but the remoter Assyrian and Egyptian are definite and real in comparison with the Arabian. This seems of another texture. It is such stuff as dreams are made of. The sober historian hardly knows how to handle a tissue of circumstances which falls to pieces in his hands. On the other hand, poetry and legend and romance gather round it and feed upon it as ivy feeds on and covers a mouldering ruin. And with a right instinct. Ballad and romance are the only proper means of estimating an influence like the Arab's. He has nothing to give us of intellectual; nothing that can help us in the work of civilisation we have in hand ourselves, of which coherence, continuity, that stable and sure method of building which enables each generation in turn to take up the work where its predecessor laid it down, is the main characteristic. His value is entirely of a romantic and emotional kind. Arab history is the only one we know of in which personal events seem more important than general. The battles and sieges of Okba's campaigns are like empty explosions that strike the ear without a meaning; but Okba himself, riding into the breakers, chiding the Atlantic for barring his way, turning to meet death against a host of foes, is still a figure that counts.

And so it is to this day. The bloody rebellion that in Algeria followed the withdrawal of the French garrison in 1870, and flickered along the margin of the desert and up and down the Atlas with the uncertain movement of all Arab actions, is already half forgotten. But El Mokrani lives. The reader has perhaps heard his story. El Mokrani was a chief who had accepted office under the French government, and been the friend and comrade of French officers. Patriot though he was, he conceived himself bound by those obligations and those ties of friendship to take no advantage of the moment when France was struggling with an overpowering enemy. Deliberately he let that opportunity pass, and not until peace with Germany

was declared did he issue his formal defiance, return his decorations, and after an interval of forty-eight hours lead his men against the invader. The end came at Souflat. Seeing defeat inevitable, Mokrani dismounted from his horse and led his last charge on foot. He was shot through the forehead.

Such are the kind of incidents in which the value of Arab history resides. No history so abounds in deeds of romantic chivalry. But yet in so far as the effect of such deeds on Arab society is concerned, what is noticeable is that even they had little binding influence. They have no significance beyond themselves, and lead on to no development. They are lonely acts, not sociable ones. Their aim, we mean, as a rule has been not to benefit society or mankind, nor even to advance a common cause, but solely to vindicate what, as an ideal of personal conduct, is lofty and becoming. For such an ideal the Arab has always been ready to lay down his life; but he lays it down for himself, not for others.

If we would realise to what all this led, what that civilisation, which was half a dream, and that heroism, which was only personal, resulted in finally, the answer lies before us in Algiers. The chance denied the race elsewhere was given it here. It was turned out of the East by the Turk, and out of the West by the Goth; but here, here and in Morocco, it had the opportunity of working out its system to a conclusion. The scanty and insignificant Turkish garrison offered no real obstacle, especially after the great Moorish exodus from Spain in the fifteenth century, to the assertion by the Arab of national aspirations, if he had possessed any. Nor would it be possible to conceive a more favourable opportunity for national developement. A central yet secure position, a rich and fruitful soil, a delicious climate, and a long seaboard seemed to offer every possible advantage that a community could wish for. At the end of nine centuries of Arab occupation the outcome of these advantages is a piratical State with its hand against every man and every man's hand against it: a State whose depredations had become so intolerable that it was found necessary at last to stamp it out of existence in the interests of society, as you might stamp upon an adder in the public highway.

We will not dwell upon the special line of industry developed by Algiers, and developed with so much zeal that had the half of it been devoted to lawful trading the city must soon have rivalled the commercial greatness of Genoa

or Venice. The various elements of the population were early united in the bonds of a common purpose. In the strong and lawless Turk the fickle but equally lawless Arab found a leader after his own heart. The two seemed made for each other. Their operations extended over many seas and many coasts. Not only were they the terror of the Mediterranean, they were the terror of the English Channel. 'Those roguish pirates,' writes, in 1644, Edmund Rossingham to Lord Conway, 'which lie upon the western coast 'have taken from the shore about Penzance near St. 'Michael's Mount sixty men, women, and children.' Five years later the at that time prosperous Irish port of Baltimore was sacked and 237 captives carried off to slavery. The place has never since recovered its prosperity; but few people, probably, realise that the decline in its fortunes has been due to a Saracen foray. About the same time we hear of a petition from the ship-owners of Exeter, Plymouth, Dartmouth, Barnstaple, and other towns, representing that the pirates had become so numerous that the English ships dared not put to sea. Sailors refused to man them, and even fishermen were afraid to go out fishing. On the common and general acts of piracy committed it would be endless to enlarge. Perhaps an idea of the familiarity of the evil may be gained from a resolution passed in Parliament to the effect that fines levied on members who were late for prayers should be distributed among the poor women *who daily attend the House*, whose husbands were captives in Algiers. The system of ransom held to a quite late date. In 1810 Sir Arthur Paget, of the frigate 'Thetis,' bought off a couple of English slaves for a gold snuff-box set in diamonds, valued at 500*l.*; and the Ironmongers' Company at the same time paid 465*l.* for the liberation of thirteen others. It is hardly too much to say that the pirates, by the energy and tenacity with which they pursued their vocation, had made lawlessness lawful, and established a sort of right to violate right. The recognition of this privilege by Europe and America is testified to by the regular tribute paid by the national governments to Algiers to secure their merchantmen from pillage—a tax which may be reckoned among the most extraordinary mentioned in history. The American tribute was paid down to the year of the battle of Waterloo.

Algiers was the thorn in the side of European civilisation. Gradually, as that civilisation progressed and the ideas of order and responsibility established themselves, the evil was

felt to be intolerable. Like those weeds which take root and flourish in the interstices of masonry, Algiers had fed upon the dissensions of nations. The closing up of European society was fatal to her. It is curious to observe, when we remember the violence and bloodshed which had marked her career, that it was a blow with *a fan*, of all weapons, which was the signal for her downfall. But the old Dey who allowed himself this trifling indulgence had mistaken the times he lived in. It was safer to shoot a consul from a gun in the seventeenth century than to raise a fan against one in the nineteenth. The city's hour had struck. A fleet and an army answered the insult, and three years later the French guns were singing the requiem of Algiers.

Walking among these alleys, or standing under the bleached walls of the old fort overlooking the Arab town and the blue bay beneath, the history we have touched on passes before us like a panorama. What a mess they have made of it all, one is tempted to exclaim, thinking of the opportunities wasted and the chances thrown away! How strange is the contrast between the beginnings of Arab conquest, inspired by such fiery courage and fanatical devotion, and this helpless disintegration of a state developed on no principles of social order and cohesion. And yet, as we have attempted to suggest, from the very beginning of their career the taint is discernible which was fated to haunt and to destroy them. Had Okba marched more slowly, with an eye on his lines of communication, he would not have been cut off in his hour of triumph. Had the Arab thinkers and scientists been content to build up their civilisation by degrees, basing it on reason and solid fact, instead of dissipating it in transcendental fancies, they would doubtless have established a system which would not have been swept out of existence as a housemaid sweeps a cobweb from a wall. And had those same solid qualities of slowness and sureness, which are the basis of social and national existence, been existent in the Arab character, Europe would not have been treated to such a spectacle as the decline and fall of Algiers.

The evidence of history we may study wherever we are. The advantage of being on the spot lies in the concrete instances which drive the meaning of history home. If a survey of their past teaches us that the Arabs have failed in the attempt to construct a durable civilisation, an examination of the types in the streets of Algiers will show us, what

we should indeed have expected to find, that the life of cities has permanent and fatally degrading effects on the character and physique of the race. The change indeed has been so marked that it has necessitated separate names for the Arab of the desert and of the towns. The former is the true type of the race and is the man we think of when we speak simply of the Arab. The latter is the Moor. The Moors are those who have taken to civilisation, and the effect it has had upon them is exceedingly instructive. The young Moors of Algiers occupy themselves in trade and shopkeeping and spend their time in distilling scent and making embroidery and smoking endless cigarettes in the dim twilight of their shops. The fire of the desert is extinct in them. They are often handsome in a disagreeable, effeminate way, with pale smooth faces, velvety dark eyes, and soft, rather fawning manners. They are dressed very gaily in silk embroidered jackets and waistcoats and big linen trousers. An indescribable air of unhealthiness and decadence attaches to them.

Marked is the contrast between these and those Arabs of the interior of whom a few are scattered in the crowd. From under the hood of the latter's burnous looks out a face darkened and polished by the sun, scored with countless wrinkles, with eyes whose piercing and restless glance, darting from group to group, bespeak, under his restrained demeanour, the prompt and wary character of the man. We remember to have seen, in a fashionable photographer's shop in London, a number of portraits of British Generals and officers, veterans many of them, but all with the carefully prepared, rice-powder complexion which has become a photographic tradition. The difference between those egg-like faces in the gilt frames, with all their life's work, chiselled into cheek and forehead, smoothed away, and a mask of pink and white porcelain substituted,—the difference between these and the originals as you remember them, scorched and tanned under their helmets in real life, is the difference between the Moor and the Arab. You can trace a resemblance, it is true, but all that gives expressiveness and vigour to the Arab's face, and stands for the racial significance of the type, is gone from the Moor's. And in the same way, too, the slack and languid movements and step of the Moor, compared with the Arab's alertness and the evident strength of his lean but sinewy limbs, shows what a profound physical deterioration has taken place.

So fares it with the race when it forsakes the desert life

for cities. On no other does such a change work so fatally, for there is no other whose virtues and fine qualities belong so inextricably to the peculiar conditions it was bred under. Other natural conditions up and down the world are usually at least similar in this, that they are all more or less mixed and varied in themselves, and accordingly people bred in one place are effective in most others. But the Arab is, so to speak, not transferable. He has started forth from the desert imbued with a set of vices and virtues all his own, which make him as much an anomaly among men as his country is an anomaly in scenery. The children of hill and wood and valley and plain, of the mixed sceneries generally, who are after all much of a muchness, stare in astonishment when the child of the desert comes among them and mentally ejaculate, 'What the devil have we here!'

So if the world and the Arab have ever combined, it has been on condition that the Arab should cease to be an Arab and become a Moor. The qualities the race has imbibed from the desert are of no use to it elsewhere, and they tend inevitably to fall off and deteriorate when they are brought into the world. Perhaps it is as well that this is so. If the Arab had been able to maintain himself permanently at his original white-hot state of energy the consequences for other people must have been serious. But that energy always abated as the Arab retired from its source. The fearful desert *élan* drooped in the cold and damp of the north. Indeed, he was checked in his career ultimately not so much by hostile armies as by a hostile climate. His conquests were regulated by the thermometer. It has been somewhere suggested by Gibbon that had it not been for Charles Martel we might all be living under Arab rule and reciting the Koran to-day; but we should have had the British climate to fall back upon, even if Martel had failed us.

Nothing more strikingly indicates the real origin and source of all Arab vigour than this instant flagging of the race as soon as it had left the desert behind it. If the reader will turn to Sir Charles Lyall's preface to his translations of Arab poetry he will gain in a few pages an idea of the nature of the change. Poetry was the one national art of the Arabs. Those arts which belong to a settled and established life were almost unknown to them. It was to their songs and ballads they turned as their only means of self-expression and sole hope of rescue from oblivion. No reputation, indeed, was safe until it had been embalmed in verse and

entrusted to the memory of the tribe. As must always be the case where it is intended for use and not for ornament, the poetry of this period was vigorous, direct, sincere. It depicts for us a life almost barren of interests, yet exalted in sentiment. It idealises a character fierce and narrow-minded, yet possessing the virile virtues of pride and intrepidity. In welding together the race for the only united effort it has ever made, its poetry was, next to its religion, the main instrument. The task accomplished, the poetry declined. But its decline was not due merely to the passing of a creative era, it declined because the Arab people had entirely turned away from the life it represented. After but a short experience of the confinement and ease of cities, the very nature of the race underwent a change. And that change extended not only to manners and customs, but to character and language. Consequently after a very few generations had elapsed, the desert poetry had come to be utterly unintelligible to the town-bred descendants of the race. It was composed in a language no longer spoken or understood, and it described scenes and exploits, and glorified virtues and heroisms which had lost all meaning. Poetry of his own the town-bred Arab had, a poetry which had quite lost the old virile directness and force, and had acquired instead a certain insipid prettiness and sentimentality, and a decided turn for flattering important people. This is the poetry of Moors, as the other was the poetry of Arabs.

Even in Arab architecture, though it did not exist until he left the desert, we should be able to trace the same change. That is to say, we should find that his earliest attempts of all were far the best; that these had the merits of sincerity and honesty of purpose which give them a certain beauty of their own, while his later efforts degenerated rapidly into that kind of affectation and complexity which is the sure sign of enfeebled character. We need not, however, dwell on the various evidences of this curious and swift decadence. It will be admitted. The majority of Moors in the North African towns are the descendants of those immigrants who flocked hither after the Christian reconquest of Spain. The difference, so recognisable at a glance, between them and the desert Arab represents the effect of several centuries of more or less civilised life upon the race. The Arab burst into Spain, the Moor crept out. In those centuries he had succeeded in divesting himself of the virile qualities of his primitive state: but he had not succeeded

in developing the qualities which belong to society. The fierceness and pride of the desert are not quite the traits which go to make a peaceable and orderly citizen, but they are the only fine traits the desert race has ever developed. It is a pity that it should be so, but it seems, nevertheless, to be the case, that if you subtract from the Arab character everything that stands between him and citizenship, you subtract from it everything that was worth having.

If, however, it is from the desert that the strength of the Arab is derived, it is to the desert we must go if we would understand him aright. Since all that is positive in himself and his works is drawn from this source, it must follow that, standing at this source, we shall stand amid those elemental forces which are the traits of Arab character. To the deserts of Arabia, where the race had its origin, we cannot introduce the reader because we have never been there. But all deserts are much alike. The great sand tracts of Arabia and Africa form but a single mass, and the westward conquests of the Arabs must have seemed to them like a progress through their own country. These were the conquests they longest retained, and which they still in some measure retain. All the characteristics of the Arabian wastes are present in the Sahara.

The first impression and most powerful recollection given or bequeathed by the desert is one of unqualified light. It would be impossible to exaggerate, and it is difficult to give an adequate idea of the strength of this impression. The whole sky contains not the suspicion of a cloud. The whole landscape offers no suggestion of shade or coolness. The earth itself on all sides is nothing but mineralised yellow sunlight, and as we travel on, our little caravan of solitary figures picked out and raised in unnatural relief on that vast surface, the blaze of the desert so envelopes and wraps us round that, penetrated and suffused by it, we seem to become ourselves mere particles of the surrounding light.

But the tremendous light and tremendous heat of the desert have nothing in them oppressive or relaxing, none of that effect with which the idea of great heat is associated in damp climates. The air that plays above the sand is free from the least particle of moisture. Pure, sharp, and sparkling, even while it scorches it stimulates all your faculties to unwonted keenness. Not only does it bring with it a consciousness of bodily health so marked that the mere sense of movement or of touch gives delight, but every

physical and mental capacity you possess, your powers of seeing, noticing, discriminating, of hearing and attaching significance to what you hear, are all quickened, sharpened, and enhanced. It seems as if a cloud that overhung your senses had gone and left them free. And yet there exists in this scene curiously little to think about. It suggests few if any subjects for study and reflection; it is almost wholly lacking in human and intellectual interests. Perhaps indeed it is because it supplies so little solid matter for the mind to work upon that the desert's effect on the temperament and nerves is so keenly felt. It is so sensitising and stimulating just because it is etherealised and abstract.

This enhanced consciousness then, this feeling of extraordinary vigilance, alertness, energy, the result of a dazzling light and stainless air combined with a lack of those subjects which usually fill and engross the mind, is the essential desert influence. It is this which constitutes, for all who have experienced it, the mysterious but potent attraction of desert life. As for the effect of this influence upon the Arab it is quite unmistakable. The temperament you read in the keen face and glancing eyes under the burnous is exactly the temperament you feel in the glare and breath of the desert. In each case, too, an outward manner of immovable composure masks the nervous sensitiveness beneath. The stony immobility of the desert is curiously reflected in that iron self-control which is the favourite Arab affectation. In both the repose is the repose of a taut harp string. So alert is the silence of the desert that the traveller finds himself involuntarily listening. The hush seems a prelude to some important announcement, and for the same reason, perhaps, he hesitates to break it. It must be something worth saying that would claim so vast an attention. So, with a curious sense of having the same thing presented to us in a different form, have we often noticed, on midday halts, or in the evenings in the caravanserai, how still and silent, hour after hour, the Arabs sit. Not lethargic, or sleepy, or inattentive; keenly attentive on the contrary; but with only their dark eyes glancing from side to side, speaking never. It is the stillness of the desert that is on them: a stillness no more like the stillness of an English midsummer day than the stillness of a panther crouched to spring is like sleep. Even we, while we are under the desert's direct influence, while we journey through these rigidly attentive landscapes in which the only sound heard is the subdued crush of our camel's feet, experience enough

of the feeling to understand it. Under the impassive demeanour, common to Arab and desert alike, we are perpetually conscious of that alertness and nervous excitability which form the actual temperament of both. It is this nervous excitability of which one sees so much in Arab doings. It is this, especially, which seems to have presided over their conquests and campaigns, investing them with their dangerous character of tremendous violence, suddenness, and unexpectedness. It is remarkable that none of these outbursts have appeared, none to this day appear, to be based on any intelligible causes, or directed to any intelligible end. They are mere explosions of pent-up nervous energy, as vague, dangerous, and short-lived as an explosion of dynamite or gas.

And, accompanying this nervous excitability which was the spirit in which the Arab worked and the impulse which in old times drove him forth from the desert, we have round us here, too, the sense of that profound limitation which undid all his work and led him back eventually to the desert again. Much as there is here to feed feeling, there is, as we just now said, nothing to feed thought. It would be impossible to conceive a region more nearly destitute of anything that can suggest a connected train of reasoning. No doubt a Professor Schirmer may find even in this lifeless solitude matter for study and research. But for ordinary mortals a scene must live if it is to command a reasoning attention. In most countries life and fertility are normal conditions. On all sides of us the soil brings forth its fruits and crops. There is perpetual change, perpetual developement, each phase in which is the result of what has gone before and the cause of what is to follow. By every possible inducement, by the food we eat, the wages we earn, by our interests and occupations, and even our amusements and sports, we are commanded or invited to study what is really a perpetual sequence of cause and effect. And so, our life being wholly bound up and identified with this system, it seems quite natural that a similar system should be reflected, or at least be encouraged, in our own minds, and that a progressive and coherent mode of thinking should become, with us, an intellectual habit.

This influence is practically, for the Arab, non-existent. The governing factor in desert life is the desert, and the desert is dead. That rich and varied scheme of developement to which dwellers in other countries adapt themselves does not operate amid these wastes. Here, day by day and

year by year, everything remains almost exactly as it is. Nothing, or almost nothing that we see, invites us to reason forward or to reason back, but the mind is left in idle and stationary contemplation. It must be difficult for us, who form part of an endless sequence, to imagine what such an existence must be like; but if we dwell on the kind of effect that such a deprivation might tend to produce, and conceive it operating on a race for countless generations, we shall be able to identify its consequences easily enough in Arab character. The fatal defect in that character is its lack of the capacity to think consecutively, to proceed slowly but surely, to test every phase in a developement in the consciousness that each phase can only be a sure basis for what is to follow if it is a logical deduction from what went before. This capacity the Arabs have never possessed, and it is owing to the want of it that the whole mass of their achievement is to-day a crumbling ruin. If from that ruin, which rose so superbly and collapsed so suddenly, we turn again to these sandy wastes, the similarity between the two stares at us with almost human significance. We have but to ask ourselves what it is that this landscape of shifting sand lacks to be brought face to face with the deficiency in Arab character and the Arab civilisation. It lacks that principle of cohesion which is the first condition of all progressive developement.

The strength, then, and the weakness of the Arab are alike displayed in the desert. All the influences that stimulated his nerves and starved his intellect are around us here. In all his positive actions—his frantic conquests and equally frantic art and science and civilisation generally—is measured the stored-up force of the desert's nervous energy. In the scarcely less rapid decline and disintegration of all his power and all his labour is measured not less unmistakably the desert's fatal incoherence.

But it is not until we examine with closer attention the direction of the desert's energy and the principle which it is attempting to work out—for, in spite of its apparent immobility, it has a purpose constantly before it—that the similarity between it and its children is fully perceived. The Sahara is not only a vast stony and sandy tract, it is also a gigantic agent of destruction. The means employed in this destruction are the sand itself, aided by heat, cold, and wind. The variation of temperature by day and night, often amounting to eighty or a hundred degrees, causes an expansion and contraction of the rocks so sudden as often to

split them asunder as if a quarryman's hammer had done the work. 'Sometimes,' says M. Schirmer, 'a rock flies all 'to bits under the influence of this sudden contraction.' And the same authority quotes a passage from Livingstone, who used frequently to hear, after particularly blazing days, the black basaltic rocks exploding, and the ringing of their fragments as they fell to the ground. In many places beneath the slopes of hills are to be seen heaps of broken stone which have been split in this manner, and rolled down the incline. It is, in the same way, the common testimony of the natives, that in the desert east of Damascus the black stones of that region burst in summer. In the Sahara, many of the plateaux are strewn with these sharp fragments which cut the feet of camels and make walking difficult; and one explorer—Rohlfs, if we remember rightly—relates that he was forced to make shoes for his dogs to save their feet from being lacerated by the splinters.

This rough quarrying, which is facilitated by the dark, almost black colour of the rocks, due to the chemical action of the light upon their surface, which increases their heating capacity, is the first stage of the destructive work. Where this process stops another comes into action. In spite of the occasional breaking up of rocks into sharp pieces, the general aspect of the desert, apart from the pure sand dunes, is a surface thickly scattered with stones and pebbles, worn as smooth and rounded as if they had lain for ages in the bed of a river. This smoothness is due to the action of the sand which works upon the detached fragments, rubbing and wearing them away. No one who has experienced a strong wind in the desert will be surprised at this effect. The sand is light and easily raised, and during a gale the quantity of it carried by the wind turns the air a dark red like a murky current of water. The rushing of the particles is so loud as to drown voices not raised to a shout, while the force with which it is driven is such, that, wherever it can reach your bent and averted face, it causes it to tingle and smart as a cutting sleet does.

Moreover, the sand works not only on detached fragments but on the permanent rock. The flanks of the cliffs near El Golea are worn and sculptured in some places to a mere lacework of stone. Some of the plateaux of calcareous rock have been rubbed till they are like sheets of ice, and between the Nile and Faragrah the lined and polished surfaces reminded Rohlfs of rocks that had been scored by glaciers. The varying degrees of hardness in the strata of

the hills is a further aid to their destruction. The softer stone yields, of course, more readily to the friction than the harder. Consequently the cliffs and hills in many places look as if they had been eaten away by the sea into caves and chasms, and often the overhanging strata are so completely undermined that they come crashing to the ground, where their fragments are instantly set upon by swarms of busy sand grains and gradually reduced to their component atoms.

Thus the very hills and cliffs themselves yield by degrees to the sand's onset. The Sahara, it must be remembered, is a naked country. It wears no covering of vegetation and earth stitched together by innumerable roots of plants and trees to protect it against corrosion. It is open to all attack. The consequences of this lack of protection are curiously illustrated by the decaying pinnacles of Nefsaoua, of which there remains now but one of the original stature. This is protected by a topknot of shrubs nourished by a spring which flows from its summit. It is the vegetation, not the hardness of the rock, that has preserved it. In some regions the sand has already completely triumphed. The dunes, or regions of pure sand, as distinguished from the rocky plateaux and stony tracts, are calculated to occupy about a ninth of the extent of the Sahara. These are the districts where the desert may be said to have attained its object, where all fragments of rock and stone, representing the last relics of structural form, have been disintegrated and decomposed. The plateaux and stony ground are the portions still in a transition state, having for the most part long become bare of all vegetation, without being as yet finally dissolved. These tracts of firmer ground stand in the desert like continents rising out of and washed by the gulfs and channels of a sandy sea. Slowly, however, the dunes are gaining ground. The eastern ones are making progress in the direction of Ghadames. In several places in the region of the Igharghar, near El Golea and between Siouah and Bahariah, they have invaded the old caravan routes. Year by year decomposition makes almost imperceptible yet steady progress.

In all this the object of the desert is clear. Its one endeavour is the destruction, blotting out, and utter decomposition of all organic and structural forms. Each tiny oasis in the desert has to fight for its life. Each stands a siege. Water, soil, and a handful of vegetation offer foothold for a small community. Individual property,

social obligations, recognised responsibilities and laws, germinate and take root, keeping pace with the growth of plant and tree. But all around it, constantly repulsed, yet ceaselessly renewing the attack, the old blind monster fumbles and feels, like water round a ship, indomitable, persistent, assiduous, hankering to get back its own. M. Schirmer has likened the form and structure of the desert to the framework of a skeleton, losing shape and coherence as it dissolves into ashes. Actively to insure this dissolution is the one end of desert activity. For this purpose the sand exists. Volatile, restless, persevering, so weak that it is blown about by every breeze and takes the imprint of a breath of air; so strong that the cliffs and rocks of basalt yield to its attack; it offers the best image we can call to mind of the principle of dissolution in nature, of the power which undoes and takes to pieces, which has declared a war of extermination against all life and all order, against man and beast, and tree and plant, and even against the senseless shapes of rock and stone, which, in a word, is satisfied with nothing short of decomposition to the ultimate atom.

And in describing the sand we describe the Arab. He is a social solvent as the sand is a natural one. Fickle and unstable, a creature of impulse and blown about by every whim, he is consistent in nothing but his profound aversion to law and order, to fixed duties and responsibilities, and to all that goes to build up a coherent society. If, instead of magnifying those fantastic attempts at creation which in Arab history have had little real foundation, we turn to the field in which the power of the race has been displayed, we shall find that destruction and the taking of things to pieces has always been the Arab's vocation. Those so-called conquests of his which mark his decisive appearance upon the world's stage were less, in the modern sense of the word, conquests than the taking advantage of a unique opportunity for destroying and pulling down. The collapse of the Western Empire, the weakness and paralysis of the Eastern, afforded the Arab a fine field for the display of his peculiar prowess. He took to the lumber and *débris* of these crumbling empires as fire takes to rotten wood. But if in the gap, the void, that separates ancient civilisation from modern, the Arab appears to advantage, there no sooner entered on the scene nations of solid character and creative genius than he retired before them and yielded to their advance.

Since those days his efforts have all had one direction.

Along the coasts of the Mediterranean the flaming breath of the Sahara is felt in the south wind, and the Arab sphere of action has been about co-extensive with it. To all these coasts the sciroccos of old brought the desert's emissaries. Town and village and hamlet learnt to recognise in them the natural enemies of fixed society. With the progress of time each step in advance won by the principle of coherence has been registered in a corresponding shrinkage of Arab influence; and the fall of Algiers and approaching collapse of Morocco are only the logical issues of what with the Arab has been from the first a perfectly consistent line of conduct. But even yet, to this day, restricted as his activity is, it remains the same in kind. Whenever we hear of any Arab enterprise we can always be sure of one thing about it, and that is that it will be a destructive one. It may take the form of a raid upon a desert oasis, or the surprise of a desert caravan, or the capture of a government official, or the breaking up by slave gangs of a Sudan village, but it is quite certain to have for its purpose the pulling to pieces of society in some way or other.

In all these respects, in character, temperament, and activity, the likeness between the desert and the Arab is so pronounced that sometimes during a mid-day halt, when the desert is locked in that grim repose we have spoken of, we have turned from it to the Arabs crouched near, their attitudes always alert, their piercing eyes glancing over the view, their fingers restlessly dropping and passing their rows of beads, and we have thought that, like the nymphs of streams or fauns of woods, they were the genii of the place, the incarnated spirit of the desert. Perhaps it is necessary to a consciousness of this to stand once upon this shifting sand, to watch the Bedouin tribes that come and go, and fold their tents and flit and wander across its surface, and leave behind no trace of their presence. Such indeed has been the Arabs' progress through the world.

And yet we can conceive an Arab reading these pages and protesting their injustice or half justice. In applying the standard of civilisation and progress, the social standard, we are applying a standard, he would say, which he himself does not recognise. If instead of comparing Arab society with European, we were to compare an Arab tribesman or Sheyk with an English labourer or manufacturer, would the Arab, with the fine instincts we recognise in him, the courage and courtesy and high breeding which he

does indeed often possess, lose by the contrast? It is a point worth considering, for most people who have had much to do with Arabs have been struck by the apparent incongruity between what they do collectively and what they are individually. We were lately turning over the pages of a book by Mr. Pruen, who was, some years ago now, attached to one of the Mission stations of Central Africa. Engaged though he was in a perpetual controversy with the Arab slavers who swept off whole villages at a time, Mr. Pruen cannot help dwelling every now and then on their personal gifts of courage and courtesy. They were the terror of the country. No fixed and settled life was possible in their neighbourhood. Their visits were marked by ruins, and their paths could be traced by skeletons. We should expect one who had seen the burning villages, and watched the terrible march to the coast, to be unreservedly indignant against the authors of such mischief. But Mr. Pruen knows the Arab from the other point of view as well. He knows him as an acquaintance and a friend, and has had personal dealings with him; and the consequence is, he is never able to proceed far with his denunciation without some particular recollection cropping up which quite alters the tenour of his discourse. We start upon a tale of wholesale devastation to find ourselves in the next paragraph presented with an incident in which the high breeding and sense of honour of these human panthers is strikingly manifested. A pest he is, and a scourge and a blight upon the country; but then he is such a gentleman!

Taking this personal view, what strikes one most about the Arab in daily converse and experience is that he never acts from principle but always from sentiment. It is doubtful, for instance, if he would admit as an abstract proposition that it was wrong to steal. It depends. It may be wrong to steal from you, yet not wrong to steal from another man; or it may be wrong to steal from you now and here, yet not wrong to do so under other circumstances. Not moral laws but sentiment and feeling are what govern Arab conduct. In all matters of sentiment his instinct is sure. If you can appeal to him on any ground of hospitality or generosity; if you can touch his emotions in any way; if you can say you trust him because his father knew your father, or because your child and his have the same coloured eyes, you have a hold on him. But it is always the personal claim, no abstract rule, which he recognises. Failing such a claim you are a fair prey. Once establish such claim,

once visit him as a friend, break bread with him, claim the hospitality of his tent, and you may rely implicitly on the personal sentiment you have touched.

And, as the reader will find if he ever goes among them, this habit of theirs, of judging by sentiment, invests all intercourse with Arabs with a marked significance and charm. Seeing how entirely your future relations with each other hang on the issue, it is natural that the Arab should enter on the acquaintanceship with all possible dignity and deliberation and should express in his countenance and bearing his sense of the importance of the occasion. Under such conditions the question of *manners* becomes a matter of the first moment. So accustomed is the Arab to study every tone and lineament and feature for the faintest indication of a meaning, and so accustomed is he to convey his own sentiments by the same subtle means, that manner in him becomes charged with expression. He is an artist in manners. It is the one thing he is an artist in. The gravity of his bearing throws into relief each inflection of voice or look, just as a smooth background sets off the artist's touch. A stranger who might happen to be present at any meeting between Arabs would be struck first by this gravity and composure, and if he were a dull observer would note nothing beyond it. If he were acute, however, he would almost instantly perceive that the air was electric and that currents of meaning were darting to and fro expressed in a language of manners which owed their significance to their imperturbability. The best description of the Arab manner we have come across is M. Clamageran's, who has defined it as 'l'art de rendre des 'sentiments délicats par des moyens très simples,' a sentence which it would be hard to beat perhaps as a definition of artistic expressiveness of any kind.

People who judge in this personal direct way are saved from one snare. They never fall into the mistake of estimating a man by his belongings and accessories. It was the boast of Arab national poetry in its great days that it 'never praised a man except for what was in him' and although that level certainly was not maintained by the later poets, yet the habit of judging directly and without regard to surroundings has always been an instinct of the race. All those evidences of worldly prosperity, success, and wealth, which turn the heart of the Anglo-Saxon to water, leave the Arab quite unmoved. Not that he does not value splendour, especially splendour in arms and horses; on the

contrary, he values it highly, and we shall never forget the face of misery of our guide when we started from Biskra in an old flannel suit and a pair of yellow slippers; but he values it only as a setting. The kind of character he admires, masterful and intrepid, will naturally possess it. His own strong hand will have achieved it. Still it is a consequence, not a cause. He is splendid because he is a fine fellow. He is not a fine fellow because he is splendid. In a word, the Arab, like all Moslem races, is free from the least taint of civilisation's vice, snobbishness.

We are endeavouring to do justice to the Arab's plea for a personal estimate. Nor is it difficult. Memory brings us back man after man possessed of all that charm which Mr. Pruen felt so keenly and M. Clamageran so happily defined. It brings us back in particular the recollection of a certain sheyk who was once our travelling companion on the Upper Nile—a tall, lean, keen-faced man, with eyes that gleamed the keener from the minute wrinkles they were set in, and a complexion almost black, with a glitter on it like the sun polish on the desert stones, who walked among the fellaheen on the crowded deck like a chief among his slaves. With him we shared the same narrow corner of the deck. He was strict in his religious duties, and at the appointed hours would spread his prayer mat on the deck, and, turning in what he conceived to be the direction of Mecca, would kneel and rise and kneel again, bowing with his forehead to the ground in the imposing attitudes of Moslem prayer. Quick at detecting the least sign of consideration or respect, if we stopped talking or moved to make more room, he would treasure up the courtesy, and, when his prayers were over, turn and acknowledge it with a grave gesture, and a smile that seemed no mere conventional formula, but conveyed a deliberate intention of friendliness.

There is no gainsaying the fact that, in a sense, a man like this is anybody's equal. But there is also no gainsaying the fact that, when you have made friends with an Arab, however fascinating he may be, you are soon conscious of a void, a moral gap in him. And what the nature of that void is, will appear if we turn back for a moment to the days of his greatness and power. For if there is one thing more remarkable than another about the extraordinary Arab character, with its mingled fierceness and cruelty, generosity and courtesy, it is the tenacity with which it has maintained itself unchanged through ages. The desert Arab of to-day

is the desert Arab of twelve hundred years ago. What he was in those days we know from the salient portrait of him in Arab ballad poetry. We have referred already to Sir Charles Lyall's translations of these ballads. There is no mistaking for a moment the man there depicted. One after another these poems are as like as peas in a pod. They are all perfectly agreed as to the kind of man they admire and what those qualities are which form an ideal character. And the man they paint is a man strongly marked with the aggressive and virile virtues; full of pride and valour, fiercely militant, keen and wary in mind, lean, hard and tireless in body, vengeful to a high degree, yet courteous and generous; the pride of his own tribe and the terror of all others—in all respects, in short, what we might call a 'gentleman,' one who is himself his own standard and whose demand upon conduct is that it shall be worthy of himself. Such were Kaled and Omar and Okba in days of old; such was El Mokrani to-day, or El Negoumi, who vowed that he would hurl back the British advance and carry the Koran through all Europe, and whose grave is on the Nile banks near Wady Halfa; such, too, was our friend on the steamboat.

Not an ignoble ideal certainly, and yet with what terrible limitations! In describing what the Arab is, we have already described what he is not. The active and virile virtues he undoubtedly possesses and always has possessed; but the reader may search through every one of these poems, and of such qualities as humility, self-sacrifice, long-suffering, forgiveness of injuries and the like, he will find not a trace. More than this, he will find these virtues treated as despicable weaknesses. To forgive an injury, to count himself as nothing, to go down lower when he can go up higher, all this sums up for the Arab the idea of abject worthlessness. These qualities are the qualities which make society possible, failing which society would go to pieces for want of a common feeling between its members. And—alas, for the Arab's claim to a personal as apart from a collective estimate—not only are these qualities the cement of society, they are also the qualities that give richness and depth to character itself. All races have their ballad-poetry stage. But with most races this passes. The poetry of thought succeeds to the poetry of action. The Shakespeares and Wordsworths come in their season. But the Arab has remained always in the stage of ballad poetry.

The ideals of that stage are the only ideals that have ever had any meaning for him.

And if we ask how it is that this limitation has clung to the Arab so tenaciously the answer is written for us across a million square miles of sterile sand and crumbling rocks. He who lives in the desert lives in an enemy's country. He makes his way here by force. He must foresee his needs, forget nothing, and press on to his destination. He must fight with Nature for every well and palm-tree he possesses. His whole life is a training in wariness, vigilance, courage, endurance. Such are the qualities which are called forth by this scenery, and which are, indeed, indispensable to existence in it. But beyond this nothing. The stable conditions which develope social life are totally lacking. That life is here unknown. The influence it exerts is an unknown influence. To such surroundings the Arab has been inured for immeasurable lapses of time. What wonder that the limitation in nature, here so marked, should have become in him a fixed limitation in character? What wonder that the only virtues applicable to such an environment should have come to seem to him the only virtues worth having?

It is this temperament, combined as it is of fierceness and energy, but stopping short of all those qualities which give birth to social stability, which seems to us to explain so much of the Arab's history. It explains both his successes and failures. It explains the fury of his attack and his success in destroying and consuming all that is rotten, effete, and worn out in the world. It explains the lack of definite purpose in all his undertakings, which we began by laying stress on, and his failure to build up anything durable and solid of his own. It explains why in Europe's dark hour he was so prominent and terrible a figure, and why to-day he is back in the desert once more.

Art. VII.—SAINTE-BEUVE AND THE ROMANTICS.

(Victor Hugo, Lamennais, George Sand, Balzac.)
1827–1837.

1. *Sainte-Beuve.* Par Léon Séché. 2 vols. T. 1, *Son Esprit.* T. 2, *Ses Mœurs.* Paris: Mercure de France, 1904.
2. *Le Livre d'Amour de Sainte-Beuve.* Par G. Michaut. Paris: Fontemoing, 1905.
3. *Lettres de Sainte-Beuve à Victor Hugo et à Madame Victor Hugo.* Éditées par Gustave Simon. Paris: Revue de Paris, 15 Déc. 1904; 1, 15 Jan., 15 Février, 1905.
4. *Sainte-Beuve.* Par Albert Sorel. Paris: Revue Bleue, 17 et 31 Déc. 1904; 7 et 14 Jan. 1905.
5. *Les Causeries du Lundi.* Par Sainte-Beuve. 15 vols. Paris: Garnier Frères.
6. *Nouveaux Lundis.* 13 vols. *Portraits Contemporains.* 5 vols. *Poésies Complètes.* 2 vols. Par Sainte-Beuve. Paris: Calmann-Lévy.
7. *Les Cahiers de Sainte-Beuve.* Paris: Lemerre.
8. *Volupté.* Par Sainte-Beuve. Paris: Fasquelle.

'Posez la main sur la terre et dites-moi pourquoi elle a tressailli. Quelque chose que nous ne savons pas se remue dans le monde: il y a là un travail de Dieu.'—Lamennais: 'Paroles d'un Croyant.'

'J'ai pu m'approcher du lard, mais je ne me suis pas pris à la ratière.'—Sainte-Beuve.

The influence of Sainte-Beuve, which is mild, insidious, furtive and pervading, determined the second half of the nineteenth century in France. He was the master—or rather the tentative suggestive teacher—of Taine and of Renan. He whispered to the first that a man is the product of the race, climate, and civilisation into which he is born: that his very feelings and intelligence depend more or less on the height of the thermometer and the price of food-stuffs. He insinuated to Renan that there is nothing in the mind of Man which the mind of Man has not evoked and developed; that a religion is a growth like a plant, a natural phenomenon like a storm or a volcanic eruption. He was the leader of positive criticism; he was the apostle of the contingent, and held that every effect has its cause within the bounds of nature. He was a man of science in his sphere, a pupil

of Lamarck's, and—as he loved to say—a 'naturaliste des 'esprits.' But for ten years of his youth he had wandered into Armida's garden—he had worshipped Romance, the lyric cry, passion, the sudden conversions worked by a grace divine—he had been in love, he had been religious, he had been a poet. He, too, had laid his hand on the breast of earth, and had felt her quiver; he, too, had said: 'There is something which we know not that stirs and travails in the world.' He had been a Romantic.

Those were the ten most passionate years of his life, and the notes and souvenirs, of which he was so prodigal in his old age, constantly revert to them. The man and the critic in him (as he used to say) survived the poet in him, who had died young. Those among us who, like M. Troubat, can remember Sainte-Beuve on the eve of the Franco-Prussian war (which, happily, he did not live to witness) still recall his constant allusions to that far-distant past. His old age was singularly calm and prosperous; at sixty-five his genius was still as prompt, as ironical, as delicate, as solid, as various, as in his happiest days; every Tuesday the 'Temps' produced one of his admirable 'Lundis.' He was a Senator, he was an Academician; as he walked from his quiet little villa in the Rue Mont-Parnasse across the Luxembourg gardens to the Senate, a murmur of sympathy would salute the neat, alert, replete little old gentleman who was the idol and the hero of the Latin Quarter. Yet there is nothing heroic about 'l'Oncle Beuve.' His domed bald head, contemplative brow, kind humorous glance, inquisitive nose, and mischievous sensual chin, belong to an amused and indulgent spectator of the world and its ways. He says his say, and it is the say of a Liberal and a Free-thinker; but he will push no extremes against the powers that be, who were his patrons yesterday and may be his stand-by again to-morrow.

He lived the life of a scholar, if not always the life of a sage, and by no means the life of a saint, in the house which his mother had built in a green little garden, just off that quiet Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs which had witnessed the best years of his youth. There, in his tranquil library, surrounded by his Greek reader, his doctor, his secretary, and the respectable lady who kept his house, he received enthusiastic deputations of students, the Princess Mathilde, fellow scholars, or little Bohemian grisettes. Nothing human was a stranger to him. But often, when he sat alone, his fancy would wander away to that wonderful

episode of long ago; to the friends he sees no more—some of them dead (like Lamennais and Lacordaire), some of them bitterly estranged (like Pierre Leroux), some of them merely absent (and he smiles as he thinks of kindly George Sand, a comfortable old country-woman in Berry); and more especially his memories cling to one of them, the dearest, who is at once absent, estranged, and dead to him, while his fancy evokes the rock mid-Channel, with the pompous exile in his frayed old cloak, mouthing immortal verse to the storms that break on a foreign strand; and his heart goes out to the man whom for more than forty years he has admired, adored, followed, forsaken, betrayed, reviled, belittled, injured, forgiven, but never forgotten—Victor Hugo.

Of late, that name comes tripping to his pen. His work is full of allusions to the hero of his youth, whose full grandeur he only now begins to perceive.

He remembers a line of his favourite La Bruyère, in which that artist in human nature describes the passage of Genius in our midst—sublime, solitary, too huge to be contained in our traditional formulas, shocking those just and moderate minds who judge everything by the standard of yesterday, trampling on their rules, irritating them and arousing their resentment.

'Perhaps,' he says to himself, 'perhaps I never under-
'stood him. He was at once too immense and too small.'

'Je suis demeuré timide à son égard, et insuffisant comme critique. . . . Toujours, en le louant ou le critiquant, je l'ai désiré un peu autre qu'il ne l'était . . . toujours, j'ai opposé à la réalité puissante, en face de laquelle je me trouvais, un idéal adouci ou embelli que j'en détachais à mon choix . . . Je n'ai jamais réussi ni consenti à l'accepter et à l'embrasser dans toute la vigueur et la portée de son développement.'—(Sainte-Beuve, 'Portraits Contemporains,' i. p. 463.)

And now they will never meet again. A gulf, not only of winds and waters, but of feelings, of rancour, of political passion, separates the exile in Guernsey from the prosperous little Academician in the Emperor's Senate of 1869.

I.

'In describing a great man, insist on the dominant influence of his youth: that is to say, on the first group of young contemporaries and associates where his talent takes on its definite form. These young men of an age will go together down the path of life—or the greater stretch of it—companions, competitors, friends, witnesses, adversaries

and rivals. Each will select some special figure for his opposite and standard. There are such juvenile "piques" and challenges between equals—or minds almost equal—which continue throughout a career. Yet, though we may resent the undue importance of a contemporary, and have no liking for the rôle of second fiddle, let us never wish away a man of our own generation, rival though he be—nay, though he were an enemy! Should the worst come to the worst, after all it is he who will stand our friend in need, and, if we be worth the pains, it is he who will plead our cause with the generations that tread us down (insolent young champions of To-morrow), reminding them of the bygone feats of an old wrestler whose triumphs they must still respect. His own vanity is enlisted in our cause, for we have stood up to him many a time in the good old days when we measured our strength together.'—(Sainte-Beuve, 'Nouveaux Lundis,' t. iii, Chateaubriand.)

It was in the January of 1827 that Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve had made the acquaintance of the Hugos. He was twenty-three years old, and up to that time his life had been singularly dull and dead-alive. 'I began life where my 'father left it off,' he says in one of his notes, 'with much 'such a brain as he had then, stored with literary ideas and 'reminiscences.' He began life therefore at fifty; which was his father's age when he died leaving a bride of forty, for his death followed his marriage: Sainte-Beuve was a posthumous child. He was born at Boulogne-sur-Mer, and spent his childhood there between a prim, authoritative, half-English mother, and an aged aunt, his father's elder sister. Thence he had come to Paris, to school. In 1827 he was walking the hospital as a student in surgery, and in his leisure hours reviewing books for the 'Globe,' the most serious and indeed doctrinaire of French newspapers.

And, for the 'Globe,' it fell to his lot to review the 'Orientales' of Victor Hugo. Hugo had been delighted with the review—he was always delighted with praise—and had called to thank the editor, who referred him to Sainte-Beuve. The critic lived at that time with his mother; his address was 97 Rue de Vaugirard; at number 90, Hugo and his wife occupied a small flat on the second floor. The young men met; 'J'étais conquis dès ce jour,' says Sainte-Beuve, 'à la branche de l'école romantique dont il était le 'chef.'

The young literary surgeon who called on Victor Hugo was a red-haired, ugly youth, delicate of aspect and awkward, with the timidity peculiar to young men whose education has been austere, if not severe, and who have always lived in the society of their elders. Hitherto Sainte-Beuve's friends had been, first and foremost, a young

seminarist at Boulogne, and then his two old schoolmasters, Dubois, the editor of the 'Globe,' and Daunou, the historian. When he forgot to be shy the youth was charming, often brilliant, extraordinarily quick at the up-take, and, despite his cynical opinions (for so they seemed to the young Hugos), full of a tremulous, tender sensitiveness. But after all he has left us his portrait:

'Jeune sage
Austère et rougissant, cœur malade et sauvage . . .
Sensible à toute femme et ne rêvant pour mienne
Que quelque belle vierge obscure et plébéienne
Et pauvre comme moi; le rêvant par fierté,
Par chimérique vœu de sainte égalité,
Parce qu'ainsi l'avaient pratiqué dans leur vie
Ces chastes Girondins qu' à vingt ans on envie.
Tel j'étais, pur, ardent, idolâtre avant tout
De ces âpres vertus voisines du dégoût . . .
Trop à l'étroit moi-même et sans possible essor,
Avide étudiant, poète à naître encor,
Et n'ayant jusque-là fait d'ode ou d'élégie
Qu'en article au journal après ma chirurgie.
Ce journal, toutefois, ce "Globe" sérieux
Où, mes jours de loisirs, j'écrivais de mon mieux,
C'était l'issue ouverte à mon âme importune.'
(Sainte-Beuve, 'Livre d'Amour,' viii.)

Imagine this young sawbones—tired of the timid pious social France of Charles X., disgusted by the rowdy materialism of his fellow-students in the dissecting-room, and vaguely bored also by the excellent philosophers of the 'Globe'—when, suddenly, a gate opens and he finds himself in Armida's garden.

Sainte-Beuve was a pupil of Lamarck's (it was indeed from the teaching of Lamarck that he gathered that idea of the gradual transformation of organisms by their environment which Lamarck was never able to prove, and which Sainte-Beuve spent his life in developing and handed on to Taine)—he was a young disciple of Lucretius and Buffon, austerely incredulous of any divine intervention in the order of this world, when he entered the bare little 'salle' over the carpenter's shop where Victor Hugo and his wife sit at supper. . . . The table is spread, the gods are feasting; a magic air stirs, on this January evening, the secret sap of the trees and plants in the little garden outside. The world has changed. Hitherto, he has lived with old people and cold people; he has learned to look on life as an ordered sequence of phenomena in which the past inevitably

commands and shapes the future. For himself, being ugly and poor, he expected little, but hoped to do his duty and earn his daily bread. A sense of the law and the limits of developement had lain on him like a weight. He might have said with Prometheus:

τὴν πεπρωμένην δὲ χρὴ
αἶσαν φέρειν ὡς ῥᾷστα, γιγνώσκοντ' ὅτι
τὸ τῆς Ἀνάγκης ἔστ' ἀδήριτον σθένος.

It is a conception of things which has no doubt a great deal of truth in it, a noble simplicity in its nudity and sadness. But there is no place in it for the enthusiasm of youth. Youth would be up and doing, setting the world to rights. And what is the use of it in a universe which renews itself automatically, without any revivals or transformation-scenes, by the sheer force of its continuity and the fortuitous concourse of its atoms?

It takes, we imagine for our part, both these theories to explain the world. There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in any philosophy. It is true that Law presides over the workings of the Cosmos, that even the smallest cells alive reveal the nicest order in their arrangement, and that like produces like through all the developements of being. But it is also true that this iron progress of Rule is occasionally interrupted by spasmodic bursts of something like Passion or Genius in the Cosmos, which transforms species, provokes unimaginable changes, invents something fresh and spontaneous and changes the face of things. A star dances in Heaven then; and a great poet is born, or a new ideal invades humanity, or some insignificant germ awakes to virulence and we suffer from a new disease: have not the last fifteen years witnessed the genesis of influenza? The botanist Hugo de Vries has supposed that after long and regular periods most living organisms pass through some such a brusque, brief spell of mutation, and then and there develope new qualities, of which no doubt the principle lay secret in them or in their ancestors, but which nothing up till then has revealed. Towards 1830, when Sainte-Beuve met the Hugos, French society and literature were about to undergo such a mysterious mutation—suffering

'a sea-change
'Into something rich and strange,'

which was Romanticism.

II.

Victor Hugo was the centre of a group of young poets, varied by a sculptor, David d'Angers, and by a painter or two, such as Boulanger or Antony Deschamps. The other Deschamps, with Théophile Gautier (a handsome lad fresh from school), and our surgeon of the Press, Sainte-Beuve, formed a public—faithful satellites revolving round a planet of the first rank, Victor Hugo, and visited sometimes by two glorious foreign bodies, Lamartine and Vigny, who not unfrequently traversed the tranquil orbit of the 'Cénacle.' These young men were enthusiastic priests of the Marvellous —of what Mr. Watts has called the Renascence of Wonder. They looked on a new heaven and a new earth, and yet, by some charming caprice, their special fancy was for the Middle Ages. On the fine spring evenings of 1827 they would meet at Hugo's house, and, after the five o'clock dinner of those distant days, they would sally forth in a band to see the sun set over the Seine from the top of the towers of Notre-Dame. As the spring drew on and the days grew longer they would troop out to the plain of Montrouge and meet a band of young painters, headed by Charlet or Dévéria, at some point beyond the fortifications; there they would sit in a circle on the sunny grass 'and tell sad stories 'of the death of kings.' Sometimes they dined at Vanves in a little 'guinguette' beyond the walls, under a trellis, on a rough deal table, and discussed the verse of Ronsard and the sculptures of Chartres over a bottle of Mother Saguet's 'vin bleu.' Madame Victor Hugo was the life, or, since she was rather a nonchalant young beauty, let us say the charm and the grace of these reunions. Not only the mother but the baby (the last baby, for the stock was constantly replenished) was usually a member of the party. The young men would tramp along the dusty country road, talking, discussing, laughing to their hearts' content, while Victor Hugo unrolled his vast discourse and talked them all down in golden periods. His lovely young wife hangs on his arm, often absent-minded, sometimes listening from every depth of her great dark eyes: she was nearly always silent. And just in front stalks the nursemaid, holding the stiff-swaddled babe upright against her shoulder, so that its smiling face is turned towards the happy parents.

Among all these youths of twenty or thereabouts, Hugo strode like a prince in his court. He was little their senior, a man of twenty-five; but something pure and grave and

lofty in mien and manner made him appear older and taller than he was. In this innocent Bohemia he was the only stickler for dignity: the young poets of the Restoration, out of a sort of 'mièvrerie' and intimate brotherhood, were given to calling their fellow-singers' spouses by their Christian names; one of them had once addressed Hugo's young wife as 'Adèle': 'Madame Victor Hugo' corrected the stately husband, and no one transgressed again. He was strikingly handsome—a king of men, as Sainte-Beuve loved to call him—(in Greek)—but handsome in an inspired, thoughtful, slender Byronic style which Boulanger's frontispiece to the 'Odes 'et Ballades' commemorates—not the magnificent burly Homer that the middle-aged among us can remember. No greater contrast can be imagined to the little critic with his mop of foxy hair, his mobile irregular features, and timid ingratiating neophyte's manner—so proud to be, as he says more than once—'le héraut d'armes, le serviteur, le 'secrétaire des grands hommes.' Victor Hugo accepted all this devotion in his lordly way and condescended to enlighten his proficient disciple not only in literature but in politics and religion.

Sainte-Beuve was fascinated, amused, and a little mistrustful. The Viscount Victor Hugo, the Count Alfred de Vigny, and Alphonse de Lamartine were noblemen, Catholics and Royalists, with all the prejudices of the chivalrous and frivolous little Court of Charles X. 'C'était au premier 'abord dans ces retraites mondaines quelque chose de doux, 'de parfumé, de caressant et d'enchanteur.' There was a sort of subtle mysticism in the air, a savour of platonic love, royalist fervour, and Christian mythology rather than religion. 'Vigny is an archangel, Lamartine is content 'with the rank of seraph,' wrote Sainte-Beuve, who found so much idealism a little pretentious. He never understood or liked the chaste, profound, and haughty genius of Vigny, 'le gentilhomme,' as he used to call him, with his knack of finding the weak place in the armour. Lamartine—'half Fénelon, half Ovid'—alternately attracted and repelled him. He was jealous of either, for both had older claims than he, and more brilliant titles, to the friendship of Hugo; and yet he was proud of living in the company of these demigods and interpreting their voices to the multitude. With his ticklish vanity, the young Jacobin surgeon would have been happier could he have known that he was the equal by birth of these young men, entitled to call himself M. de Sainte-Beuve. But the Revolution had

opened a chasm in France between to-day and yesterday; and no Léon Séché lived as yet to trace the critic's genealogy, through a modest county family of which his father had been a scion, down to Jean de Sainte-Beuve, 'chevalier banneret,' who accompanied Godfrey de Bouillon to the Holy Land. All his life long, Sainte-Beuve sincerely felt himself and thought himself a plebeian. 'Tis a pity. He would have been less prompt to take offence had he known of good Sir John—and of Hugo's paternal grandfather, the carpenter at Nancy.

But, unaware of these things, Sainte-Beuve was, as Guizot nicknamed him, 'Werther, Jacobin et carabin': that is to say, a romantic, socialistic, young medical student. Such as he was, he entered the 'Cénacle' full of enthusiasm and curiosity—equally full of enthusiasm and of curiosity; but the second, as we know, is a less volatile preparation. . . . There are substances in chemistry which, when they are added to any given compound, accelerate its decomposition by the mere fact of their presence: they are catalytic ferments. Place one of them in a group of elements infinitely vaster than itself, and you will see it—minute, but energetic—fasten on one of the component parts, by a sort of affinity which provokes all round a series of transformations, dissolutions, decompositions and recombinations; out of which general havoc the catalytic agent emerges, unharmed, intact.

More than once in the course of his career Sainte-Beuve was a cause of catalysis.

III.

All these young men were united in a literary and artistic renascence. They had shot off at a tangent from the ideal of the eighteenth century—that ideal of Buffon and the Encyclopédie—so terribly explicit and lucid and exact. The young Romantics shattered this orderly little cosmos, so neatly dovetailed, and fashioned it anew nearer to their hearts' desire, or left it, rather, in all the magnificent anarchy and mystery of nature. Their universe was wrapt in mystery; immense unknown forces, having their source beyond, invaded it at every point: spontaneous and irresistible conquerors. Their world teemed with marvels, miracles, and monsters. No scheme of things is complete that does not take account of marvels, miracles, and monsters. At Amsterdam we may see, any of us (in the

gardens of Hugo de Vries), certain wonderful plants of carnation which terminate in the most unexpected manner, bearing, for instance, in place of a flower something very like an ear of corn. They exist; but no one has ever made a loaf from the wheat produced by carnations. The mistake of the Romantics was to make the marvellous their daily bread. They took account only of the unaccountable, neglected Nature for the supernatural, and the reign of Law for the revolution of Spontaneity; they lived with visions for their company in a world of perpetual illusion. Into this Dreamland entered Sainte-Beuve, the sanest and most perspicacious of critics.

Although this atmosphere of youth, romance, liberty, genius, sometimes carried him off his feet, it is to his credit that he never lost his head—if we may permit ourselves the phrase. He warns Victor Hugo not to neglect too severely in his poetry the relations between sound and sense—'le 'rapport, naturel, rationnel, philosophique.' More than once he hoists a danger signal. 'Gare à l'excès, l'abus de 'la force, et (passez-moi le mot) la charge.' Yet even as Sancho Panza follows Don Quixote while he criticises him, so our friendly lucid enthusiast sounds his friend's trumpet in the 'Globe' even while in the strictest privacy he smites him friendly. He took seriously his rôle of herald and secretary. When the Hugos moved from the Rue de Vaugirard to 11 Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, Sainte-Beuve took up his quarters at No. 19 in the same street; every day and twice a day he was in and out of Hugo's study, listening, approving, criticising, submitting his own verses to the great man, reviewing Hugo's books, acting as an amateur theatrical agent for Hugo's plays. Perfectly happy in this rôle of satellite, he imagined that time would pass and see him still revolving round the glory of this new 'Roi-Soleil.'

Lamartine, in a note to his 'Harmonies,' happily rediscovered and quoted by M. Séché, has drawn us a delightful portrait of Sainte-Beuve at this moment:

'It was in 1829. I was much attached then to a pale and blonde young man—sensitive and sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, a poet to the verge of tears. I thought him a French Novalis or a Lake poet settled in Paris. His name was Sainte-Beuve. He lived in Paris with an aged mother, a serene old lady, absorbed in her son. They lived in the Luxembourg quarter, in a little house looking over a quiet garden. He often came to see me, and I loved to go and see him. There was in their life a still collectedness that charmed me:

the old mother, the calm retreat, the doves, the garden, seemed a world far apart from those rapids of fashionable, literary, political Paris which engulfed my days and nights. A visit to Sainte-Beuve would bring back to my mind the presbyteries and the dear country curés of my childhood's days.'

This is a view of Sainte-Beuve taken by an Elegiac. Sainte-Beuve in his Eden was not so innocent as he looked. But he was happy there, and all the happier that he had not yet discovered in what lies the real magic of Armida's garden. As we all know, the secret of the enchantment is Armida. But Sainte-Beuve was as yet unaware of that important fact.

The Hugos' marriage had been a romance in real life. The public likes a poet's life to be a poem, and under the Restoration no poem was more popular than the Hugos' marriage. They had played together as children in that green garden of the Feuillantines which Victor Hugo loved to sing. At eighteen years of age the penniless bard had, in his lofty way, asked in marriage the hand of his tocherless little playmate. The parents on either side, openly scandalised, though in secret, perhaps, not wholly unsympathetic, naturally forbad the banns. During eighteen months of exile, the young poet had composed and published ode after ode, until he woke up one morning and found himself famous; woke up another morning and found himself the recipient of a royal pension—a sort of Poet-Laureate in a land where there are no Poets-Laureate. At twenty he had married Adèle Foucher with the consent of both stern fathers. And since that day, happy, impeccable, glorious, he had gone on from strength to strength.

In 1829 Madame Victor Hugo was a beautiful young woman of six-and-twenty, of a type rare in France (rather Spanish or Maltese), languidly graceful in movement and attitude, often suddenly triumphant in pose—as in Boulanger's magnificent portrait reproduced by M. Séché in his 'édition de luxe.' She had regular features, a high forehead, great dark hawk's eyes, often astonished or scornful, and something in her mien imperious, nonchalant, ingenuous and pure. The pallor of her skin was enhanced by the jet-black masses of her hair, which she wore sometimes combed out into bunches of curls as in a Vandyck picture, and often, in her listless days, bundled up anyhow, and fixed with haphazard art at the back of her head. She was even lovelier on these untidy occasions, in the long white négligé which she sometimes forgot to change till evening.

Madame Sainte-Beuve 'mère,' a somewhat severe, practical, and insignificant old lady, had not accustomed her son to so much careless grace. He was shocked and fascinated. Adèle's picturesque untidiness is always finding its way into his verses, and even into his prose. Still he was even more fascinated than shocked. And, although for the space of two years he was so completely absorbed by his adoration for Victor that he had scarce a thought for Victor's wife, still, as time ran on, he found himself haunted by so rare a beauty.

> 'Où naissent des beautés pareilles à la tienne?
> Où sont les pas traînants, l'allure ionienne,
> Les noirs cheveux lustrés sur un col obscurci?
> L'œil aigu d'épervier armant un fier sourcil?
> Oui—d'un jeune épervier qui s'étonne et se dresse—
> Tout le reste ineffable en douceur et paresse.'
> (Sainte-Beuve, 'Livre d'Amour.')

And again, in a passage of his novel 'Volupté,' which reproduces in prose more than one strophe of the secret 'Livre d'Amour':

> 'A quoi pensait-elle? Quel monde infini, invisible, parcourait-elle en esprit? Ce n'était pas le nôtre. . . . Dans son indifférence des choses, il y avait des jours de brume et de pluie où elle se parait dès le matin, et des jours de gai soleil où elle s'oubliait en son premier négligé. . . . J'avais peine d'abord, lorsque j'arrivais, à diriger de mon côté ce courant silencieux; quand elle s'échappait en discours, c'était profond, continu, élevé, intarissable. . . . Moi, entrant et la voyant ainsi, je la supposais volontiers quelque religieuse du Midi—la Portugaise, par exemple—immobile en sa cellule, attendant celui qui ne reviendra pas.'—('Volupté,' p. 118.)

Probably Madame Victor Hugo was thinking of the children's boots; she was a good mother and a sensible young woman, not exactly clever, destitute of repartee, but with a charm and simplicity of her own, even in literature, as may be recognised by anyone who has read her book, 'Victor Hugo, raconté par un témoin de sa vie.' She wrote verses too, but had the tact not to publish them, being Madame Victor Hugo and a Muse, which is more than a poet. She was, indeed, to be more than one man's Muse.

One day Sainte-Beuve called on Victor Hugo, who was out, and stayed to leave a message with Madame. She was still in her morning gown—

> 'Sa robe tout d'un flot tombant jusqu'à ses pieds.'

With both arms lifted, she was standing arranging her hair before the mirror above the mantelpiece. She turned in her indolent way to listen. It seemed to Sainte-Beuve that suddenly a veil was rent between them; that he saw her for the first time, and that he had always been in love with her.

That was in 1829. He had just published his first book of poems—'Vie, Poésies et Pensées de Joseph Delorme'—supposed to be the reliquiæ of a consumptive medical student, edited by his friend, the critic. With some affectation, there is much sincerity in 'Joseph Delorme,' something voluptuous too, and yet intensely sad. It is very young, full of the vague weakness and oppressed suffering so frequent in French youth. The verses are not good, but they are interesting, despite their lack of subject matter, and an extraordinary absence of lyric grace. What Madame Hugo saw in the book was its impatient mediocrity, its desolate materialism. She was not only devout but deeply religious, and she pitied the luckless disciple of Lamarck who had lived so sadly and died so young. She said to herself that those who hope for nothing in this life are little inclined to put their faith in another; that we must love and appreciate to-day, in order to long for an everlasting to-morrow. Her motherly heart went out to the dead lad, and she said very kindly to Sainte-Beuve (speaking, as she thought, of the friend he had lost), 'Si je l'avais connu, 'je l'aurais consolé!'

The next book of poems, published the following year, is called 'Les Consolations,' and opens with a dedicatory epistle to Madame Victor Hugo under an epigraph from Ducis: 'Notre bonheur n'est qu'un malheur plus ou moins consolé.' It is an immense advance on 'Joseph Delorme.' The verses, tender, simple, mystical, sincere, are not great poetry, have no prestige, little beauty, less imagination, but even to-day they go straight to the heart. 'La simplicité, 'la vérité et le naturel sont les grands principes du beau 'dans toutes les productions des Arts,' wrote Gluck of old in his preface to 'Alceste.' These are golden words. And if they leave much unaccounted for—just that divine unearthly vibration which fills 'King Lear,' for instance, or the Ninth Symphony, or Rembrandt's 'Ronde de Nuit,' or certain poems of Victor Hugo's, with a life different from and superior to that which animates simple sunlit nature—yet those works which are inspired by simplicity, truth, and the natural are always agreeable and never ridiculous, which is

more than one can say of most Romantic art. In reading 'Les Consolations,' we see how happily Lamartine was inspired when he described Sainte-Beuve as a Lake poet living in Paris. There is much of Wordsworth and more of Cowper in these verses; something also of that delicate delightful prosiness which we find—in all ages—in the poetry of great French writers who are not poets. This, for instance, is as charming as Froissart's 'Dit du Florin.' The verses are addressed to Madame Hugo:

> 'Oh! que la vie est longue aux longs jours de l'été,
> Et que le temps y pèse à mon cœur attristé!
> Vers trois heures souvent, j'aime à vous aller voir . . .
> Et, votre époux absent et sorti pour rêver,
> J'entre pourtant, et Vous, belle et sans vous lever,
> Me dites de m'asseoir; nous causons; je commence
> À vous ouvrir mon cœur, ma nuit, mon vide immense,
> Ma jeunesse déjà dévorée à moitié,
> Et vous me répondez par des mots d'amitié,
> Triste et tournant au ciel votre noire prunelle:
> "Hélas! non, il n'est point ici-bas de mortelle
> Qui se puisse avouer plus heureuse que moi.
> Mais à certains moments, et sans savoir pourquoi . . .
> Moi aussi, je me sens ce besoin de pleurer."'

Are these not pretty verses? They are life itself. But why was Victor Hugo so often absent 'et sorti pour rêver'? It is high time that he came home. Nay, if he comes home he will shut himself up in his study. He is finishing 'Marion Delorme.' He is just beginning 'Hernani.'

IV.

It was in October 1829 that Victor Hugo read the manuscript of 'Hernani' to Balzac, Vigny, Sainte-Beuve, and the faithful, the adoring 'Cénacle.' Sainte-Beuve listened with the others and admired, though in his heart he regarded the theatre as a falling-off, and would fain have confined his hero to lyric poetry. By this time, between his affection for Hugo and his confidences to Madame Hugo, his emotional situation had become difficult and complicated, and none the less so that his fair monitress had awakened in our materialist a very sincere religious feeling. He thought himself converted; he believed that he had set his feet on the upward track. The little world in which he moved now was eminently Catholic and 'bien-pensant,' and Sainte-Beuve was ever impressionable: he had thrown over the medical

profession and walked the hospitals no more; he saw less of Daunou, and old Lamarck, his master, slipped out of the world very gently in 1829, just about the time that the Abbé de Lamennais—one of Victor Hugo's oldest friends—read and admired the sheets of 'Les Consolations.' Sainte-Beuve speedily became the friend and ardent disciple of Lamennais. Surely he had chosen the better part. And yet, at the very first step of the road that mounts, there was a pitfall in his path.

Sainte-Beuve decided to break himself of the charming habit of seeing Madame Hugo day by day. The painter Boulanger was starting on a picturesque journey to Dijon, Besançon, and Strasburg. He was to be absent two months. Sainte-Beuve decided to accompany him. His letters to the Hugos during this little tour have quite lately been found and edited by an accomplished young critic, M. Gustave Simon.

Sainte-Beuve was vain and weak and over-subtle; he was by nature inclined to envy, rancour, and a tiresome small impertinence disguised as flattery; he had greater faults still, sensual sins; he was naturally inconstant, by the sheer force of his idealism and his curiosity. But such as he was—and we do not suggest that he was a fine character—he was extraordinarily sincere and capable of great tenderness of heart, while no one can have read the entire body of his work—that 'corpus' of psychological criticism—without becoming convinced of his religious bent. He began and ended as a sceptic—a pure Pyrrhonian. But from 1829 to 1847 he was haunted by the idea of Grace; and, whether a Catholic in the wake of Lamennais, or almost a Calvinist as at Lausanne in 1837; or indeed as the reverent though sceptical historian of Port-Royal, for nearly twenty years his life was rooted in a pious preoccupation. He was no more impeccable than his namesake, St. Augustine, the great patron of Port-Royal, or than its great penitent, Racine. Like them, Augustin Sainte-Beuve was of a voluptuous and tender disposition, familiar with backslidings, and naturally prone to emotional casuistry. He soon persuaded himself that nothing is purer than a mystical love: 'Je ne rêve que bonheur et sainteté,' he wrote to his friend l'Abbé Barbe. A platonic love-affair has sometimes a seamy side to it; a new feeling began to creep into Sainte-Beuve's friendship for the husband: a disposition to carp, an odd suffering jealousy, a sense of injustice done to himself, as though his friend's perfections had been

gained at his expense. The preface to the 'Consolations,' written at this time, gives us the first hint of a state of mind which was speedily to develope:

'Si vous êtes humble, obscur, mais tendre et dévoué, et que vous ayez un ami sublime, ambitieux, puissant, qui aime et obtienne la gloire et l'empire, aimez-le, mais n'en aimez pas trop un autre, car cette sorte d'amitié est absolue, jalouse, impatiente de partage. Aimez-le, mais qu'un mot équivoque, lâché par vous au hasard, ne lui soit pas répété par la calomnie, car ni tendresse à l'épreuve, ni dévouement à mourir mille fois pour lui ne rachèteront ce mot insignifiant qui aura glissé dans son cœur.'

There follows a picture of this handsome, brilliant, proud, disdainful, fortunate friend—and, that no one may mistake the likeness, the page is dedicated to Victor Hugo.

When Sainte-Beuve returned to Paris to see 'Les Consolations' through the press, the rehearsal of 'Hernani' was already a constant theme of conversation in the Hugos' household, and the two friends were more than once at cross purposes. Sainte-Beuve was all perspicacity and sensitiveness—with nothing magnanimous or naïf in his composition. Hugo was artless as a child, rusé as a savage, thick-skinned as a rhinoceros, and as magnanimous as Hercules. Wrapt in his own genius as in a sort of shining cloud, he saw very dimly the other realities of life; in confident innocence, he trod on every nerve of Sainte-Beuve's. The critic began to find his idol 'Gothic' or 'Byzantine'; he had not yet invented for him the name of Polyphème. His delicacy was shocked by the childish, eager cleverness with which Hugo set to work organising victory, putting all his energy, all his subtlety, into the arrangements with the box-office and the theatrical press. It was all in the day's work! With the same gusto Hugo wrote his play, illustrated it with charming superfluous etchings, rehearsed it, and saw to the selling of the tickets and the hiring of the claque. The house in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs was like a general's camp on the eve of battle, with estafettes and aides-de-camp perpetually coming and going. There were tickets to be booked, critics to be hooked. When Sainte-Beuve arrived at his customary hour, bent on reading his verses and unburdening his soul, he would discover the 'gloriosa donna della sua mente' in the centre of a group of eager youths, all their heads bent together over a plan of the theatre. She would just look up and say: 'Ah! Come in, Sainte-Beuve! Here we are;

'at it again!' And he would sit down in a corner, useless and distressed. For he knew nothing of playhouses, and though he might have appreciated (had a Romantic dare confess so much) the psychological plays of Racine and Marivaux, the theatrical works of Victor Hugo frankly bored him. There was too much fine talk 'bombinans in 'vacuo'; something empty, loud, artificial, and melodramatic, offended his serenity. His intelligence was not satisfied and his feelings were wounded, for all the attentions, now, were accorded to the gallant little band of 'Hernanists.' By the time February set in, he hated the whole concern and loathed the very name of 'Hernani.' 'Don't count on 'me,' he writes to Victor Hugo in a highly characteristic letter recently found and published by M. Gustave Simon.

'Il m'est impossible de faire en ce moment-ci un article 'sur "Hernani" qui ne soit détestable de forme comme de 'fond. Je suis blasé sur "Hernani"! . . . . Le seul article 'que je puisse faire sur "Hernani" c'est mon livre des '"Consolations" qui paraîtra dans quatre ou cinq jours.' And all his outraged feelings find vent in a more than feminine postscript: sometimes Sainte-Beuve is positively old-maidish:

'J'avais besoin de vous écrire, puisqu'on ne peut vous parler seul à seul et que votre foyer est comme dévasté.

'Et Madame? Et Celle dont le nom ne devrait retentir sur votre lyre que quand on écouterait vos chants à genoux? Celle-là même exposée aux yeux profanes, distribuant des billets à plus de quatre-vingts jeunes gens à peine connus d'hier: cette familiarité chaste et charmante, véritable prix de l'amitié, à jamais déflorée par la cohue; le mot de dévouement prostitué; *l'utile* apprécié avant tout, les combinaisons matérielles l'emportant. . . .'

Surely Sainte-Beuve's secret is writ in capital letters between the lines of this pitiable epistle.

'Hernani' was the Austerlitz of the Romantics. Even to-day, when the people of Paris read the date 1830, they think of 'Hernani' and of Théophile Gautier's red waistcoat, almost before they remember the Revolution of July. 'Hernani' was one of the decisive battles of the world, in literature, but it was not gained in a day. The 'Classics' held their ground, and hissed as valorously as the geese that saved the Capitol; night by night every inch of the field was fought afresh. The 'Hernanists' meanwhile continued to invade the Hugos' home.

And soon that home itself was removed. 'Hernani' proved a gold mine. It was played for six years. M. Paul

Meurice assured us only the other day that the net receipts of 'Hernani' were over two million francs (80,000*l.*). Success brings its exactions, and the peaceful Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs is far from the theatres of the Boulevard. In the spring of 1830 the Hugos moved to a new home in the Rue Jean Goujon, on the right bank of the Seine. The river ran between the inseparables of yesterday.

More than the river ran between them. Sainte-Beuve was no longer the peaceful, pious poet of the 'Consolations.' No longer he sang in a sweet sincere minor key the virtues of renunciation.

> 'N'avoir qu'un seul désir, n'aimer qu'un être au monde,
> L'aimer d'amour ardente, idéale et profonde,
> Voir presque tous les jours et souvent sans témoins
> Cette beauté, l'objet de mes uniques soins;
> Lui parler longuement des doux secrets de l'âme,
> De l'une et l'autre vie; et, sitôt que la flamme
> Qui sort de son regard s'est trop mêlée au mien,
> Ralentir tout à coup le rapide entretien. . . .
> Vivre ainsi, se gêner, mentir à ce qu'on aime,
> Enchaîner cet aveu qui vole de lui-même;
> Mordre sa lèvre en sang, pétrifier ses yeux,
> En pâlir, en mourir—et sentir que c'est mieux!'

Sainte-Beuve now was like King Canute when the tide washed over the watermark he had drawn to stop it. In vain he multiplied his absences from Paris, visiting the banks of the Rhine, Normandy, the towns of Belgium; in vain he tried the most opposite of counter-irritants, religion and dissipation. One day in his despair he told the truth to Victor Hugo, who—with the intense practicalness of your true poet—suggested that he had better neglect them a little, for a while. Sainte-Beuve obeyed, but chafed and fumed.

'Il y a en moi du désespoir, voyez-vous, de la rage; des envies de vous tuer, de vous assassiner par moments, en vérité! Pardonnez-moi ces horribles mouvements. . . . Ne m'invitez pas à vous aller voir. Que ferais-je désormais à votre foyer, quand j'ai mérité votre défiance, quand le soupçon se glisse entre nous, quand votre surveillance est inquiète et que Madame Hugo ne peut effleurer mon regard sans avoir consulté le vôtre? Il faut bien se retirer alors et c'est une religion de s'abstenir.

'Peut-être un jour, mon ami, quand je n'aurai plus rien au monde, ni mère à soigner, ni amour de femme à espérer, ni erreur de système à redresser, quand je serai vieux, quand Madame Hugo elle-même sera vieille—qui sait?. . . peut-être, mon ami, vous me permettrez alors de venir finir mes jours sous votre toit.' (December 7, 1830.)

V.

In 1830 the disciples of the Count of Saint-Simon (who were, as we should say, a band of unorthodox Christian Socialists) bought the great Liberal newspaper, the 'Globe,' Sainte-Beuve's 'Globe sérieux.' Round the deal table in the office he met not only his old acquaintance, Pierre Leroux, the humanitarian philosopher, who had founded the paper with Dubois, but Jouffroy the idealist, Quinet, Fourier, Auguste Comte, with all the Saint-Simonians; Enfantin and his disciples. The Saint-Simonians dreamed of an Utopia, where the rich should not be quite so rich and the poor not quite so poor; where every man should work, and every man enjoy leisure; no one starve, and no one perish of ennui. In this ideal world, woman was to be the equal of man, with all his rights and all her duties. It was a system of Collectivism, a vast brotherhood in which all men and women were to enjoy all things in common. As a living force, their society lasted only about five years, but it gave birth to the two greatest movements of the nineteenth century, Socialism and Positivism. Sainte-Beuve was a sympathetic spectator. 'I 'was present,' he was to say a few years later, 'at the birth of 'a religion. The Saint-Simonians taught me how to under-'stand Christianity and Port-Royal.'

Nothing delighted Sainte-Beuve so much as to quaff an idea at its source, before it had been canalised, contaminated, and dispensed to the general public. When that stage was reached—when the spring was captured and the theory laid on in every household—Sainte-Beuve lost his interest and, hazel-twig in hand, went tapping untrodden ground for some new well to discover. 'Toujours en quête de quelque 'grande âme à épouser,' he espoused, temporarily at least, the cause of the Saint-Simonians, more, perhaps, by an effort of will and by a curiosity of the intellect than by a vocation of the heart. He hoped this great new interest would dispel the fumes and forces of a forbidden passion. When he went to Brussels in 1831 it was to stay in the house of the Saint-Simonians; thence he wrote to Victor Hugo:

'Je ne suis pas saint-simonien classé, ni ne le serai, soyez tranquille, bien que les aimant beaucoup et logé dans leur maison. Je ne sais pour combien de temps je suis ici. Il y a des jours où il me prend idée qu'on y pourrait vivre et travailler comme ailleurs.'

Sainte-Beuve divided his sympathies between the Saint-

Simonians and a band of young Liberal Catholics, under the Abbé de Lamennais: 'J'ai traversé, ou plutôt côtoyé, 'le Saint-Simonisme et presque aussitôt le monde de Lamen-'nais, encore très catholique,' he confesses in his 'Derniers 'Portraits.' The Revolution of July had suddenly let loose many forces long pent and compressed under the pious despotism of Charles X. The Jesuits had disappeared with the King, but the Liberal Catholics were at the head of a social movement inspired by a noble passion for the happiness of other men.

Lamennais was at that time one of the most imposing figures in France—a sort of Savonarola, a fiery yet tender Apostle, taking his religion chiefly on the social side, burning with the desire to save society and to make of the Christian faith what Christ had left it, a school of fraternity and equality. 'The last shall the first, and the first last.' The words were ringing in the brain of Lamennais as though he had heard them for the first time. The Revolution had unsealed his ears to them. Until close on 1830 he had preached the gospel of submission to authority.

For, before 1830, the Catholic Church in France had appeared dependent on the legitimate monarchy; but the Revolution had startled Lamennais into a sort of prophetic socialism. He and his disciple Lacordaire forthwith unshackled the religious idea and dissociated Church and State. They did for an hour that which St. Francis had done for an age. They severed the ideas of temporal and spiritual power, and steeped Christianity in the founts of Freedom.

Lamennais' great idea was to reach the working class and to get hold of the youth of France. He started a popular newspaper, democratic and dithyrambic: 'L'Avenir.' He invented a scheme of education which was meant to bring the ecclesiastical schools up to at least the level of the lay University: one may say that Lamennais drew up the programme which the Catholic Church put in practice fifty years later, under the Third Republic, when the Assumptionists founded the 'Croix,' when the Jesuits and Oratorians established their great schools. But a prophet is seldom obeyed in his own generation. The bishops were uneasy, and Lamennais was reported to Rome as a dangerous demagogue—as indeed, perhaps, he was. At least it is certain that he was a Romantic in religion.

Félicité de Lamennais—'Monsieur Féli,' as his disciples called him—was born at St. Malo in 1782. He was therefore already a man of fifty—the veteran of a little band of

reformers, but at heart the youngest of them all, vehement and violent under his grey locks—a very whirlwind compared with the prudent Lacordaire or the subtle and curious Sainte-Beuve. He had a great heart, full of faith and charity, and yet it was not the heart of a saint; anger seethed in it too often; he was a man of wrath. Sainte-Beuve was often shocked by 'ces injures si grossières de 'Lamennais—quelque chose qui n'est propre qu'à l'injure du 'prêtre—du "Curé Catholique"—de quelqu'un qui n'a pas 'été galant et qui ne se bat pas en duel.'* In fact Lamennais, though well born and well bred, was not a man of the world; a monk of the Middle Ages, rather; or a passionate Breton Druid, worshipping Nature only less than God. He knew his own faults, was proud of them, and had designed for himself a seal which bore a strange device for a priest: a blasted oak, with the motto 'Je romps et ne plie pas.' Such as he was he exercised an almost magnetic influence—the influence of a passionate sincerity. 'Tantôt il avait ce que Buffon, par-'lant des animaux de proie, a appelé une "âme de colère"; 'tantôt, et non moins souvent, il avait une douceur, une 'tendresse, à ravir les petits enfants, une âme tout à fait 'charmante; et il passait de l'une à l'autre en un instant.' There was something which recalls Mr. Gladstone, among the last generation in England, in the personal ascendency, the candour, the vehement contradictions, the native nobleness, and the disconcerting transformations of this born leader of men, at once theologian, philosopher, and politician. His right-hand man was an orator of a very different stamp, a sagacious and eloquent Gaul from Burgundy: the Abbé Lacordaire. Lacordaire was barely two years older than Sainte-Beuve, and until recently had been a brilliant Voltairean young barrister. Then, one day, something came into his life wholly unreckoned on—as if a shining meteoric stone, flashing out of space, should suddenly strike a man senseless between the familiar box-edged paths of his own garden. By a conversion as brusque as Paul's, Lacordaire entered the Church. This history endeared him to Sainte-Beuve, already preoccupied by Pascal and the idea of Grace. He admired, too, something strong and patient in the mind of Lacordaire.

But both these Catholic Reformers were absolute to a fault. Sainte-Beuve, though he sat at their feet in senti-

* Correspondance de Sainte-Beuve avec M. et Mme. Juste Olivier, p. 321.

mental humility, was often offended by their lack of method, and indeed of erudition, their hazardous assertions, their cocksureness, their happy-go-lucky prophecies. They seemed to have no sense of proportion; their eye, too long-sighted, abolished all intervals as, blind to the world around them, they seemed to discern and live in the twenty-second century. Sainte-Beuve was fervent, he was humble, but he was perspicacious to a fault. 'J'analyse tout avec perfidie et une secrète aigreur,' as he confessed one day to Victor Hugo. He would have peeped and botanised on his mother's grave. He peeped and botanised at the feet of his spiritual directors, observing, in spite of himself, how the noble Lacordaire was often wily, showing too much of the churchman's ruse, too slippery a diplomacy; while Lamennais lacked judgement and measure, carrying you off your feet by an impetuosity which might after all be a rush towards a precipice.

If Lamennais was always in a whirl, Leroux was always in a maze. Misty and moonstruck, he was the best of men, vowed to a voluntary poverty, contemptuous of this world's gear; when he spoke or wrote, a great and pure idea flickered through a flux of words, like a pale ray drowned in a shower. If the absolutism of the Catholics distressed Sainte-Beuve, the unpractical dreaminess of Leroux and the Saint-Simonians failed to satisfy him. Still, with all the honesty he was capable of, he tried to lose himself in their great general schemes for the common weal, since such large-embracing efforts are the antidote to passion. But he could not give himself wholly to either little band. He kept advancing a little way with the Saint-Simonians, and then a short distance along the path of the Liberal Catholics. Although the roads ran parallel, he made but little progress.

Still his curiosity was interested. 'Le Saint-Simonisme 'que j'ai vu de près et par les coulisses m'a beaucoup servi à 'comprendre l'origine des religions avec leur diverses mises, 'et même (j'en demande bien pardon) le Christianisme et 'Port-Royal.' And when the brain is all alert, the heart for a while becomes less exacting. Sainte-Beuve thought himself cured. He left Brussels in the late spring of 1831, and on his return to Paris he sought out Victor Hugo. The meeting was cordial. He was invited to call in the Rue Jean Goujon, where he found Madame Hugo pale and nervous; she had long been out of health, they said. 'It 'is only a nervous gastritis,' declared Sainte-Beuve, who was still 'Werther, Jacobin et carabin.' But he was

preoccupied by her languid looks and, little by little, his good resolutions weakened. Perhaps he was not the only one to suffer? . . . As a matter of fact, she was jealous. She had supposed Sainte-Beuve to be interested by some other woman. He explained. The first stanzas of the 'Livre 'd'Amour' are dated August 9, 1831.

VI.

The 'Livre d'Amour' of Sainte-Beuve has naturally never been published, although, quite of late, it has become a great deal too well known. By an extraordinary aberration, which M. Michaut has compared to Dante Gabriel Rossetti's exhumation of his buried verses, Sainte-Beuve printed it privately in 1843 (anonymously, of course) and gave an annotated copy to the Bibliothèque Impériale, of which at that time he was the librarian. There whoso chooses may consult it, on due application. Almost all the remaining copies were destroyed on the death of the author in 1869. But a few months ago, M. Michaut printed most of the verses in his essay on 'Le Livre d'Amour de Sainte-Beuve,' and M. Troubat, the critic's residuary legatee, is about to issue a very small, privately printed edition of the copy in the National Library. Sainte-Beuve himself led the way. Many of the verses of the 'Livre d'Amour' appear in his collected poems, published in 1863, under the title 'Suite 'de "Joseph Delorme."'

The 'Livre d'Amour' is not only the day-book of a love story written hour by hour; it is a serious artistic effort which we may compare with Coventry Patmore's 'Angel in 'the House,' despite the moral abyss which divides the two volumes. Sainte-Beuve began it just about the time when his rival, Victor Hugo, was publishing 'Notre-Dame 'de Paris.' He reproached the great Romantic with an excess of fantasy—'les caractères traversent trop fréquem-'ment la trame de la nature humaine dans un sens ou 'dans un autre, dessus et dessous, en féerie et en grotesque, 'vers le ciel ou vers l'enfer.' Sainte-Beuve himself intended never to exceed the level of everyday's most quiet need, he meant to place a man and a woman in the circumstances of ordinary modern life, and to distil the wine of poetry from their unforced sentiments. He was beginning to think with Racine (Hugo's 'bête noire') that 'toute l'invention consiste 'a faire quelque chose de rien.' Unfortunately, the 'Livre 'd'Amour' is not 'Bérénice'; too often, the preachiness

of the treatment contrasts with the simplicity of the theme, while, in the feeling expressed, nothing grand, profound, inevitable, redeems the prosy duplicities of an adulterous passion.

The silhouette of the husband is etched with the bitterest acid—with, if we may coin the phrase, an admiring venom. He is the King Consort—'l'Epoux Roi'—ardent and serious of aspect, with a lip that curls in ready disdain, and at first the two that most offend him do not cease to love and admire—

> 'Mon amitié peu franche eut bien droit aux rigueurs,
> Et je plains l'offensé, noble entre les grands cœurs.'

But soon something bitter poisons their remorse, and a manuscript note to the copy in the Bibliothèque Nationale de Paris expatiates:

> 'Non, il n'est pas un noble cœur. Artificieux et fastueux, il est vain au fond; tous ceux qui l'ont pratiqué de près ont fini par le savoir; mais j'ai longtemps été dupe. J'étais dans l'antre du Cyclope et je me croyais dans la grotte d'un demi-dieu.'

Henceforth, for Sainte-Beuve, his idol of yesterday will be 'Polyphème,' 'the Cyclops,' or the 'lion jaloux,' the 'dangereux témoin,' turn by turn a tyrant and a dupe.

It is true that the unfortunate husband was jealous and even, for the first time in his life, humbled and bewildered. Hitherto he had always been in the right, had always come off best, always had his own way. Even now he is living in a blaze of success. He writes to his friend in a pathetic dismay, 'Je ne suis plus heureux. . . . Je ne sais plus où j'en suis avec les deux êtres que j'aime le plus au monde' (July 7, 1831). And then, clumsily jealous, he shuts up his wife and forbids Sainte-Beuve the house. Proud, obstinate, ardent rather than tender, vehement rather than sensitive, he meant to bear them down, to keep them apart, but to keep both wife and friend. They were too subtle for him—they met in secret. In the cholera year (1832) Sainte-Beuve, anxious for news, is said to have entered the house disguised as a woman. When the Hugos spent their summers in the valley of the Bièvre, Adèle's lover would wait for her in the woods at dawn:

> 'Il est encore au lit, le dangereux témoin!'

Hugo, emphatically insisting on his love for either, felt his powerlessness to retain the heart of friend or wife. In

a dim bewildered way he complained of the new note in Sainte-Beuve's reviews. What he asks for, he repeats, is not praise but love:—'Victor Hugo is flattered. Victor 'Hugo returns thanks. But Victor, your old Victor, is sad 'at heart.'

'Aimer, et avoir besoin d'amour et d'amitié (mettez ces deux mots sur qui vous voudrez), voilà le fond . . . de ma vie. Vous n'avez jamais reconnu cela en moi. Vous connaissez bien peu ma nature, Sainte-Beuve.'

And so the inevitable happened. In the spring of 1833 Victor Hugo produced another play: 'Lucrezia Borgia.' A very beautiful young woman, Juliette Drouet, took a small part in it—that of the Princess Negroni; she glided across the stage like a vision, sighing a few words, and passed out of sight. She passed into the life of Victor Hugo, and fifty years later he was still her devoted lover.

Paris veiled its face. Prone as a rule to condone such irregularities in the case of a playwright and an actress, sometimes the capricious capital insists on a pure romance. Victor Hugo's marriage was a popular legend, and the public resented a bad ending to a story it liked. But no one was so resentful and so indignant as Sainte-Beuve. In public, in private, the flick of the innuendo darted from his lips. Never was such an onslaught of the Philistines on Samson taken in the toils of Delilah, for by some inexplicable logic of the human heart, Sainte-Beuve was all the bitterer because he felt himself to be the secret cause of the scandal. Victor Hugo took it all very patiently. He gave his life, 'sans phrase,' to the woman who had consoled him, while Sainte-Beuve was writing the following sonnet, one of his best, to Madame Victor Hugo:

'Si quelque blâme, hélas, se glisse à l'origine
En ces amours trop chers où deux cœurs ont failli,
Où deux êtres, perdus par un baiser cueilli,
Sur le sein l'un de l'autre ont béni la ruine;

Si le monde, raillant tout bonheur qu'il devine,
N'y voit que sens émus et que fragile oubli,
Si l'Ange, tout d'abord se voilant d'un long pli,
Refuse d'écouter le couple qui s'incline. . . .

Approche, ô mon Amie, approche encor ton front,
Serrons plus fort nos mains pour les ans qui viendront:
La faute disparaît dans sa constance même.

Quand la fidélité, triomphant jusqu'au bout,
Luit sur des cheveux blancs et sur des rides qu'on aime,
Le Temps, vieillard divin, honore et blanchit tout.'

VII.

While this episode was engrossing all the powers of Sainte-Beuve, a great trouble had come upon his spiritual pastors and masters. In 1832, during several months of the tragic summer of the cholera-year—Lacordaire and Lamennais were absent in Rome, defending their paper 'l'Avenir,' which had been publicly rebuked by the Vatican. In September the Papal verdict definitely condemned them; Lacordaire accepted their defeat, gave up all his schemes for reforming press and schools, and hid for a while his talent in the white coifs of the Visitation, of which convent he became the modest almoner; for the future great Dominican was a Catholic from the bottom of his heart. And Lamennais was religious, too; but the gnarled oak cannot bend though the thunder strike it. Lamennais had written some years before that any disobedience to the Pope is criminal, that dissent is always the sin of schism. But his obedience was of a black and bitter sort. Ominously muttering, he retreated from Rome to a little country home he had in the oak woods near Dinan, called La Chesnaie. He lived there, at heart rebellious, surrounded by a small pious band of fervent disciples, of whom one—the young Maurice de Guérin—was, like himself, a wolf in the fold. Lamennais began to murmur that in things of faith the Pope is supreme, but that in the sphere of action a man must judge for himself. He stalked across the lonely moors, meditating great things; he looked at the ants in the anthill, he observed the swallows hovering round some old tree and collecting for their autumn exodus. The birds of the air and the insects of the earth are free to help each other, and accomplish in common that which they are powerless to do unaided. If a man may not help his brother-men, is he free? Has any power the right to constrain an instinct so universal and so beneficent?

'Au printemps, lorsque tout se ranime, il sort de l'herbe un bruit qui s'élève comme un long murmure.

'Ce bruit, formé de tant de bruits qu'on ne les pourrait compter, est la voix d'un nombre innombrable de pauvres petites créatures imperceptibles.

'Seule, aucune d'elles ne serait entendue : toutes ensemble elles se font entendre.

'Vous êtes ainsi caché sous l'herbe ; pourquoi n'en sort-il aucune voix ?'

(Lamennais, 'Paroles d'un Croyant.')

All the Celtic poetry of his mind; all that feeling for wild nature which made him a poet more intimate and spiritual than that other great Breton his contemporary, Chateaubriand; all the social passion of this rude but loving apostle found their vent during these long months of inaction, and were exhaled in a strange rhythmic plaint, which was to be the gospel of the men of '48. The 'Paroles 'd'un Croyant' have been less read during the last fifty years—crushed (like every manifestation of Romanticism) under the wheels of positive science. But time has its revenges. It is science to-day that inaugurates a growing movement of reaction. That which is not in the visible, tangible world; mystery; the forces whose source lies beyond; the radiance which emanates unseen from the head and the heart of every living thing; the light to which our eyes are blind; the waves which transmit our thoughts wordlessly across the blank worlds of the air—all this romance of knowledge has aroused in the minds of men a sense that there is more in the scheme of things than necessity, than heredity, than evolution, or law, and a corresponding faith in the immense and incalculable resources of the universe. Our philosophers, with Bergson, begin to speak of liberty; our social students dream of something more spontaneous, and freer than the centralised code of Napoleon which use has proved inadequate. In France a new outburst of Romanticism is at hand. And if the young men of to-morrow should open the 'Paroles 'd'un Croyant,' they will reckon Lamennais among the prophets.

But to return to the France of 1832; after all the revolution of July had not enthroned a long-dreamed-of liberty. There was something 'bourgeois,' positive, and ordinary in the government of Louis Philippe which was quite as contrary to the generous dreams of the democrats as the Jesuitry of Charles X. There were malcontents in every great centre, and a series of insurrections seemed to open endless possibilities for to-morrow. This unsettled state of things acted differently on different temperaments; Lamennais, by nature a reformer, became ever more and more the Apostle of Dis-

content; Sainte-Beuve, with the sedentary scholar's taste for public order, became less revolutionary after every outbreak. Yet before he and his master parted company for the rest of their days he was to render one last signal service to Lamennais.

It was at the end of March or the beginning of April in the year 1834. Sainte-Beuve was still the great man's faithful alumnus, as Lamennais himself was still ostensibly the son and servant of the Church. He had left his retreat of La Chesnaie, and was living in Paris, but almost in the suburbs, at the extremity of that endless Rue de Vaugirard which, starting from the Luxembourg gardens, straggles out towards Issy. One morning Sainte-Beuve received an impatient summons to the house in Vaugirard. He lost no time, and, on arriving, saw the Archbishop's coach waiting at the door—for at that time the superior clergy hoped by gentle blandishments to restrain the threatening rebellion of Lamennais—and as Sainte-Beuve crossed the court he met the Archbishop himself going out. He went straight up to the Abbé's room, and found him more than ever agitated. 'My good friend,' said the priest, 'we cannot 'go on like this any longer!' and he opened the drawer of a small deal table, which, with a few straw chairs, furnished the study. Thence he drew a copy-book, covered with small writing. 'Look!' he said, 'this is a little book which I 'charge you to see through the press, as soon as possible, for 'I leave Paris on the day after to-morrow. Make haste, 'therefore, make haste! there is no time to lose! I shall 'not sign it.' Sainte-Beuve replied that, with Lamennais' name, any publisher would print this unorthodox Pastoral, but that an anonymous pamphlet might be difficult to place. It was only on the morrow, however, that the Abbé consented to put his name to the work, which was, of course, the famous 'Paroles d'un Croyant.'

Critic though he was by nature and profession, Sainte-Beuve had not discovered at first sight all the excellence of the pages committed to him.

'We were then purists in the matter of style. The declamatory apocalyptic eloquence of the little pamphlet was as a pillar of smoke which had from me its central and eruptive flame, and the force in it which made the author say later on, "All the same, the human fibre thrilled there!" But one morning, as I took back the proofs to the printing-press, the master-printer asked to see me a moment. "This book of M. de Lamennais'," said he, "will make no end of a stir. The very printers have all gone mad about it, and are transported by the

copy they compose. My office is all topsy-turvy. I am a friend of the Government and do not want to get into difficulties: but since I have undertaken the work, I will lend my presses if you can find another printer to lend his name." '—(Sainte-Beuve, 'Nouveaux Lundis,' i. p. 40.)

M. Plassan's compositors were better judges on this occasion than Sainte-Beuve. The book appeared, and Paris was as much in an uproar as M. Plassan's printing office. Henceforward there was no disguise about the attitude of Lamennais: the priest was no longer a priest but a demagogue. Sainte-Beuve, who disliked to be taken by surprise, never forgave Lamennais his defection, and it was not until forty years afterwards that he wrote of his old master: 'C'est le Soldat de l'Avenir!' . . . The soldier of the future is often the martyr of the present: Lamennais was to endure all the rigours of the Church he loved and forsook. But he found more bitter, we think, than opprobrium or excommunication, the sincere complaint of his old disciple, whose faith he had destroyed. 'You filled my 'soul with hope,' wrote Sainte-Beuve; 'you carried it on 'your shoulder like the good shepherd. And now you 'have thrown it violently to the ground, and behold it 'dies in the ditch!'

VIII.

This was in 1834. Twelve months earlier the world (which knew nothing of the 'Paroles d'un Croyant') took Lamennais for an eminent Catholic priest, just as (knowing nothing of Madame Hugo) it imagined Sainte-Beuve to be a pious young Neo-Christian. There was indeed something naturally sacerdotal in his character and tastes—something claustral, tranquil, recollected in the whole manner of the man, which suggested the curé rather than the Romantic. If you went to see him, his retired life with his old mother, the great parlour lined with books looking out on a high-walled garden, the student himself divided between erudition and a passionate fraternity, all pointed to Sainte-Beuve as a sort of lay confessor. And, indeed, he had many penitents.

None of them was so illustrious as the Baroness Aurore Dudevant, better known as George Sand. In 1833, early in the spring, Sainte-Beuve published in the 'National' a review of her first two novels. He had never met the lady, but knew that this descendant of a king of Poland had come to Paris, on the morrow of 1830, to earn her living

by painting hand-screens and writing stories. She had left her home, like Ibsen's Nora, to find her soul. No one has told us the after-history of Nora. George Sand, as it happened, had spent three very stormy years in Paris where Jules Sandeau had been her first lover, succeeded by Mérimée; and now she was determined to have no more to do with passion but to live for Art and friendship. She was not happy and came to Sainte-Beuve in trouble about her soul. 'There is so much of the priest in you!' she said—like Lamartine. And in truth a psychologist is almost a confessor.

The George Sand of 1833 was not as yet the woman of her official portraits, whose noble head, large heavy features, wise and placid glance are familiar to us all. She was a Spanish-looking young creature of eight-and-twenty, not regularly beautiful, but most attractive. 'Je l'ai trouvée 'beaucoup plus jolie femme que je m'y attendais,' wrote a Swiss pastor's wife, one of Sainte-Beuve's friends, Madame Juste Olivier. 'Oui, elle est jolie, plus femme que dame; 'cependant, par instants, plus ceci que je n'imaginais. Forte 'de corps et d'esprit; les doigts mignons et fort bien posés 'autour d'une cigarette.' (Léon Séché, 'Sainte-Beuve,' t. ii.) There is a pen drawing by Alfred de Musset taken about this time, which shows her in her young, supple, yet stalwart Southern grace. Two jet-black loops of hair fall over a pale, round, candid, childish face, out of which look two great black solemn eyes.

'Sainte-Beuve et Madame Didier me disent la même chose 'd'elle,' wrote Madame Olivier in 1842, 'elle absorbe les 'affections, les engloutit; elle est "fatale."' This was already so much the opinion of Madame Victor Hugo that she forbade Sainte-Beuve to call upon the siren. He received, therefore, her confessions by correspondence.

Sainte-Beuve was destined to have the very greatest influence over his illustrious penitent, and this is the more remarkable since he never fell in love with her, nor she with him. But it was he who confessed and consoled the poor Magdalen throughout the tragic ignominy of her double love affair with Musset and Pagello. And having poured oil and balm into her wounds, it was he who set the passionate individualist in a better path, pointing out to her his own ideal of fraternity and social progress. It was Sainte-Beuve who brought together George Sand and Lamennais—which fierce hater of woman kept a soft corner in his heart for Madame Sand—and he also laid her under the spell of

Pierre Leroux, whose mouthpiece she became. A little later he quarrelled with them all, but they continued undisturbed to labour together in the cause of democracy, and some years later, in 1845, she wrote to Sainte-Beuve:

'Ma vie intellectuelle se compose de vous, de M. de Lamennais et de Leroux. . . . C'est vous qui le premier m'avez prononcé le nom de Leroux et qui m'avez enthousiasmée pour M. de Lamennais. C'est à vous que je dois (après les orages dont vous m'avez aidée à sortir) d'avoir cherché ma vie dans des sentiments moins individuels.'—(George Sand, 'Lettres à Sainte-Beuve,' 'Revue de Paris,' November 15, December 1, 1896.)

Thanks to Sainte-Beuve, the poor romantic slave of passion was to enter into the spirit of Nature with a deeper serenity and a vaster love than any mind (save Goethe's) of the nineteenth century, even as she was to feel the love of humanity no less than the noble Utopians of 1830. She was the child of Rousseau and the heir of the Saint-Simonians; when at last her influence died down in France, it sprang up, and still bears its fruits, in Scandinavia and Russia; after all, it is an ample destiny.

IX.

In the pauses of their earnest conversations George Sand and Sainte-Beuve read to each other the novels they were writing. We are in 1833; she was busy with 'Lélia,' he was finishing 'Volupté.' 'Lélia,' when it appeared, enjoyed the insensate triumph of a work which chimes in with the taste of the moment and squanders all its glory in an hour. It belongs to the extremest left of Romanticism, is satanic, anti-social, dithyrambic even as 'Manfred' or 'Han d'Islande,' and as unreadable to-day. Lélia herself is a 'Femme fatale,' a Blighted Being, a Void Volcano; Lélia is poor pretty George Sand's idea of herself at eight-and-twenty with a husband, two children, and two lovers in the background, as she quaintly describes herself in a letter to Sainte-Beuve: 'austère et presque vierge, hideuse dans 'mon égoïsme et mon isolement.' 'You terrify me!' exclaimed Sainte-Beuve when she finished reading the story. On the first blush of it, George Sand liked the idea; but the next morning she seized her pen and scribbled off to her confidant:

'Ne croyez pas trop à tous mes airs sataniques: je vous jure que c'est un genre que je me donne.'—(Sainte-Beuve, 'Portraits Contemporains,' i., note.)

That, perhaps, is just why 'Lélia' to-day leaves us unmoved. 'Volupté' is, for us, the more interesting book; there is a great deal of real life in it—a great deal about Sainte-Beuve and Madame Victor Hugo, and the inner history of that social and religious movement which produced both Lamennais and Leroux. Yet it pretends to be an historical novel—it takes place in the year of Sainte-Beuve's birth. But Sainte-Beuve had no imagination, and simply put into his book, under other names, the persons and the preoccupations which filled his thoughts. The heroine, exquisitely drawn, is Madame Victor Hugo married, not to a Romantic poet, but to an aged conspirator, a Breton; but surely we recognise the obstinate and vehement soul, the bitter tirades, the grey locks and fierce glance of Monsieur de Couaën? Do they not all belong to 'Monsieur Félì,' himself, in his own sphere, a conspirator against the powers that be? In Amaury, the hero, we see much of Sainte-Beuve himself; whole passages are transferred from the 'Livre d'Amour,' or from his prose writings. But Amaury, like Lacordaire, enters Holy Orders; and it was Lacordaire who wrote the chapter describing the hero's life in the seminary.

The title 'Volupté' speaks of sensuous love; it is a novel with a purpose. His passions are the hero's bane. Yet only in the purest meaning is he the lover of the three women who fill his heart: the girl he ought to have married, the woman he adores, and the coquette with whom he trifles. But there is a dark side, according to Sainte-Beuve, to chivalrous devotion; 'l'amour courtois' exalts a Beatrice at the expense of some girl on the streets; and this complete divorce between sentiment and the senses results in a depravation of the whole nature. 'Marriage or the 'priesthood,' resumes Sainte-Beuve, already a Jansenist at heart.

Any human being whose pen is the pen of a ready writer can write one good novel by telling the story of his heart. And, since this is what Sainte-Beuve has done in 'Volupté,' we may marvel that the book is rarely opened now. Balzac could tell us why.

Of all the great men produced by the Romantic revolution, Balzac and Sainte-Beuve were the most alike. Each had the same insatiable curiosity, a similar power and refinement in searching the dark places of the soul; each owned the physiologist's instinct which classes men by their temperament rather than by their actions; each of them possessed

that gift of creating or portraying an individual which, in Balzac's phrase, 'ajoutait de nouveaux êtres à l'état civil.' The same world lives and breathes—the same romantic and mystical great ladies, Sirens and Muses; the same Æolian poets and politicians ambitious and sublime—in the 'Portraits Contemporains' and the 'Comédie Humaine.' And each of them, Balzac and Sainte-Beuve, stippled his portraits to the verge of pettiness or affectation, so that Lamennais exclaimed, 'La critique de Sainte-Beuve, voyez-vous, c'est du marivaudage!' He might have said as much of the 'Duchesse de Langeais.' With qualities and defects so near akin, need we say that Sainte-Beuve and Balzac could not endure each other? Something perfidious in the critic exasperated the novelist; all that was gross and extravagant in Balzac offended the Attic delicacy of Sainte-Beuve. As long as they lived, they were at daggers drawn. Sainte-Beuve had lost no chance of humiliating Balzac in his articles; it happened one day that he classed him with Eugène Sue, a little below Frédéric Soulié. Balzac ought to have laughed—and so no doubt he did, but it was on the wrong side of his mouth.

Balzac of course read 'Volupté' when it appeared, early in 1834. And no man in literature ever took a more delicate revenge. The novelist had his own history—a history not unlike Sainte-Beuve's; and he possessed what the critic had not, an extraordinary imagination, a power of making the dry bones live. He pulled the novel to pieces, angry Titan as he was, as he took up the characters and breathed on them one by one—First a bitter, disappointed, elderly conspirator—and of the Marquis de Couaën he made Monsieur de Mortsauf, the most wonderful example of the 'trauriger 'ungriechischer Hypochondrist' that ever lived in any book. More delicately still he manipulated Lucy O'Neilly, the young foreign wife, virtuous but vaguely 'ennuyée'; and behold the exquisite Henriette de Mortsauf (Balzac's own Madame de B . . .) in the flower of her good sense, practical kindness, depth of sentiment, and tenderest maternity; the morbid Amaury, who loves her and betrays her for a frivolous woman of the world, lives twice over as Félix Vandernesse; while Sainte-Beuve's pale sketch of Madame R. blooms into the riotous fantasy and freedom of Lady Arabella Dudley.

People were still reading 'Volupté' with the secondary sort of interest which they bestow on the not quite successful book of a most successful man, when this new star rose

above the horizon. The story was just the same, but told with what another accent! 'Volupté' dropped from their hands. Thenceforth, when they wanted that particular tale, they opened Balzac's 'Lys dans la Vallée.'

X.

It was in 1834 that Sainte-Beuve came to an open rupture with Victor Hugo. There was some threat of a duel which Renduel, their publisher, prevented. There was some talk, too, (on Sainte-Beuve's part) of entering Holy Orders like his hero Amaury. ('Oh *do*!' exclaimed George Sand; 'How nice! I will confess to you!')—But it ended there. Madame Victor Hugo had not the grace to die, like the Marquise de Couaën, and save the situation. She lived, poor woman, inextricably caught in an intolerable position, between the lover and the husband who hated each other. In vain she tried to make their peace, turning first to one, then to the other. Perhaps at heart she preferred Victor Hugo, as who would not? Pity, we think, had always been the well-head of her feeling for Sainte-Beuve; it was, however, deep enough to keep her for three more years the heroine of his 'Livre d'Amour.' But when her daughter Léopoldine grew old enough to be confirmed, Madame Hugo, in a pious mother's natural desire for a soul re-whitened with which to approach the Holy Table, found strength to break the last link which bound her to Sainte-Beuve. The critic was heart-broken and furious, nor could he ever believe that his liege-lady had grown tired of him. 'It is all,' he would say, 'some stupendous ruse of Polyphème's—quelque 'noire et grossière machination qui sent son Cyclope'; and he launched his anathema at Adèle—not for faithlessness, but for the more pardonable and conceivable crime of 'une 'stupide crédulité.'

'Once upon a time,' he wrote in later days, 'a man loved 'a beauty without brains and a genius without judgment.' It was, he imagined, his own history. He never forgave his companions in Armida's garden for the great disenchantment which they had undergone together.

In 1830 it had seemed so easy to change the world. The carnation had appeared on the very point of producing an ear of corn; and here were the same sweet crimson flowers still blooming, year in, year out—sweet enough and red enough, but in no wise miraculous. To gather such as they, there is no need to dally in enchanted places. Of the

little band of companions, not one had realised his dream. Sainte-Beuve was not a great poet nor a lover happy in unalterable fidelity. Victor Hugo, more than ever famous, had lost the key of his dear earthly paradise. Lamennais had not succeeded in bringing the Church home to the people, and he himself lay under the ban of excommunication. The problems of capital and labour still perplexed the world, despite the projects of the Saint-Simonians, whose association had been dissolved by law in 1833. All the hopes and all the dreams that they had shared in common appeared now to Sainte-Beuve as a mere midsummer night's dream, signifying nothing.

Passion, Liberty, Religion had passed through his life like a whirlwind; but they had left nothing behind them. Henceforth, professedly sceptic, he occupied himself with the analysis of those faiths in which he had once believed, and his history of Port-Royal is in some sort an anatomy of religious experience. If truth can be attained, he hoped for it thenceforward, not through a sudden revelation from above, but from the positive tests of practical knowledge. 'J'herborise,' he said. 'Je suis un naturaliste des esprits.' In a letter to Bersot, written in 1863, he sums up the doctrine of all his later years: 'Si j'avais une devise ce serait "le Vrai—le Vrai seul," et que le beau et le bien s'en tirent comme ils peuvent.'

Thus, after an excursion into the regions of Romance and Religion, Sainte-Beuve returned to the teaching of Lamarck, but with a more intimate sense of the fluid mobility of all things, of their constant and gradual transformation, even in the moral world. And, by transferring to history and psychology the methods of natural history, he lived to inaugurate in France the cult of Science.

Art. VIII.—THE WORK OF JAMES McNEILL WHISTLER.

1. *Histoire de J. McN. Whistler et de son Œuvre.* Par Théodore Duret. (Paris: H. Floury, 1904.)
2. *The Art of James McNeill Whistler: An Appreciation.* By T. R. Way and G. R. Dennis. (London: G. Bell & Sons. 1901.)
3. *Mr. Whistler's Lithographs.* By T. R. Way. 1896.
4. *Whistler as I Knew Him.* By Mortimer Menpes. (A. & C. Black.)
5. *Mr. Whistler's Etchings.* By Frederick Wedmore.
6. *Memorial Exhibition of the Works of the late J. McN. Whistler (organised by the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers): Catalogue of Paintings, Drawings, Etchings, and Lithographs.* 1905.
7. *The Gentle Art of Making Enemies.* Whistler. (London: Heinemann. 1890.)

The time has not come for a biography of James McNeill Whistler, such as should deserve the name of a biography. What we have at present are sketches, appreciations, chiefly of the painter's art, touching slightly upon the character of the man. This last may not be left entirely out of consideration. Whistler was more than merely a painter: he was by nature and by election a combatant; and chance decreed that he should be in this country the champion of a certain theory of art and ideal of painting. Fighting at first very much alone, he gathered about him, as time went on, a band of adherents; among such his first biographers were sure to be found. Now there was this further peculiarity about Whistler: he not only doubled his functions as painter and gladiator, he was in himself of duplex nature. More than almost any other real personage, not less than Daudet's famous Tartarin de Tarascon, he consisted of two beings, not indeed a Whistler-Quichotte and a Whistler-Sancho Panza, but a Whistler-artiste and a Whistler-gamin: one cannot use a milder word; Whistler's enemies would have used a harsher. On many occasions it was the Whistler-gamin who seemed to have the greater power of attracting allies. Due credit then should be given to M. Théodore Duret, whose 'Histoire de J. McN. 'Whistler et de son Œuvre' is the most important contribution

we have as yet towards an appreciation of the painter. For in M. Duret we have none of the usual extravagances of the Whistlerite. He is an out-and-out admirer; but he expresses his admiration soberly, not always with complete justice, but without bitterness. Messrs. T. R. Way and G. R. Dennis write in a vein of superlative appreciation; their 'The Art of James McNeill Whistler' was designed as an offering to 'the master' himself. And such an offering must have been superlative to avoid offence. In Mr. Mortimer Menpes we have a sort of emancipated disciple. Mr. Menpes himself came at last under the lash of a wit which was sparing of few. But the fact has not turned him from an admirer into a detractor; and though his 'Whistler 'as I Knew Him' lacks any literary grace, we have to thank it for some intimate touches which are necessary to our understanding of the Whistler of every-day.

The chief (or should we rather say the superficial?) cause for which Whistler contended in his talk, in his pamphlets and lectures, is now reckoned a gained cause. By the majority of contemporary painters, indeed, it is considered so utterly triumphant that there is nothing left to say on the other side. Briefly stated, it is the elimination of 'literature' from painting, from the plastic arts. The essential of this evangel Whistler expressed in its most plausible guise in the first of the famous 'propositions' prefixed to the catalogue of his etchings of Venice exhibited in 1886. Proposition No. 1 says:

'That in Art it is criminal to go beyond the means used 'in its exercise.'

Clearly the art which is illustrative, which is literary, does this. It depends not upon itself alone, and by association calls up ideas which itself can never express. And, as a fact, not only in Whistler's own early days, but through all the history of painting, the attitude of the 'general' has been to look outside the picture itself to its associations with literature or history. We have said it was partly chance which made Whistler such a 'promachos' in this question; it was the accident that he chose to domesticate himself in England, which was holding back very obstinately from the 'movement' in France or elsewhere, wherever any 'movement' could be discerned. All the young painters among whom Whistler was thrown during his salad days in Paris were in one way or another (consciously or unconsciously) championing the same doctrine—that, as the æsthete said in 'Punch,' the beauty of a picture 'was in the

'picchah' or it was nowhere. The master Delacroix, master to all the younger school in France, might be reckoned the practical exponent of this creed, as opposed, for example, to the popular Delaroche. Édouard Manet, one of 'les jeunes' among Whistler's contemporaries in Paris, was a notable fighter for the same principle. It may indeed be disputed that Manet introduced much beauty into his work; but it is beyond contest that, more almost than any painter of our time, he turned 'literature' out of doors.

But Art in England, under the influence of Ruskin, held back altogether from this tendency. There is not in itself harm in the conservative attitude which was England's. The argument, whatever contemporary painters may think, is not all one way. The course of the arts, too, is never a rectilinear course; at best it is in a spiral; and the movement of one generation almost always produces a reaction in the next; so that the country which hangs back—like the man who has preserved an old hat or coat—has a good chance of finding itself at the top of the fashion. At this moment England is holding back in just the same way from the 'movement' in fiction and the drama, in the first more especially. Almost all the other European peoples possessing a literature have taken, rightly or wrongly, a somewhat new view of fiction. They have, in the composition of their novels and their dramas, adopted very literally Shakespeare's image of the mirror, translating the idea in Stendhal's sense, when he wrote: 'Le roman est un miroir qui 'se promène sur la grande route.' But England has never given in to this definition; and her novel is still essentially, what it was with Miss Austen, with Dickens, or with Thackeray, a means for drawing amusement out of life. We are not, then, obliged to decide upon the ultimate value of the battle which Whistler fought. It is necessary for the vitality of any art that such contentions should be; the swing of the pendulum is a part in the advance of the hour-hand.

James Abbott Whistler, so was he christened—he assumed in addition his mother's name of McNeill—was born, it is almost but not absolutely certain (the painter was a mystifier in such things*), at Lowell, Massachusetts, on

* In the trial 'Whistler v. Ruskin' Whistler stated that he was born at St. Petersburg. He meant, Mr. Way suggests, 'that he was born artistically there.' Or did he mean to take eight years from his

July 10, 1834. He died on July 17, 1903, falling short by a twelvemonth of the allotted threescore years and ten. He was an Irishman by descent, the son of a military engineer, who in civil life became a constructor and surveyor of railways, went in that capacity to St. Petersburg in 1842, and remained in the employ of the Russian Government till his death in 1849. In the seven childhood years which Whistler spent in the Russian capital the painter acquired a complete mastery of French which never left him, and which never ceased to show its traces in his writing, to the advantage probably of his wit but not of his style. After he had made some attempts at careers which were recognised as 'careers,' all thought of turning him from his natural bent was given up; and at the age of twenty-one the young man was sent to study art in Paris, and entered the studio of Gleyre. Among his English fellow-students were Sir Edward Poynter and George du Maurier. It is not likely that Whistler had much in common with the first; his friendship or acquaintance with the second ended, as indeed Whistler's friendships or acquaintances did not so seldom, in a bitter quarrel. But with a group of 'les jeunes' of that day, with Manet, with Legros, with Fantin-Latour and others, Whistler seems to have been pretty closely allied; and he figures in the foreground of one of Latour's best-known early pictures, the 'Hommage à Delacroix' (Salon of 1864).

There was yet another kind of 'reduplication' in Whistler: he worked all through his life with almost equal zeal as a painter and as an etcher. Many artists have worked in both colour and black-and-white; some, like Mr. Abbey, have begun as black-and-white artists and pretty well abandoned that for painting. Others, like Mr. Macbeth, have almost abandoned colour for etching. Whistler kept the two balls going like a skilful juggler; now one was uppermost, now another; neither fell to the ground. From the very beginning this was his plan. But as M. Duret says, 'in etching we have the first among Whistler's productions which it is possible to classify by date; his earliest paintings are difficult to find and to classify.' From etchings made in the summer of 1858 in Alsace-Lorraine and in Germany, along with work done at that time and earlier in Paris, a series of twelve plates was

age?—a simpler explanation. One cannot avoid the reflection that he was speaking upon oath.

printed and issued in this same year 1858. It is now known by the name of Whistler's 'French Series.' To the Paris Salon of the year following, 1859, Whistler sent—without success—his earliest important oil-painting, the 'Piano-Picture' ('Au Piano'*), which was the next year exhibited at the Royal Academy. At the first exhibition of the International Society (in 1898) the same picture was again exhibited, and it is at the time we write to be seen once more at the memorial exhibition organised by the same society in the New Gallery. This is, in the history of art, a picture of extraordinary interest.

The 'Piano-Picture' represents the artist's half-sister, Mrs. (now Lady) Seymour Haden, seated at a piano, playing, her child standing just in the crook of the grand piano and leaning upon the piano with both arms. The player is in black with white collar; the girl is in white. The piano is of course brown; there is colour in the carpet (red), a violin-case (green), and the gilt picture-frames on the wall. The general effect is of great sobriety, a foretaste of most of Whistler's work in portraiture, where the blacks and browns, greys and whites far predominate over any other scheme of colour. But the importance of the 'Piano-Picture' does not consist in these things. If it were to be put side by side with almost any picture, certainly with any English picture of the same date—say, for example, Millais's 'Black Brunswicker,' which, like the 'Piano-Picture,' represents a couple in a room,† or say the 'Order of Release'‡ at the Tate Gallery—the observer would be sensible of a curious difference between Whistler's work and that of his contemporaries, though, if he were uninstructed in the history of art, he would fail to put a name to it, or to explain even to himself where the difference lies. It rests in fact on a power in Whistler of seeing his subject as a whole and appreciating at a glance the relative importance of the light and shade (the 'chiaroscuro') of the tones which make up the picture. In modern art slang this is a quality perfectly recognised: we say that the 'values' ('les valeurs') in Whistler's picture are correct, in those of his contemporaries incorrect. Since the 'Piano-Picture' was painted,

* 'Au Piano' was, however, exhibited in a sort of 'Salon des Refusés,' and gained much notice there.

† Even with the bottoms of gilt picture-frames, as in the 'Piano-Picture.'

‡ Though that is some half-dozen years earlier. But even the later 'Childhood of Raleigh' would serve.

the search for 'values' has been the most familiar employment and the first consideration of the painter. And when we compare some more recent picture with one earlier than this, or of a quite different school, the contrast between the picture with values and the picture without hits one, as the saying is, in the face.* But in the past history of Art the appreciation of 'values' is very rare. Among the great masters it is hardly found, save in Velasquez. It is a quality more easily apprehended by the eye than definable to the intellect: for it consists not in atmosphere alone nor even precisely in chiaroscuro alone, but in the sense of these things heightened by a certain faculty, which one can only call the faculty of seeing one's picture as a whole, not as a combination of parts. All these elements are included in the notion of 'getting the values' of the different tones which make up the picture. It is in its appreciation of values, and as a first step in the direction which Whistler always trod, that the 'Piano-Picture' stands marked out certainly from all the English work of the period and constitutes an epoch in the history of painting.

It was an original vision too. Whistler had not at that time been in Spain; nor had he been led by any outside influence to make a special study of Velasquez, who alone could have taught him anything considerable in this matter.

There are some pictures painted by Whistler after the 'Piano-Picture' which show less, scarcely anything indeed, of that faculty of realising 'values'; such are the 'Blue Wave' and another Brittany picture (No. 29 and No. 11 of the 'Catalogue'), which were painted apparently in 1860 or 1861, when the artist was in the company of Courbet, and influenced probably by his comrade's strong nature and his hard realistic work. This might be taken to show that Whistler stumbled upon his great quality by accident.† We may be sure that not one of the critics who praised or dispraised the 'Piano-Picture' when it was first exhibited, or more disdainfully passed by on the other side, was aware of

* Compare, for example, such a picture as Madox Brown's 'Work' with Mr. Stanhope Forbes's 'The Health of the Bride' (Tate Gallery). But, as 'Work' is at Manchester, we might take 'Christ washing the feet of St. Peter' (Tate Gallery); though for comparison this is less suitable.

† Even in the 'White Girl' (Symphony in White No. 1, Salon des Refusés, 1863), the quality is not so apparent as in the 'Piano-Picture,' though the colour of the flesh in the two shows them to belong to the same period of Whistler's developement.

its strongest claim to notice. But productions of this sort are not in reality accidents, even if they be unconscious and independent of the will. They are born of the artist, the flower of which his temperament is the root, whether the producer know it or not. It would, indeed, have been contrary to Whistler's nature, if the sense of opposition had not pushed him further in the way of counter-opposition—he was now settled in London—as it was pushing Manet on the other side of the water. The impulse of which Whistler was conscious was to consider more and more the importance of tone in a painting, ever less and less the literary and external interest of a painting, until he and the current art-criticism, separating more and more, rebounded in a clash—the celebrated Whistler-Ruskin trial of 1878.

But no man has ever carried on a warfare without seeking support somewhere, either in the present or the past. The natural source from which to draw it in Whistler's case would have been the art of Velasquez: it is here that the 'school of values,' as we may call it, which has spread and spread, till it now covers three parts of the territory of art, finds its support to-day; so that Velasquez has become the patron saint of modern painting. And after Velasquez, Goya. But, as M. Duret has shown, the influence of Velasquez on Whistler has been a good deal overstated; certainly our artist did not first turn in that direction, but to the art of Japan. Japanese painting is not distinguished by that special quality which sets its mark upon the 'Piano-'Picture'—the sense of values. But much more than any European art it is non-literary; it obeys that imperative canon of Whistler's, that it is a crime to seek in a painting qualities which do not belong to it as a painting. Consequently for the next few years we see Whistler surrendering himself to the influence of Japanese art; painting (1864–1865) his 'Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine,' his 'Golden 'Screen,' his 'Lange Leizen,' and his 'Balcony.' There is, in addition to the Japanese, a certain Rossetti influence visible in the first two of these compositions, more than is to be accounted for by the accident of the model for the 'Princesse.' This model was a young lady, Miss Christine Spartali, who was much associated with the Rossetti group. Her sister, now Mrs. Stillman, was a pupil of Rossetti and often sat for him, notably for his picture 'Fiammetta'; so that in the natural order of things the family likeness of the two models, added to a something in the habit of pose, would have given to the 'Princesse' a Rossetti-like turn.

There is, however, more than this. In essentials Whistler and Rossetti were at opposite poles; nobody is more literary than the latter, no one of this epoch was less literary than the painter of the 'Princesse' and the 'Screen.' But it is evident that Whistler was at this moment more attracted by brilliant tones than at any other period of his career. He and Rossetti were personal friends at this time; and brilliancy of colour is the be-all and almost the end-all of Rossetti's painting.

This phase was only transitory with Whistler, and the series of Japanese pictures remains a thing apart: of great beauty and of still greater interest if on this last account alone. Whistler's continued practice of etching alongside of his painting must have tended to limit his appreciation of colour as such. He admired to the end of his days Japanese art, because it was pure art. But Mr. Menpes tells us he never had any enthusiasm for the Venetians. Where he encountered colour without any search for values—as, for example, in Giorgione—his instinct was to turn away from it. Alongside of the brilliant Japanese series the artist was also engaged with his second and third symphonies in white, of which symphony No. 2 (the 'Little White Girl') is an exquisite example of Whistler's treatment of delicate tones and (once again) of values. Swinburne has written a ballad upon this picture (now in the possession of Mr. Arthur Studd), and this makes another link of association between Whistler and the Pre-Raphaelite school, or the Rossetti group of the period. It was to be rudely severed before long.

Incidentally these symphonies are further interesting in that they inaugurate Whistler's fashion of applying to his work a musical nomenclature. To the general public this was a mere whimsicality—a 'bizarrerie' or a 'boutade.' But to the user it was a war-cry, another way of emphasising his defiance of 'literature.' Literature was before long to take up the challenge with momentous results.

But for the moment there was truce. Whistler's residence in Chelsea—he lived in Cheyne Walk at this time—which had brought him into relations with one man of letters in Rossetti, led to his acquaintance with another and greater in Carlyle, who sat to him in 1870. This is the period at which Whistler painted his three greatest portraits, 'The Artist's Mother,' 'Carlyle,' and 'Miss Alexander.' When the 'musical notation' was in full swing these were called 'an arrangement in black and grey,' 'an arrangement

'in brown,'* and 'a harmony in grey and green.' A mere glance at the pictures tells us, if these titles do not, that the period of brilliant colouring had gone by for Whistler. Let the mind pass through the series of Whistler's total 'œuvre' in this kind, the 'Mr. Leyland,' 'Irving as Philip II.,' 'M. Duret,' 'Sarasate,' 'M. de Montesquiou,' &c., and then among women the 'Miss Rosa Corder,' the 'Fur Jacket,' 'Lady Meux,' 'Lady Colin Campbell,' &c., and we realise how completely the greys and browns usurp the field.

The 'Mother,' which is now the property of the French nation, was all but refused for the Academy in 1872. It is the most celebrated of all Whistler's pictures, and perhaps among single works that by which he or his disciples would prefer that he should be judged. Messrs. Way and Dennis think that the 'Mother,' 'Carlyle,' 'Miss Alexander' and the 'Rosa Corder' will always be ranked among the greatest pictures of all time. The 'Mother' (our present concern) has without doubt great delicacy and yet vigour of handling, harmony of tone and vigour in presentation. 'C'est comme 'l'image même de la vieillesse,' says M. Duret in a happy phrase, 'avec sa dignité, sa tristesse et sa résignation.' 'Image of old age,' granted. But not quite a living person. Compare it with some of the greatest portraits of the world, with what 'Philip IV.' you choose, with Titian's 'Man with 'the Glove,' you will feel then, if not before, what this lacks, what all Whistler's portraits lack. 'Decoration' has (in part) driven out 'life.' The artist is already on the way to overreach himself, and in his zeal for turning literature out of doors is in danger of turning out intellect along with it. Over there in Paris, Manet had long ago accomplished that feat. For Manet 'paint' was everything. It could not be so with Whistler. His intimate nature was that of a poet. We forget that; it is so overlaid with wit and with meaner qualities; but Whistler's earliest critics saw it. 'La fille 'blanche de M. James Whistler,' wrote the 'Gazette des 'Beaux Arts,' 'est un morceau plein de saveur. Il se 'dégage de l'œuvre une charme étrange.' Another critic: 'L'image est rare, conçue et peinte comme une vision qui 'apparaîtrait non pas à tout le monde mais à un poète'; and a third: 'Je me sens faible tout particulier pour cet 'œuvre. . . qui révèle des qualités pittoresques supérieures, 'une imagination amoureuse de rêve et de poésie.'

* The 'Carlyle' was afterwards called, like the 'Mother,' an arrangement in black and grey.

These things were written in 1864. We are now in 1874 and in a different atmosphere. When in this year Whistler organised his 'one-man show' in Pall Mall, it must have been as much with the purpose of throwing down the glove to the critics as with the hope of finding disciples or purchasers. In that exhibition he made full use of his musical 'notation.' Three years later came the first exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery, the apotheosis of Burne-Jones and the occasion for the famous attack on Whistler in 'Fors Clavigera'—the 'Prologue,' as Whistler justly calls it in his 'Gentle Art of Making Enemies.'

'For Mr. Whistler's sake,' Ruskin wrote, 'no less than 'for the protection of the purchaser, Sir Coutts Lindsay 'ought not to have admitted works into the gallery in which 'the ill-educated conceit of the artist so nearly approaches 'the aspect of wilful imposture. I have seen and heard 'much of cockney impudence before now: but never expected 'to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a 'pot of paint in the public's face.' Whistler waited a year after this, and then had his action for damages, finding that his sales had suffered real diminution, almost to the degree of extinction, by Ruskin's onslaught.

It was no battle of pigmies. The most famous art-critic of any time represented a view of art the antithesis of Whistler's, the most literary view possible. It was therefore in the fitness of things that the champions in either camp—that Hector and Achilles—should meet and engage. We might wish that Ruskin had contented himself with less hectoring speech (Matthew Arnold described the use of such terms by such a man as a national misfortune), but we should be lost to all sense of the justice of things if we did not admit that on the main question there was about as much to be said on one side as another. If we are really to turn literature—which means all associations that would naturally express themselves in words—out of doors, then it is precisely the same thing whether we have from Whistler a portrait of Carlyle or a study of a Chelsea pensioner, if the decorative qualities of the sitters are upon a level. And no one can deny that what is greatest in the intellectual side of art has found its finest exponent in Ruskin.

The result of the trial, Whistler v. Ruskin, everybody knows—a farthing damages: costs of the prosecution to be borne therefore by the plaintiff. The trial turned Whistler into a bankrupt and a man of letters. His pamphlet 'Art 'and Art-critics' is the beginning of his long pen-war with

his opposers. In many respects it is the best thing Whistler ever wrote: the ending especially has form, sense, and dignity.

'Still quite alone stands Ruskin, whose writing is art, and whose art is unworthy of his writing. To him and to his example we owe the outrage of professed assistance from the unscientific—the meddling of the immodest—the intrusion of the garrulous. Art that for ages has hewn its own history in marble, and written its own comments on canvas, shall it suddenly stand still, and stammer, and wait for wisdom from the passer-by?—for guidance from the hand that holds neither brush nor chisel? Out upon the shallow conceit! What greater sarcasm can Mr. Ruskin pass upon himself than that he preaches to young men what he cannot perform. Why, unsatisfied with his own conscious power, should he choose to become the type of incompetence, by talking for forty years of what he has never done?'

It will be seen that Whistler has shifted the point of controversy from the real battle-ground, either voluntarily or because he confused himself. The argument he uses is fallacious—obviously. A man should not write on history unless he has made history: that would be the direct inference. Criticism of literature is not the same thing as the art which it criticises. And the war of the creative artist upon the critic, just though it often is, is too old a one to be revived for the special benefit of painters. Balzac's famous 'il passa critique, comme tous les impuissants 'qui mentent à leur début,' is more decisive even than all the witty gibes of 'The Gentle Art.'

But, having once taken his stand upon this territory, there Whistler remained—so far as his writings are concerned. Not against literature *in* painting, but literature *on* painting, his pen and his wit were henceforth kept sharp-pointed.

Whistler had lost the first round. The criticism of such an Olympian as Ruskin, enforced, as it needed to be enforced, by the evidence of a craftsman just then at the summit of his fame, Burne-Jones, shut the door of 'culture' against Whistler. The votaries of the jumping-cat, always ninety-nine in a hundred of 'cultured' folk, found a phrase convenient to their change of face. Whistler was dubbed an artist who had not fulfilled the promise of his early years. There was another cant of criticism at hand for the same kind of people—that no painting could be good which had not 'form' as well as 'colour.' Burne-Jones had admitted that some of the nocturnes were excellent in colour; but he, whose pictures, admirable as they are in poetry, in

imagination, in grace, are really coloured drawings far more than paintings, naturally could see no form in the blue and silver nocturnes which show only the Thames by moonlight with a few buildings vaguely outlined on the farther bank, a light or two shining far off.

To-day these nocturnes of Whistler's are a revelation. Few pictures that have ever been painted more literally fulfil the promise which Keats made for a thing of beauty. London is instinct with these peculiar effects of light; the blueness of evening contrasted with the gaslights of the streets. 'Cultured' people now go and live along the Embankment that they may see 'Whistlers' of an evening. Two different foreign critics, one French, one German,* have left on record 'how, arriving on the English coast of a misty 'morning (it may have been) the lights upon the pier, the 'misty English twilight all around, they involuntarily ex-'claimed, "A Whistler!"'

But this change of taste was still far off. Whistler was now forty-four. Instead of rising to the place which he had thought legitimately his own in English art, he saw taste and the collectors turning their backs upon him. No doubt the sight was a bitter one: not the less bitter because the painter-pamphleteer concealed his feelings under a mask of persiflage and epigram. Soon, however, 'les jeunes' began to gather about him. It was from about this time that Whistler began to be the leader of a band who, in contrast to the general disesteem, honoured him with the title of master. It is from about this time and onwards that the personal portraits of the man have a value. In some respects a new Whistler emerges, a Whistler gay, inscrutable, witty, biting, of whom Mr. Menpes gives us many vivid touches, who will long remain in the memory of those who knew Whistler personally, but not intimately. 'Ha! ha! amazing,' was the artist's favourite exclamation, when brought face to face with the popular work of the day, with some

'Demoniaco-seraphic
"Painter's" latest piece of graphic.'

When at last he gained a position of command, by being elected President of the Royal Society of British Artists, and placed his disciples among the Jury, his direction to them was emphatic to reject. 'Say "Out, damned spot!"

* Gustave Geffroy and Richard Muther.

'Never weary of saying "Out," "Out," "Out!"' Now, after 1878, begin his letters to the papers (to 'Truth' mainly), full of wit, much lacking in dignity, and all his dabblings with literature, which will add nothing to his reputation in the long run, but rather detract from it. An Englishman, left in the lurch as Whistler was in 1878, would probably have eaten his heart in a proud silence and waited for better days. But there was nothing of the Englishman about Whistler, and nothing of the repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. He came from a land which knows no aristocracy but the aristocracy of success, and where success is too often measured by very material standards. To have failed to command the English market must have seemed to Whistler a graver failure than it would appear to an Englishman. By character and early association again—reckon too his Irish blood *—Whistler was almost a Frenchman. It is not without significance that, in Fantin-Latour's 'Hommage à 'Delacroix,' Whistler in frock-coat stands in the foreground; and that the group includes Baudelaire, that encomiast of 'le dandysme.' Our artist brought over here that type of 'dandysme' which Delacroix himself loved, which Baudelaire and Barbey d'Aurévilly exemplified. The eye-glass, the poised cane, the black frock-coat and white-duck trousers, were all conceived upon a French colour-scheme. With the help of these things and of his verve and wit, and a power of utterance unusual in an artist—his lecture 'Ten o'clock' was fashionably and fully attended, and it is a wonderful example of esprit and originality—Whistler became a figure in society, and for the men of the press, for all the kind of folk, in fact, who were least capable of understanding his greater qualities; and in this populous solitude he continued, almost to the end of his life.

Whistler possessed small literary gift beyond that of wit and epigram. The trifles which have been preserved with unnecessary care in 'The Gentle Art' are letters to the papers—often of a few lines only—bright and mordant, but without style; without so much of art as would have given them their most desired effect, the effect of the impromptu. So that, though the book is full of good things, there are none which sound so good as things that came from Whistler's mouth—nothing so good, for example, as the 'and I am told he paints as well' at the end of a panegyric on

* James McNeill Whistler was only of the second generation of his family born in the States.

the accomplished Leighton. Whistler's reputation as a wit would have gained and not lost if it had remained in oral tradition. The 'written-up' passages of his 'Ten o'clock' ring rather falsely, as though they had drawn their inspiration from American journalism. But he must have had more taste for books than have the most part of the painting brotherhood, who, taken on the average throughout the world, display a naïve ignorance of letters which is amazing.* The 'Out, damned spot!' would have been beyond the compass of most. And in one passage of 'Ten o'clock' the lecturer does a real service to letters by nailing on the counter the perpetual misuse of the most familiar of all Shakespearean 'tags.' He is girding (of course) at his old enemies, the outsiders criticising art:

'Triumphantly they cry, "Beware! This matter does indeed concern us. We also have our part in all true Art!—for remember the 'one touch of nature' that 'makes the whole world kin.'"

'True indeed. But let not the unwary jauntily suppose that Shakespeare herewith hands him his passport to Paradise, and thus permits him speech among the chosen. Rather learn that, in this very sentence, he is condemned to remain without—to continue with the common.

'This one chord that vibrates with all—this "one touch of nature" that calls aloud to the response of each—that explains the popularity of the "Bull" of Paul Potter—that excuses the price of Murillo's "Conception"—this one unspoken sympathy that pervades all humanity is—Vulgarity.'

Rarely has a better trap been laid by a man for his enemies than Whistler sets here, by evoking the most familiar of quotations, whose context is almost always forgotten.†

* As do literary folk mostly show a naïve ignorance of painting and its aims. Even Thackeray, who was brought up an artist, does this. Witness the passage where (in 'The Newcomes') he describes the delight that 'J. J.' had in using a mustard-pot for a model and turning it into a silver beaker on his canvas. Could any exercise be more futile and meaningless? The climax, however, is reached by Charlotte Brontë, when she represents Jane Eyre painting the shape which had no shape, of 'Paradise Lost':

'If shape it might be called, that shape had none.'

† Though, no doubt, there are few people but remember the tremendous opening of that speech of Ulysses (in 'Troilus and Cressida')—

'Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion—'

One can quite understand that Whistler, once he had given up the hopes of a quick recognition—the 'Danaos et 'dona ferentes'—found no small pleasure in his position as an outsider and in the free exercise of his 'gamin' wit, and that the appetite would grow by what it fed on. Though at the beginning he might better have looked across the Channel at the unswerving self-confidence of Jean François Millet, at the mute arrogance of Manet, and learnt from them; he did at least present a piquant contrast to some incompetent officialdom, to the Sir Pompey Bedells of decorated art. And his 'Ha! ha! amazing' echoes gaily and pleasantly through the ages. One saying at least of Whistler's is monumental. It is his answer at the trial to the Attorney-General's

'Oh, two days! The labour of two days, then, is that for 'which you ask two hundred guineas?'

'No. I ASK IT FOR THE KNOWLEDGE OF A LIFETIME.'

One is glad to read in the newspaper reports that there was 'applause in court.'

It was in 1885, seven years after the trial, that 'Ten 'o'clock' was first delivered. It was not published till three years later. By that time Whistler had obtained as much recognition as he was to get in this country, which, as a place for exhibiting his paintings in, he had almost abandoned. That is to say, he was well known socially, and esteemed as an artist, but still somewhat as an eccentric, by the better-informed; his etchings were eagerly sought after, and his reputation as an etcher stood with the general higher than as a painter. But he had educated a group of younger artists, some of whom, as for example M. Roussel, have

'tis certain they forget the immediate context of the 'touch of nature' line—

> 'O, let not virtue seek
> Remuneration for the thing it *was*;
> For beauty, wit,
> High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
> Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
> To envious and calumniating time.
> One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,
> That all with one consent praise new-born gawds,
> Though they are made and moulded of things past,
> And give to dust that is a little gilt
> More laud than gilt o'er-dusted.'

And the lines, when we read them over again, throw a certain halo round the passage above-quoted from 'Ten o'clock.'

produced work worthy of the master they followed. Whistler married Mrs. Godwin in 1888; and no doubt the asperities of life were much softened for him by the change. In France he gained a full recognition only in 1891, when the portrait of the artist's mother was bought for the Luxembourg. It is now, of all the pictures of the foreign section there, by far the most renowned. About the same time Whistler was made an officer of the Legion of Honour—the higher grade—the first of his compatriot artists who gained that distinction. In 1892 he settled in Paris in the Rue du Bac, as it appeared, for a permanency. But the death of Mrs. Whistler in 1896 broke up that home. Whistler anon came back once more to England, and died there on July 17, 1903.

It is an easy and an obvious thing to say that the final judgement upon Whistler's place in art must be left to time. But unless the critic can anticipate in some degree the verdict of futurity he has no place in literature, he fulfils no function. All critics profess to do this: that they generally fail lamentably is no deterrent to their successors. The race might be likened to the race of moths; an irresistible force compels them to singe their wings in the flame which consumed their predecessors. We have no right to resist the impulse; for only in virtue of it—it has been said—has the critic any reason for existence.

We believe that in all the arts the favour of futurity depends in the long run upon a certain faculty which may be called the 'creative'; and though the word is too vague, and the thing which it stands for can never be more than guessed at, still the effects of this creative imagination can often be discerned well enough. Among painters nearly contemporary with Whistler, Jean François Millet is one in whom that special creative gift is most easily recognisable: it stands out the more clearly in the lack of certain other endowments. When you are put face to face with any single one of Millet's pictures, some special 'vanneur' or 'botteleur' or group of 'glaneuses,' the first effect is sure to be disappointing; you think his reputation has been overcharged. There are a multitude of faults which strike the onlooker. When you have become familiar with a large section of Millet's 'œuvre,' you see that the whole is somehow greater than the sum of all its parts. It is so in virtue of this same creative gift. Wherefore it is that the suggestion of Millet seems henceforward to lie about you, as heaven, Wordsworth says, lies about us in our infancy. So we

believe it will be with Whistler. There are, at any rate, all the evidences that it will be so. Modern painting cannot shake itself free from him. It has done what it could. It has set up Velasquez as its god and professed to draw its inspiration from him. But modern painting would never have discovered Velasquez if Whistler had not discovered values. Just now there is a school of too ardent disciples and too close imitators who do what may be done to bring the master into contempt. It is often one of the cruellest effects that an author or an artist suffers from undue neglect during his lifetime, that it is succeeded by a phase of extravagant laudation when he is dead. When all this has passed away in Whistler's case, and we have to judge his effect upon laymen—for with laymen must rest the final judgement—we shall probably find that they too will be unable to shake off the spell; that, for example, London has been re-created for them by Whistler; London, more especially the Thames, seen in certain effects of evening; and that the very evening itself and the oncoming of night are changed. We can only feel this by comparison; comparison with an inferior artist, such as Mr. Leader, makes the impression more poignant. In Leader, and even in painters of a far higher quality, even in Millais himself, when evening effects are presented, as, say, in the 'Vale of Rest,' there is something curiously rigid about the picture—it is like a snapshot of a man running. With Whistler all is quite different; we feel in the best of his evening pictures—his nocturnes, as he called them—we feel the movement of Even, the very steps of the goddess, and almost seem to hear the trailing of her violet stole. So that 'nocturne' is really a very excellent name for pictures such as these; there is about them a movement which has a far-off likeness to a movement in music. Out of what quality in the painting does it come? First of all, without doubt, it comes from that power of seeing the picture as a whole, taking in all the tones of it at once, of which Whistler was a master, and among moderns the first master; next to that—if indeed this be not only a further developement of the same gift—it comes of the compulsion the painter put upon himself to simplify, always to simplify, and, instead of adding details, to take them out. It was precisely this ideal of Whistler's for which he suffered most in his lifetime. His work was reckoned so 'unfinished.' Sometimes of course, in his combative way, he pushed the simplifying process too far. When he has not done this he attains a simplicity, a unity, and as a necessary result a power in

treating certain subjects, of which it would be hard to find the like. An excellent example is the lighter Valparaiso nocturne in the recent Whistler Exhibition—the lighter in that it presents only the first approach of evening, while the other Valparaiso nocturne (that which stood in the Large Room) shows almost the fall of night. Both are very good: the evening picture—a sky of pale blue and of grey, a few ships and the most liquid sea which has ever been painted—is of a surpassing excellence. But there are a great number of other nocturnes in this exhibition, and a number more which have not been exhibited there. The continual recurrence of the title—nocturne—reminds us how small seems the gamut over which Whistler runs in his atmospheric studies 'en plein air.' But have we indeed the right to say that the gamut is small, not rather that the orchestra is modest? The modern cry for a great clash and change of instrumentation in music is rather a vulgar one. Our young composers will be content with nothing short of a vast orchestra; but the master, whom Whistler must have had most often in his thoughts, needs but four stringed instruments to render his most perfect work.

Of recent times, especially among the school which is called the Plein-air School of painters, evening effects have become very common. A few years since there was certainly never an exhibition in the French Salons, scarcely one of our Academy in London, that did not contain some half-dozen effects of a rising moon, shining as often as not upon stooks of corn. These pictures lacked not beauty; but how monotonous they were in the sum!—they and their purple horizons. We have only to let our thoughts rest awhile on these and then turn once more to contemplate in thought a series of Whistler's nocturnes, to see how differently he saw things, with how delicate and varied a brush he has preserved them for us. There were, earlier than this type, the rigid old-fashioned evening pictures whereof we have just spoken, choosing Leader's work as the best—or worst—examples of it. There are some other effects of twilight (evening or morning twilight) by men of genius which will linger for ever in the memory, and, in Ruskin's fine phrase, beat for ever on men's minds like the sound of the sea. George Mason's 'Harvest Moon' is one of these, Frederick Walker's 'Mushroom Gatherers' is another. In Cazin's work, again, what one may call the Plein-air School type of evening rises to an excellence which gives it a place apart. But no one of these pictures nor

all together give the abstract and brief chronicle of very evening itself, as Whistler's do. He seems alone a votary of the goddess. The others invoke her for a purpose—to bless returning labourers, to shine on agrestic wealth and rural homes. Whistler worships her for herself and as a solitary. And so considered, one reads the often-quoted passage in his 'Ten o'clock' with a sympathy not due to the words alone:

> 'And when evening mist clothes the river-side with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become *campanili*, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens, and fairyland is before us—then the wayfarer hastens home. . . .'*

In his other field of painting—portraiture, merging now and again into the subject picture—Whistler's gamut again appears at first sight also very limited. When we saw the 'Carlyle' and the 'Mother' placed opposite one to the other in the New Gallery, each one a seated profile to the left, posed almost immediately in front of a parlour-wall, the thought of monotony must intrude itself. Then there are a whole series of evening-dress portraits, beginning with M. Duret's, the first and worst,† through Leyland to Sarasate. And the Montesquiou (not exhibited at the New Gallery) is of precisely the same genre. Of the lowness of tone in the majority of these portraits we have already spoken. But here once again reflection corrects in part the first impulse of the onlooker. For if the pose of the 'Carlyle' and of the 'Mother' is practically identical, the position itself is an original one in portraiture; and if Whistler has rather often painted evening dress, he was the first painter who dared to deal with so unpromising a theme. It was not his fault that we do not wear the rich costumes of Italy in the sixteenth nor of Spain in the seventeenth century; nor do we find in our streets the counterparts of Rembrandt's burgomasters and rabbis, nor Van Dyck's cavaliers. It belonged to Whistler's view of art to do nothing in

* Alas! that this fine exordium has a tawdry ending, as of the 'picturesque reporter.' So let us stop here.

† M. Duret has given a very interesting account of how one evening in 1883 the conversation between him and Whistler fell upon the possibilities of evening dress in a portrait, and how the master engaged the critic to come next day in evening dress. A pink domino was also chosen as an adjunct, as in the picture (No. 10 in the Catalogue). See 'Histoire de J. M. Whistler et de son Œuvre,' pp. 100–1.

imitation: to make the best even of the ugliest modern dress: therefore he painted swallow-tail coats and black trousers with gusto. And as regards pose he invented new ones, which are so much his own that few people have dared to imitate them. In the actual pose of a sitter for his portrait there is small possibility of variant in the whole range of portrait-painting; 'standing, three-quarter to the spectator,' 'seated, three-quarter to the spectator'—these two formulæ would cover 90 per cent. of portraits the world over. Giovanni Bellini's full-face doge and some of Velasquez's which also directly face the front are remembered by their originality. So it is really absurd to say that Whistler was unoriginal, because the position of his 'Carlyle' is like the position of his 'Mother'; it is rather the originality of the pose in both which gives birth to the thought.

But there remains the blemish of a certain flatness in the painting and the general meagreness of colour. Whistler was right in contending that a portrait should stand well 'behind' the frame, so that very high lights on the figure are an absurdity unless you be supposed to be looking into another room with a lighting of its own: and that would be mere fantasy. But that rightness does not excuse other wrongnesses. The pathetic and beautiful 'Carlyle' is still a trifle wooden, even a little shadowy.

Whistler again was not, as his out-and-out admirers pretend, a master of technique: geniuses rarely are that at the outset, nor so soon as merely talented folk. Whistler used, Mr. Menpes tells us, to come out depressed in a double sense from the Academy exhibitions, first by the vast amount of rubbish which found favour there; and secondly, by a sort of skill which the uninspired painters of the rubbish displayed. 'I couldn't do that,' he would say at such times. As an executant Mr. Sargent in his portraits shows himself much Whistler's superior, but not in any other quality. Whistler was unfortunate, too, in still more material details. His early pictures, those which were painted with a thick impasto, give evidence that some bad medium was used: they are already cracking woefully. 'Old Westminster Bridge,' for example, an early work of great interest and very high merit, is a mass of cracks. And the 'Mother' seems to have got yellowed, not quite pleasantly, by age.

Very soon Whistler changed altogether his method of painting, abandoning the one which he had probably learnt from Delacroix's pictures and Courbet's companionship. He painted with a very fluid medium and made it his

principle that at each sitting the whole of the canvas should be painted over. The background—generally dark—of his portraits was put on with a house-painter's brush, or something very like it. The flesh and other important tones were carefully prepared on the palette, so that the palette itself looked like a sort of ghost of the picture; and then the tones were laid on with great rapidity and a very free hand, which was often, but by no means always, a very accurate touch likewise. His conscientiousness was extreme: one fragment out of tone, and the whole picture was repainted at the next sitting. He has been known to have a hundred sittings. Three sisters in succession sat for one picture, and all three in succession grew too old, so that the picture was unfinished at the last. That is perhaps rather an example of obstinacy than of perseverance, and that vein of obstinacy in Whistler was the way in which hostile criticism injured him the most, by confirming the defects it discovered.

But he must have had his happy moments of rapid and successful execution; how otherwise could he have left us that exquisite series of child portraits—'Miss Alexander,' 'The Little Rose of Lyme Regis,' 'Lillie in Our Alley,' 'The Girl in Black' (No. 6 of the Catalogue), and many more, which are among the very best of Whistler's work? *

Of nudes, many small pastels, some lithographs and etchings, were shown at the exhibition in the New Gallery; and one large decorative picture of great interest and curiosity, which, be it said in parenthesis, was quite misdescribed in the catalogue.† The colour scheme of this piece is not quite comprehensible. But there is one figure—the standing nude figure on the left—which is of remarkable and exceptional beauty. It, like the pastels which hung near the large canvas, has evidently been inspired by Tanagra terra-cottas, and with that thought in our minds it is impossible not to contrast that standing nude with Gérôme's vulgar statue 'Tanagra' in the Luxembourg. But of course the natural comparison is between Whistler's nude and one by any master of the English school. It is a world above the female figure in Millais's 'Knight Errant' in the Tate Gallery; but no one would place the one completely nude figure that Millais painted high among that artist's work. Nor again could anyone place the Life in

* There seems, however, to be some defect in the drawing of the mouth in the first of the pictures here mentioned, otherwise the best.

† A most incomplete catalogue in all respects. For instance, there is hardly a painting mentioned in it of which the date is given.

'Life and Love' very high in Mr. Watts's production. Certainly in all technical qualities Whistler's figure is superior. But Whistler never again reached so high a level as this; and a good many of the pastels are of small merit.

It is still the fashion among a certain sort of dilettanti to put Whistler's black-and-white, more especially the etchings, above his painting. Without doubt, if he had never touched a brush, Whistler would still be famous as an etcher. And yet, that this is so should rather make the judicious grieve. It is impossible not to think that the colour-sense of the painter was injured by the diligence of the etcher. The greys and blacks, it has been already said, form the basis of almost all Whistler's portraits, of fully one half of his entire work. In his later manner he always covered his canvas with a 'couche' of black paint. In the 'Miss Alexander' black is used, as M. Duret truly says, not as a mere 'repoussoir' to bring up the other colours of the composition, but as a substantive colour. Now etching is a so much lower branch of art than painting, that all Whistler's achievements in that field might well be sacrificed to improve his finest pictures, just where they need improvement. We are not obliged to summon up the Venetians to realise how poor is the colouring of Whistler's portraits taken all in all. They should be compared there where they invite comparison: we have but to 'drag in Velasquez' and they seem to wither a little and to fade.

In his etchings Whistler had the same preoccupation as in his painting—the wisest of all—to see with his own eyes and see things that are, not things as they have been made by tradition and convention. This is why the Venetian etchings, which are among his very best, were at first such a disappointment to the world. As Mr. Wedmore says, a visitor to Venice was expected to have his mind filled with memories of the past, and with the writings of Ruskin: to look for nothing but the monuments of architecture, and to see these, not as they are to-day, but reconstructed by the imagination. But Whistler went determined to reproduce only what his eye saw; that was, whatever was picturesque and presentable in black-and-white of the Venice of to-day, fragments of muddy canals, with clothes-lines stretched beside or above them, a beggar woman in a dark archway, a young mother with her babe, the vast expanse of the lagoons, where St. Mark's or San Giorgio sinks to the horizon. Once more it was the protest of realism, of the special art for the sake of the special art.

And let us not forget that behind and above the more obvious points for which Whistler contended, with a method of warfare not of the wisest nor the best, there stands an eternal truth eternally slighted by mankind—that the act of the discoverer, the inventor, the creator in art or in science, is of more worth than all criticisms, all explanations, and the babblings of a thousand commentators. Two lines of great verse—such lines as

> 'Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento;
> Hae tibi erunt artes;'

as

> 'The sonnet glittered, a gay myrtle leaf,
> Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
> His visionary brow;'

as

> 'Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time;'

or even this, of the almost forgotten Daniel:

> 'Relieve my languish and restore the light
> With dark forgetting of my care return;'

—are of more gain to the world than a lifetime spent in writing leading articles, if the world could be got to think so.

And so with painting. It is safest to dwell on the landscape side of Whistler's art, for here he has no rival. His portraits have a something which no other portraits have. But yet if they had all disappeared, and Velasquez had remained, one cannot say that the loss would have been enormous. But landscape is a modern art. And all those nocturnes (for example) are a gain not alone to art, not so much to that as to human vision. There are so few who really have the faculty of seeing! Why otherwise did men persist for ages in representing, upon bas-relief profiles, the full eye of a front view? It must have been one man who discovered and taught others to see that the profile eye is not like that. So it is with all things. Wander by the Thames side in London of an evening, and you see a Whistler at every step, as those two critics separately beheld a Whistler when they first arrived on the English coast. Nowadays, it has been said, sites along the Thames side have 'gone up' because Whistler painted. This is the best sort of wisdom 'the general' are capable of—of being wise after the event; of accepting the discovery when the discoverer is already grown old or is in his grave.

Art. IX. A LIBERAL FRENCH NOBLE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Un Philanthrope d'Autrefois. La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, 1747–1827. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie, 1903.

The opening of May, 1774, found Paris excited and restless. The long and hateful reign of Louis XV. was drawing to its close. The king lay dying at Versailles, a singular spectacle for princes and people. Terrified at the approach of death, he had summoned physicians, surgeons and apothecaries, and as they defiled before him called out his symptoms to each in turn, begging, promising and praying in the same breath. Despite the loathsome nature of the disease, a crowd of courtiers were flocked together, who gossiped, intrigued, and gambled on the life or death of the royal patient. The presence of the Dubarry, whom the king had dismissed for the last time, alone was wanting to complete the significance of the wretched picture. It was not a deathbed scene appropriate to the anointed of God, but it possessed a significance greater than the death of any king before him, for royalty itself, ancient beliefs, the old order of things, worn out also, were perishing likewise.

Standing somewhat apart among the courtiers was a young noble whose interest in the scene was indicated only by coldly curious glances at the king and by the scarcely concealed contempt with which he regarded his companions. It was plain that the sympathy of the Duc de Liancourt was with the Parisians who were singing in the streets:—

> 'Ami des propos libertins,
> Buveur fameux et roi célèbre
> Par la chasse et par les courtisanes,
> Voilà ton oraison funèbre.'

The administration of Louis XV., as it proceeded, had been an excellent school for the propaganda of liberal ideas. The philosophy of the Encyclopedists had generally permeated society, leading to a point of view which made a bond of union, hitherto unknown, possible between the different classes. The Duc de Liancourt, the friend of Condorcet and Turgot, the nephew of the Duchesse de La Rochefoucauld-d'Enville, 'la sœur du pot des philosophes,' as she was styled by the philosophers, in recognition of her good will, was one of those nobles for whom the times were preparing a difficult part. Belonging to one of the oldest

and most distinguished families in France, which had loyally served its king in every department of public life, the monarchical faith was to the young nobleman the most sacred of ideals, the monarchical principle a foundational conviction of mind. Against this mental attitude were arrayed the arguments which must assail a man who is a companion of philosophers, a patriot and, in his case, one whose altruistic tendencies could not be suppressed. This king's life and death were shameful and, as he watched the scene, the duke's thought ran in unison with those of the Parisian populace.

The history of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt gives a fresh insight into some features of pre-Revolutionary times, and contributes some interesting facts to the sum of our knowledge in respect to that effervescent period which immediately preceded the Revolution. The life led by the nobles and the part they took in society and politics are commonly underrated. A notion is current in the nature of an 'idée fixe' that they were all either idle or bad, and uniformly opposed to progress; the nobleman who was anxious to improve the state of affairs, who was liberal—and not extreme—in his views, is a figure we do not know. But there is a large number, of whom Liancourt, his cousin, the Duc de La Rochefoucauld-d'Enville, and his friend Condorcet may be taken as extraordinary examples, whose private lives were irreproachable and who placed the public good before their own. Nowhere in history are there more striking instances of devotion to duty, of self-sacrifice, of fidelity to ideals, than are to be seen among the nobility of the old régime in the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

The La Rochefoucaulds were truer representatives of the purely philanthropical spirit than Condorcet, whose range of mental activity knew no bounds. La Rochefoucauld-d'Enville, who possessed all his clever and kindly mother's qualities of mind and heart, was acknowledged by his contemporaries to justify the verdict of Barère as 'l'homme le plus vertueux, le 'plus français, le plus respectable que j'ai connu.' According to Madame de Chastenay, he had taken from the philosophers 'tout ce qui s'accordait réellement avec les vertus de son 'cœur.' Benevolent undertakings and reform movements were his first concern, and philanthropy and utilitarianism were the sole aim and labour of Liancourt. Liancourt wrote, but made no pretensions to literary art; like Franklin, whose almanac he took as a model, he wrote to carry out his

utilitarian and philanthropical ideas, to call the attention of the authorities and the public to the state of the poor, the sick and the wretched, or for the purpose of teaching the working classes. He was in sympathy with the philosophers, not, however, so much from the love of abstract truth as from the love of humanity.

François Alexandre Frédéric, Duc de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, was born January 11, 1747, at the château of La Roche-Guyon whence, a few years before, his grandfather, Duc Alexandre de La Rochefoucauld—whom his grandson strongly resembled in qualities and character—had been banished to please the reigning favourite at Court, an early example of the disgrace of the counsellors and companions of the king's better moments to appease the desire for vengeance on the part of his mistresses. Duc Alexandre was one of the most progressive of the old noblesse, to the scandal of everybody even going to the length of having his grandson vaccinated—an innovation which cost him 1,106 livres—but, though advanced in his mode of thought, his mode of life did not cease to retain the best features of the feudal system; one of the first to put into practice the new ideas which were in the air, he was one of the last of the grand seigneurs to live on his estates. He wasted no time in vain regrets for the Court or Paris, but made good use of his practical turn of mind and spent his life in beautifying his properties and improving the condition of the people. Water was brought by aqueduct for the use of the village, roads were mended, forests replanted, the poor were assisted and industry encouraged; the larger part of his time and immense revenues were thus employed for the public benefit. At the same time he held, like the Duc de Choiseul—not long afterward in the same exiled condition—a numerous court of his own. The village, which runs along the bank of the Seine, lies in a sparsely populated district, out of the path of railways, and has been left singularly undisturbed. Many traces of the residence of Duc Alexandre are to be seen. Before his time the immediate surroundings had been denuded of trees, and the grove in which the steep-pitched grey roofs are intermingled at the foot of the château, whose crumbling tower on the hilltop dominates the country about, was planted under the direction of Madame d'Enville, and the richly sculptured fountain, which the Duke erected before his gates, still serves its ancient purpose.

The frivolity and low moral tone of the period had not

affected any part of the family of La Rochefoucauld, which had given France a queen, writers,* soldiers, governors, and courtiers. For centuries this house had been characterised by its philanthropy: 'Cette maison de La Rochefoucauld est 'une tribu d'Israël, ce sont d'honnêtes et de bonnes gens; il 'n'y a point de morgue dans toute cette famille, il y a du bon 'sens et de la simplicité,'† writes Madame du Deffand, a never too tender critic, and Liancourt, by his manner of life, simply carried out the traditions of his line. We find few details about his parents, but we read that they were both virtuous to the point of severity, and that his father, Armand de La Rochefoucauld de Roye, who was created Duc d'Estissac on his marriage with his mother, the second daughter of Duc Alexandre, was much loved by the King. He belonged to a branch of the La Rochefoucaulds which had separated from the main stock in the sixteenth century. The eldest daughter of Duc Alexandre, the Duchesse de La Rochefoucauld-d'Enville, also married a cousin, these intermarriages being made obligatory by the King before he would grant the Duke's request that his duchies, which would, in default of sons, revert to the Crown, should descend through his daughters.

In his aunt, Madame d'Enville—sometimes written Anville—whose influence was important in shaping Liancourt's career, a quick imagination lent wings to the hereditary practical qualities and led on to the practice of an ethical philosophy. 'Son cœur était à toutes les utopies, son esprit 'à tous les systèmes d'illusions,' says Goncourt.‡ It is true that she was quick to champion that which she considered a righteous cause. She managed Voltaire's escape from Paris and seconded his efforts for the rehabilitation of Calas and of the Chevalier de la Barre and M. d'Étallonde, his companion in misfortune. She befriended Mademoiselle de Lespinasse when cast off by Madame du Deffand, remaining at the same time on good terms with her older friend, whose strong attachment is seen throughout her correspondence. 'J'adore,' she writes to Horace Walpole, 'le cœur de Madame la Duchesse de La 'Rochefoucauld; je ne l'appelle point Madame d'Enville. Ce 'nom de La Rochefoucauld m'est cher depuis qu'un de ses

* The author of the 'Maxims' was the great-great-grandfather of Liancourt.

‡ Madame du Deffand, 'Lettres à Horace Walpole,' i. p. 215.

† 'La Femme au Dix-huitième Siècle,' p. 71.

'ancêtres fut égorgé à la Saint-Barthélemy.' And another time: 'Cette femme ne vous déplaira pas; elle n'a pas les 'grands airs de nos grandes dames, elle a le ton assez animé, 'elle est un peu entichée de la philosophie moderne, mais 'elle la pratique plus qu'elle ne la prêche.' The duchess was the good friend of every prominent man and woman in Paris who was progressive, and chief among these friends stood the philosophers. Diderot speaks of her as one of the most excellent women he had ever known, and Grimm loved and respected her. They met Turgot and his confrères at her magnificent hôtel, and Young, the English agriculturist who, when abroad, made either her house or the château of Liancourt his headquarters, and scholars, chemists and physicians hobnobbed with the flower of the aristocracy of France in her salon. Her husband dying a few years after their marriage, her son, the young Duc de La Rochefoucauld, who was her inseparable companion, had the same inclinations and the same friends as her own. He was one of the greatest admirers of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. Madame du Deffand seldom referred to Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, her hatred was too strong, but affection for the duchess drew forth a complaint from her sore heart and she broke the silence of years on this painful subject in a letter to the Duchesse de Choiseul. 'Ce sera M. de La Rochefoucauld* qui vous rendra cette 'lettre. Il est le plus assidu courtisan de Mademoiselle de 'Lespinasse; je ne sais si c'est cette liaison qui a nui à ma 'connaissance avec lui et avec Madame d'Enville, mais je 'les vois plus rarement qu'autrefois.' †

Liancourt was not such a favourite or so widely known in the brilliant circles of the salons as his cousin d'Enville; he was sensitive, and had all the self-consciousness, reserve, and pride of such a birthright, and, not willing to be commonplace, he would not speak unless he had something to say. He had no conversational gifts, and so he seemed slow and dull in that quick-witted, vivacious society. Though Madame du Deffand knew La Rochefoucauld-d'Enville so well, her attention had to be drawn to Liancourt by Horace Walpole, who, meeting him in London, sung his praises, and, in this case quicker witted than the Parisians themselves, ridiculed those who had called him stupid. 'C'est de tous vos

* The Duc de La Rochefoucauld-d'Enville was four years the senior of his cousin the Duc de Liancourt.

† Correspondance de Madame du Deffand, vol. ii. p. 173, Paris, 1877.

'Français celui qui me revenait le plus, il a beaucoup d'âme 'et point d'affectation. Je me moque de ceux qui le croient 'sot,' he wrote; to which she replied, 'Tout le bien que vous 'm'avez dit de M. de Liancourt m'a donné envie de le 'connaître. Je l'ai trouvé fort naturel, fort simple. Je ne 'sais d'où il vient qu'il passe ici pour un sot.' His temperament was, perhaps, more easily understood in England than in France. At all events he was too serious to please the Court of Louis XV., and he enjoyed a visit to England, running away from London drawing-rooms to the country, where he discovered his vocation and studied farms and manufactures to his heart's content.

Liancourt's early life was passed at the château of La Roche-Guyon. Simple village folk were his sponsors at baptism—an indication of the democratic tendencies of the family. Intended for the army, he was sent to La Flèche at fifteen. His military career was creditable from its beginning. At eighteen he was a captain, five years later commandant of the regiment of La Rochefoucauld, and successively governor of Bapaume, major-general, and, at the age of forty-one, inspector of cavalry in Alsace. Many of the qualities for which he was afterward eminent are apparent during this stage of his life; he was active and able in the performance of his duties, and kind to his soldiers, interesting himself in their individual fortunes, and anxious that merit should be rewarded; and in the midst of this full life he found time for attendance at Court, for travel and study, to look after his family properties and to build the foundations of the philanthropical work which was in time to become the pivot of his existence.

Marriages were still arranged at an absurdly early age in the times of which we write, and Liancourt was married at seventeen and was a father at eighteen. His wife was the daughter of the Comte de Lannion and Marie de Clermont-Tonnerre, and her family, like that of La Rochefoucauld, was to be found later among the foremost of those nobles who undertook the cause of the Revolution.

The personal appearance of Liancourt in the prime of life belies the reputation of stupidity of which, as a young man, he was accused by the fashionable world of Paris. His portraits—of which there are no fewer than thirty-seven in existence—generally represent him in his various public capacities. In one, which shows his English proclivities, he stands at the left of a table drinking tea; he wears a red waistcoat after the English fashion. At the right is

seated La Rochefoucauld-d'Enville, clad in more sober attire; he is drinking from a coffee-cup.* The extravagant costume of the period—the powdered hair thrown off the forehead, the high stock, the ruffles, the rich material, the coat resplendent with orders—is becoming. The marked eyebrows, Roman nose, full lips and decisive chin suggest the typical aristocrat, and one believes one can discover the love of humanity, the sentiment of the philanthropy which was his life work, in the full and brooding eyes. He was tall, erect, and well built.

The period immediately preceding the Revolution was, as everyone knows, a time of great mental activity. One of the forms of the restless energy characteristic of this unsettled era was a sudden impulse toward travel, and we see the first intellectual leaders of the age leaving their country for a time seeking experience and knowledge. As a rule either England, the land of Locke, whose ideas, fallen on fertile soil, had so largely formed their own, the friendly shore where Voltaire studied, wrote, and began the remarkable propaganda which was to change the face of society, was their Mecca, or the hospitable philosopher was a loadstone which drew them to Switzerland. The influence of Montesquieu and Rousseau also began to be felt in England. Hitherto the French never had practised the method of sending their sons abroad to study, but foreign travel, which entered into the scheme of education of every young Englishman of quality, now attracted their attention. Liancourt felt too keenly the pressure of the time to overlook such opportunities, and, as their education progressed, his sons were sent to England more than once. Hume, Fox, Walpole, George Selwyn, and cultivated Englishmen generally spent considerable time in Paris. This international exchange of visits formed the introduction to the international personal friendships, such as united Madame du Deffand and Horace Walpole, Hume and Madame Necker. Liancourt, falling in with Arthur Young, the traveller, they soon became intimate. Their meeting was a stroke of good fortune for each. They were idealists, and their ideals assumed practical and simple shapes. Each was a true lover of the soil, and each loved his fellows without regard to social rank. Whilst Young, who could not make his own farm pay, received on agricultural subjects the respectful attention of correspondents in every part of the world, from

* In the possession of the Duchesse de La Roche-Guyon.

Catherine of Russia in the East to Franklin in the West, Liancourt, a peer of France, was impoverishing himself for his king and his peasants.

A distinct effect on taste and fashions was produced on either side the Channel by the constant intercourse between the two shores. The English habit of country life was brought over and made the fashion in France where, during the earlier part of the century, the great châteaux had, for the most part, lain idle, abandoned to the rooks, just as French clothes were considered 'de rigueur' in English society. But with Liancourt the love of country pursuits lay deeper than any desire to be 'à la mode' or any passing whim, for he possessed a love of the soil as a birthright, and it was his strongest instinct to so do by it that the land and the people who lived upon it should receive the greatest possible benefit. He had at hand unbounded facilities for indulging these amiable impulses. He was lord of one of the most magnificent properties in the kingdom, which contained everything needful for the fulfilment of his schemes of reform, and was well adapted for the trial of his industrial experiments. The splendid château of Liancourt did not entirely escape the depredations of the Revolution, but the regard in which the duke was held by the common people caused it to be spared the utter ruin which was the fate of so many habitations of the noblesse. We will try to reconstruct the ancient building—which lay within easy distance of Paris—as it stood when he entered into its possession. Remodelled in the seventeenth century, it resembled other domestic buildings of the period, of which Versailles is the finest example and whose magnificence it rivalled. A covered gallery, with ornamental pilasters and pediments, ran along the upper story of the main structure, from which two wings diverged, and it was completed at the four corners by square pavilions. It contained a theatre, a library of twelve thousand volumes—which survived the Revolution,* and had the appointments and was furnished with the luxury proper for a residence whose hospitality had been accepted by Louis XIV., by the Regent and Mazarin. The charming valley of the Oise lay before it, while the waters of the Brèche and Bérenelles added to the freshness, fertility and beauty of a plain broken by undulating hills which, near the château, rose to the height of low mountains.

* Removed to the château de La Rochefoucauld in 1902 and still intact.

The life within the château of the 'grand seigneur' proceeded much as we have described it at La Chevrette,* the château of d'Épinay, the rich and spendthrift financier. Men and women likewise played the dramatic pieces of which the times were so prolific, criticised the compositions of Gluck or Piccini, or amused themselves with chess. Out of doors there was the chase and sport in the well-stocked park, where the pheasants were so numerous that the farmers complained of their depredations. But exalted place demands its price, and the outline of the daily existence at Liancourt was drawn on a larger scale than that at La Chevrette. The Duchess was a sympathetic and spirituelle châtelaine, the queen of the fêtes champêtres given to the surrounding countryside, with ready kindness for all, and bringing a contagious enthusiasm into everything she did. Marie Antoinette was not the only woman in her kingdom who aspired at times to lead the simple life; the duchess also had her dairy—à la Trianon—a delicate little white dairy all in marble, and, like the Queen, played the dairy-maid. English influences were plainly visible. Liancourt was obviously under the spell of the English garden. Twenty-five fountains sprang high in air, after those at Versailles; tinkling cascades and terraces remained, but, in place of the formal lines, the geometrically planned beds of Le Nôtre, the Duke fashioned winding paths bordered with flowers, leading through ornamental shrubberies and blooming thickets to arbours and other gardens, the tennis courts or fruitful orchards. Here Liancourt welcomed the friends made in his travels. Here came his English friends Lord and Lady Spencer, with their daughter Georgiana, the celebrated beauty, afterward Duchess of Devonshire. But the first of these friends was always Arthur Young, whose advice was sought on all questions, and especially on the agricultural experiments for which the fertile and well-watered valley offered such an excellent field.

Many of the French peasants before the Revolution were undeniably better off than the labourers in neighbouring countries, and their greater restlessness under the same yoke was due to a quicker intelligence rather than to an inferior environment.† This was naturally increased by the contagious spirit of progress which was in the air and which

* See 'Madame d'Épinay,' Edinburgh Review, Jan. 1902.

† See 'The Eve of the French Revolution,' by E. J. Lowell. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston & New York, 1900.

had attacked all classes. Liancourt was one of the founders of the Royal Society of Agriculture which preceded the Revolution, one of the movements in which nobles and bourgeois, economists and philosophers alike joined in attempts to improve the land and to raise the condition of the peasant.

'On néglige trop en France l'instruction du peuple; on a 'mis même souvent en question s'il fallait le laisser ignorant, 'comme si la connaissance de ses vrais intérêts ne devait pas 'le rendre meilleur,' Liancourt wrote, on the question, not even in our day laid to rest, of the wisdom of education for the lower classes. He put into practice Franklin's idea of popular instruction by means of the almanac, and papers were printed and gratuitously circulated among the peasants, containing moral maxims, useful hints, and information of a practical nature relative to the cultivation of the soil. In 1786 he read a paper before the society on the homely subject of the advantages of the American method of cooking vegetables for the peasant, for whom they were important articles of food, for in these practical ways, in the everyday details of life and labour, lay, to his mind, true philanthropy. The wave of modern progress, too, had set in and was beginning to be felt in the remote backwaters of the kingdom; there was an increase in prosperity, and though the peasant's tax was higher he could better afford to pay it.

Liancourt next determined to have a model farm after the English pattern. With Young's assistance, he developed this design and began a series of experiments which had an important influence on agricultural productions and on industrial conditions. Forestalling the Revolution in his economic reforms, he divided his lands into lots which he let to the peasants, the income from which he used for their benefit. He introduced the English turnip, cultivated the potato, which was an innovation in France, and cows and sheep were imported from England, Switzerland, and Spain.

But as his mind dwelt on schemes of reform and public improvement they assumed larger proportions, and his next step was in a new direction; from agricultural he turned to industrial projects, and to his initiative we owe our modern schools of technical instruction. The care of the orphan children of officers had long been a favourite charity, but Liancourt, to whom, as a soldier, this naturally appealed, widened its application. He believed, with Turgot, in the dignity of labour, and that gentlemen should not engage in industrial pursuits without loss of prestige seemed

to him absurd. He therefore decided to put these principles into active operation, and near by, on the mount of Liancourt, he established a school where a military training for the sons of officers was supplemented by a technical education in the mechanical arts. Its usefulness to the State was quickly recognised, the King became a patron, and it was imitated in England by George III., who founded the institution beside the Royal Hospital at Chelsea.

He also immediately undertook to set a personal example in this field of industry, as he had done in agriculture, and built mills in the neighbouring villages and in his park for the manufacture of tools and textile stuffs, and brick and tile yards were established. The priests, who, in the country districts, were generally but little removed from the peasants, sympathised with his efforts on their behalf and enthusiastically co-operated in his work.* No idle persons were given charity, no aged or infirm suffered for want of it. The men and women worked in the fields and mills; the children, who were taught to read and write, assisted the young girls, a part of whose earnings was put by for their 'dot,' at the spinning factories. Old women were given hand work which could be done at home. Thus every member of the community was enabled to be self-supporting, and therefore self-respecting, adding to the wealth and health of the State. In a few years' time, under this patriarchal yet progressive régime, the face of the country thereabout and the condition and character of the inhabitants were transformed as by a miracle. The quasi-royal château of Liancourt, with its English gardens, its manufactories, its model farm and training school, was unique in the kingdom and was a delightful picture of peaceful progress which we seldom connect with this period of French history. But this very progress, encouraging as it was to the enlightened nobleman, helped to blind him to the possible results of the tendencies which were at work throughout France.

The interval of more than a hundred years which has elapsed since the French Revolution is no more than enough to lend a proper perspective to the great events which were drawn on so grand a scale, and which were too far-reaching in their effects to be properly seen and considered from a nearer point of view. Also, as it recedes, the time is

* 'Le Village à la veille de la Révolution,' Pierre Lalande, 'Revue Bleue,' Feb. 7, 1903.

illumined by the discovery of written material whose value, overlooked by contemporary judgement, is now found to be priceless.

At the death of his father in 1783, Liancourt, who had held the post of assistant-master of the robes, first to Louis XV., and then to his successor, was appointed master of the robes. In this capacity he was brought into close personal contact with Louis XVI., who made a friend of him. A great noble and a courtier, as well as a reformer, he was in a position greatly to influence the King. They had many points in common, for, as far as sympathy went, the well-intentioned King showed himself abreast of the philanthropic and forward movement of his time; he encouraged and assisted Liancourt in his benevolent enterprises and listened to his counsel on financial and, later, on political reform. Unlike the traditional courtier, and more especially unlike those who surrounded the person of Louis XVI., Liancourt was honest and frank to a degree, and, devoted as he was to the King, he never forgot the people. But he was a friend of the King, not of the Court or of the Queen; the La Rochefoucaulds were joined with the Montmorencys, the Noailles, the Clermont-Tonnerres, and other powerful families who supported the reform movement and were ranged against her. She wished to have the Duchesse de Liancourt for one of her ladies-in-waiting, but the royal demand was refused, and from this time, it is probable, there was no love lost between her and the family of La Rochefoucauld, and the reform party from La Fayette through all its ranks was alike obnoxious to Marie Antoinette. In time the King had to choose between them. Liancourt was an ally of Turgot and Malesherbes, he associated with d'Alembert and with Condorcet, and assisted Necker's prison and hospital reforms as he had Turgot's economies. He has been called 'le plus sage et le plus clairvoyant des amis de 'Louis XVI.'; * and 'un des hommes les plus passionnés de 'son temps pour la liberté, la justice et la bienfaisance.' † He was one of the first to institute legal steps for political reform and presided at the first election of candidates for the Assembly of Notables in 1787. A constitutional monarchy was his aim. He published a plan of reconstruction under the heading: 'Finances, crédit national, intérêt 'politique et commerce, forces militaires de la France,' in

* Brette, 'La Révolution Française.'

† Lavergne, 'Les Assemblées sous Louis XVI.'

which he attacked primarily the privileges of his own order. 'Le despotisme a parfois fourni de grands princes à la terre ; 'l'aristocratie l'a toujours surchargée de tyrans. . . . Les 'sujets d'un même empire, également chers et précieux à 'leur souverain, ne doivent avoir qu'un droit commun . . . 'il faut renoncer à des privilèges qui rejettent sur le pauvre 'la part que le riche doit supporter, à des formes antiques 'qui ont multiplié les abus . . . Qui aura, payera.' The clergy do not escape. 'Si les pères de famille le payent, 'pourquoi les prélats, les abbés, les bénédictins, les bernar-'dins, les chartreux ne le payeraient-ils pas? . . . Le 'nombre des monastères devra être réduit au profit des 'pauvres. Il ne faut pas que le clergé nous fasse souvenir 'qu'il ne doit point y avoir d'héritage en Israël. Les 'dignités personnelles n'ont rien de commun avec la terre, 'dont toute la dignité consiste à être bien cultivée et, pour 'cet effet, un laboureur lui est bien plus nécessaire qu'un 'prélat ou un noble.'

The meeting of the three orders was naturally the talk of the day, and something of its significance even penetrated the dull ears of the courtiers who frolicked with the Queen at Versailles. One day the King interrupted the mingled jests and protests which the approaching Assembly inspired at Court, and turned to Liancourt. 'Et vous, Duc de Lian-'court, vous ferez-vous élire?' 'Oui, Sire, avec votre consentement.' From his services to industry and philan-thropy, his rank and influence, it was inevitable that Lian-court should be called to represent his order, and he inspired and probably drew up the first revolutionary 'cahiers.' The proposed liberties to be guaranteed the people included regular meetings of the three Estates, provincial Assemblies, the abolishment of 'lettres de cachet,' liberty of the press, religious freedom, and equality of taxation. How would the King receive it? Occupying the place he did in the household and in the King's intimacy, he felt in duty bound to state his position plainly, and he sent him his 'cahier' with the following confidential letter, which has been quoted as one of the first expres-sions of a sense of moral responsibility between electors and elected :

'Sire,—L'ordre de la noblesse du bailliage de Clermont-en-Beauvoisis m'a fait l'honneur de m'élire pour son député aux États Généraux. Les cahiers, pouvoirs et instructions qui m'ont été remis sont, dans ma conscience, appropriés aux circonstances actuelles, dirigés vers la gloire et l'avantage de votre royaume, le bonheur et la tranquillité de Votre

Majesté ; ils sont conformes aux vues qu' Elle a daigné faire connaître Elle-même. J'ai fait en conséquence serment d'en suivre fidèlement l'esprit et de solliciter l'obtention des demandes qui y sont contenues dans les termes qui m'ont été imposés.

'Mais, Sire, une grande charge m'attache à votre personne. Je dois plus particulièrement qu'un autre, à ce titre, compte à Votre Majesté de ma conduite. Votre Majesté me traite avec bonté ; je m'en crois digne par mon attachement bien sincère et bien véritable pour Elle, et par la droiture de mes sentiments. Je ne pourrais supporter l'idée que ma conduite fut jamais interprétée auprès de Votre Majesté autrement qu'elle mérite de l'être, et que j'ai la confiance de penser qu'elle le méritera toujours.

'J'ose donc Lui adresser les cahiers, pouvoirs et instructions auxquelles j'ai fait serment de me conformer avec fidélité. Elle daignera en prendre lecture. Si Elle pense que j'ai pris des engagements qui ont droit de Lui déplaire, Elle voudra bien m'en faire instruire. Je suis, Sire, permettez-moi de le dire, attaché à Votre Majesté par des sentiments personnels d'affection respectueuse, d'estime et de vénération pour Ses vertus ; j'ose me flatter qu'Elle n'en doute pas, je suis profondément flatté et reconnaissant de la bonne opinion dont Elle me permet de croire qu'Elle m'honore. Je possède auprès de Votre Majesté une place dont je suis, comme il est facile de le penser, heureux et glorieux, et que j'ai extrêmement à cœur de voir perpétuer dans ma famille. Mais . . . quelque pénible qu'en fût le sacrifice, je le ferais sans hésiter, si j'avais lieu de craindre que la conduite que devra me dicter dans le courant des affaires ma fidélité à mon serment pouvait vous être présentée comme contraire aux devoirs de ma place et comme coupable d'ingratitude. . . .

'Cette lettre n'est et ne sera connue que de Votre Majesté ; personne ne m'en soupçonne le projet. J'en ai trouvé la nécessité dans mon cœur. Cette démarche ne pourra donc être interprétée ni comme mouvement d'exaltation, ne comme prétendant à aucun effet public ; ce but ne conviendrait jamais ni au respect profond que je dois à Votre Majesté et que je porte dans mon cœur, ni aux sentiments de franchise et de droiture dont je fais profession.

'Je suis de Votre Majesté, Sire, le plus humble, le plus dévoué et le plus fidèle sujet.

'Le duc DE LIANCOURT.

'Clermont, le 14 Mars, 1789.'

Here is the King's somewhat ambiguous reply :

'Je vous envoie, Monsieur le Duc, les papiers que vous m'avez envoyés hier ; je ne les avais pas encore achevé de lire ce matin quand je vous ai vu. Je connais votre cœur et j'ai toujours eu lieu de compter sur votre attachement pour moi ; je ne doute pas que dans l'Assemblée de Clermont vous n'ayez agi en raison, âme et conscience. Quand j'ai ordonné la convocation des États Généraux, j'ai permis à tous mes sujets de me dire ce qu'ils pensaient être le bien de l'État. Quand les États seront rassemblés, je traiterai avec eux de tous les

grands objets qui y sont présentés, et, avant ce temps-là, je ne dois pas faire connaître ma façon de penser sur les délibérations particulières quand elles sont faites dans les règles prescrites. Ne doutez pas, Monsieur le Duc, de toute mon estime pour vous.' *

Wise and clear-sighted as Liancourt showed himself toward the King, he did not in the least foresee the frightful calamities to be provoked by the drastic changes in view; on the contrary, he firmly believed in the early realisation of his dreams, and that a Utopia was preparing for France. He might, in a measure, have been justified in his hopes had the people been given time in which to adjust themselves to new conditions and become gradually accustomed to political power; but the movement was too rapid, and Liancourt was one who unwittingly pulled down his own house about his ears; for, though he blushed for the privileges of his order, he had not yet gone so far as to consider its destruction. Although he retained his post for the time at Court, and though his avowed policy was one of conciliation, it was always his own order of which he demanded sacrifices, and he constantly voted with the Third Estate. On June 27, 1789, he burst through all trammels and boldly addressed the Assembly with a courage and energy which proved the strength of his convictions:

'Quelque attaché que je suis aux droits de la noblesse, j'avoue que, si je croyais leur sacrifice nécessaire au bien de l'État, si je croyais qu'il dût sauver la patrie de la crise dangereuse dans laquelle elle se trouve, je penserais servir fidèlement le vœu de mes commettants en consommant en leur nom ce sacrifice, et il m'est bien doux de répéter ici qu'une des instructions les plus précieuses qu'ils m'ont données est de ne jamais oublier qu'avant d'être nobles ils sont citoyens. . . .'

Twice a week Liancourt opened his hôtel in the rue de Varennes to his political friends, an oddly assorted assemblage arrayed in motley garb. American simplicity began to be affected, and short hair and plain clothes were now seen for the first time mingled with the elaborate dress of the old régime. The fall of despotism was confidently discussed, and naturally called forth not a little criticism from his colleagues, some of whom began to show their distrust of him while in his turn he publicly denounced the espionage of their secret society which had been formed in opposition to the Radical clubs. But he was still a nobleman, still a courtier and in

* Un Philanthrope d'Autrefois. La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, pp. 65, 66, 67. The original letters are in the Musée des Archives, Paris.

the confidence of the King. The position was painful, and the rôle became daily more difficult as his attempts to draw the King from his vacillating position and to place himself frankly and definitely with the reform party failed to be realised.

The historical events of July 11, 12, and 13, 1789, which led up to the epoch-marking 14th, need no comment. Necker was dismissed, Paris rose, the French guards joined with the people, and the Assembly grew more pressing in its demands. The night of the 14th, when the deputies, terrified at what was taking place in Paris, refused to leave their posts, found the King peacefully sleeping. The news of the fall of the Bastille warned Liancourt of the immediate danger which menaced the throne and royal family. Leaving the panic-stricken Assembly, he hurried to the palace. As master of the robes he had instant access to the bedroom of the King, from whom the gravity of the situation had been concealed, and who listened bewildered to his ominous story. 'C'est une grande révolte!' he exclaimed: 'Non, Sire,' replied Liancourt, 'c'est une grande Révolution'; significant words which have since become historic. The next morning Liancourt, amid tumultuous applause, announced to the Assembly the approach of the King, who promised the withdrawal of the troops from Paris and Versailles, Necker's recall, and proclaimed his unshaken confidence in his people in an address which had been drawn up by Liancourt. On the 17th, the King, still led by the Duke, took the road to Paris, with his sinister bodyguard of citizens, monks and women, armed with pikes and hatchets and dragging cannon, and all adorned with flowers.*

Liancourt had become the intermediary between the King and the Assembly, and for this triumph he was elected to the presidency, which he held from July 20 to August 4. But the Queen and her party were now his open enemies, and the King was being moulded to their will. Liancourt's influence, however, had not wholly declined, and when the flight of the nobles begun, the Queen and Court sought to follow their example, Liancourt, entering unannounced, interrupted the final family conclave, where their plans were being matured, and persuaded the King to remain. The escape fixed for October 7 was thus averted.

The cahiers, revolutionary as they read at first, were soon felt to be behind the times. On July 10 the Assembly of the

* Guizot, 'History of France,' vol. vi. p. 23.

Noblesse had met at Clermont. Liancourt demanded a free hand. 'The King and States General,' he assured his constituents, 'will no longer receive deputies charged with 'limited powers.' Claims which would once have appeared to be extraordinary seemed to be part of the natural course of events, and, with some dissenting, some enthusiastic voices, the majority endeavoured to resign themselves to the unknown, but apparently inevitable, and the vote was carried. From the first Liancourt had supported the Left, and he kept pace with the expansion of their platform. He soon made up his mind that the sacrifice of his order was necessary, unmindful of the fact that he thereby would suffer the loss of power, prestige, property, rank. The nobility formed a thick and prickly hedge between king and people; it should be cut away. A contradictory state of affairs was in being. The poor and weak beheld, with amazement, their demands met with responsive sympathy from their superiors who, intoxicated by the new doctrines, believed all things to be possible. Independence was talked of in the army, democracy was discussed by aristocrats, philosophy was the topic in the ball-room, and ethics in fine ladies' boudoirs.* On the night of August 4, when the peasants were freed from their dependency, the nobles yielded their ancient rights and the clergy their tithes, Liancourt saw his most extravagant fancies assume material shape. The medal† which commemorates this unparalleled day was struck off at his instigation.

The orders were united in their personal devotion to the king, and in their loyalty to the monarchy. A government without a king was foreign to their ideas. The popular leaders, including Marat, were monarchists. Camille Desmoulins compared Louis XVI. to Trajan. The Assembly idolised him. As late as the midsummer of 1791 the Jacobins were afraid to breathe 'Republic.' Liancourt did his utmost to put heart into the feeble monarch to lead the Revolution

* Pierre de Ségur, Revue de Paris, April 15, 1903.

† Voted by the Assembly August 4, 1789. The contract for the engraving was signed October 24, by Liancourt and by the engravers Duvivier and Gatteux. On the obverse of the medal—an example struck off for the king in gold may be seen at the Archives nationales (AE vi^{b}), the coins at the Monnaie de Paris (Catalogue, Louis XVI., p. 409)—are the bust of the king and the inscription:—'Louis XVI., restaurateur de la liberté française.' On the reverse, the three orders grouped about an altar in the hall of the National Assembly with the inscriptions:—'A la Patrie,' and 'Abandon de tous les privilèges.'

by a channel which would make him a national king over a royal and a loyal democracy. He defended the absolute veto and demanded for the King full executive power. Filled with chivalrous ideals and courage, he defended the inviolability of the person of the King after Varennes, he defended the Constitution, he defended religious tolerance, he defended his friends and tried to save the first suspects from the vengeance of that Revolution which he had helped to evoke and whose possible evolution he had failed to foresee.

The common aim of uniting sovereign and nation brought Liancourt and Mirabeau together. Mirabeau hoped to get in touch with the King through the Duke, who saw in the great statesman and orator a powerful ally. With Talleyrand and the Comte de La Marck they discussed the best means of persuading the King to take a minister from the Left. In a paper * drawn up by Mirabeau at this time both Liancourt and La Rochefoucauld-d'Enville are down as Ministers, Liancourt's name appearing as Minister of War, 'parce qu'il a de l'honneur, de la fermeté et de l'affection 'personnelle pour le roi, ce qui lui donnera la sécurité.' Their schemes were cut short by the bill † which forbade deputies to hold cabinet positions. Another decree, of like nature, lost Liancourt his position at Court. This was a severe blow, for his affection for the King was great and nothing in the course of events thus far had interfered with their intimacy. The idea of a constitution coincided with his attachment, and he beheld, through rosy clouds, visions of his king, on whom had fallen a great trust, fulfilling the promise of an unexampled opportunity and, at the head of the new movement, leading his country on to peaceful industrial supremacy and happiness. Anything which concerned the King awoke a passion of loyalty, and, alarmed by the rapid course of events, he begged him to let him have a place with his bodyguard. 'J'ai besoin,' he wrote, 'out of a full heart, 'que vous le désiriez; j'ai besoin d'être 'sûr que je ne suis pas vu par Sa Majesté et par la Reine 'sous des couleurs qui ne sont et qui ne furent jamais 'les miennes.' ‡ But the purposeless King, his eyes obstinately shut to eventual glory or ruin alike, made no reply.

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* La Marck's Correspondence, I. p. 411.

† November 7, 1789.

‡ No. cxvi., 15 Septembre, 1791.

Liancourt and his cousin figured prominently among the political clubs, but the 'Société de 1789,' founded in 1790, where they met La Fayette, Bailly, Mirabeau, Rœderer, Talleyrand, Sieyès, Chénier, Roucher, Condorcet, most nearly approached their ideas. The Constitution and the King was their watchword, and they rallied together in an attempt to save both liberty and crown. It was—we may say in passing—through the efforts of this society that the ashes of Voltaire were brought back to Paris, and at the death of Benjamin Franklin, the American Revolutionist, its members went into mourning and his bust was placed in their hall.

On September 30, 1791, the Constituent Assembly was dissolved. His post near the King had been taken from Liancourt and his enemies had the King's ear. He therefore retired to his château where he hoped again to indulge his tastes for peaceful pursuits, but here also difficulties arose. Up to this time he had been popular with the masses, he had suffered from ill report among his own class alone; now the evil persons and passions among the populace came to the surface and the château and its inhabitants were destined to bear their share of the sacrifices demanded by the Revolution. The usual complaints of labour were brought against the employer, and the man who had built his manufactories at a loss to give his tenants paying employment, whose fields were theirs free for the tilling, for whose cause he had forsaken and ruined his best friends, was denounced by them as a monopolist. The nobles were now flying for their lives, and on the road to the frontier lifelong friends, forgetting and forgiving political differences, stopped at his gates for a moment as they passed. Vainly he begged them to turn back for the sake of the King, whose fate was now his chief concern.

On the 20th of April, 1792, war was declared, and Liancourt sought and obtained the post of Lieutenant-General of Normandy and Picardy. He had an ulterior object in view in gaining the command of the divisions which occupied Rouen and Havre. It was to safeguard Louis, to prepare a shelter and a retreat for him should it be necessary. Rouen was constitutional and inclined to the King. The army with him, Havre to fall back upon, a seaport by way of escape should worst come to worst, the plan promised well and seemed to make ready for all possible emergencies. In spite of these preparations Liancourt did not yet realise how dark was the aspect of affairs; it was a precautionary measure

alone which led him to undertake to fetch the King from Paris to a place of greater safety; he did not perceive any real and immediate personal danger, and thought that were the people convinced the life of their sovereign was threatened they would overwhelmingly support him. Rouen was within the distance from the capital prescribed by the constitution; it was not to be a flight but a royal visit to a loyal province. Liancourt had already sent the King 190,000 livres; now, in the hope of facilitating this step, he offered him the rest of his fortune with the exception of an income of a hundred louis, promising he should have 900,000 livres within the first two weeks of August.

The events of June 20th, when the Tuileries were invaded by the populace, warned Liancourt that the time for action had come. The affair was no secret, and the Constitutionalists Dupont, Lally-Tollendal and Malouet, urged the King on; wavering, he finally refused, swayed by the Queen, who had also disdainfully rejected La Fayette's plan of escape, saying it would be unendurable 'to owe one's life a 'second time to him,' for she relied only on a rescue by the Allies. But, contrary to her hopes, the manifesto of the Duke of Brunswick, July 25th, crystallised public opinion, welded together all factions and sealed the doom of the monarchy. On August 10th Louis was dethroned. It was the nation's reply. The monarchy had fallen, and, powerless to help the King, Liancourt, to save his own head, was obliged, in his turn, to fly. With some difficulty he succeeded in reaching England—August 20, 1792—where he learned of the death of his cousin. The Duc de La Rochefoucauld-d'Enville met his death at the hands of a mob under the eyes of his mother and wife. Liancourt long mourned his death and bitterly denounced the crime committed in the name of liberty against one of whom he wrote as 'le plus 'fidèle ami de la justice et du bien public . . . il professait 'le culte de la liberté longtemps avant que l'on en prononçât le nom en France.'* He was now the head of his house, and the family title his, as much or little as it might henceforth be worth.

Louis Capet was on trial for his life, and the first act of Liancourt, as we shall continue to call him, safe in England, was to draw up a defence on his behalf, for he never ceased to regard the dethroned monarch as an honest reformer and a real advocate of liberty who had, unfortunately for himself

* Liancourt. British Museum, MSS. 33541, f. 363.

and his country, been misled by wrong counsels. In his defence he gives his personal testimony as an eye-witness of the King's conduct on July 14 and after Varennes; he dwells on his love of justice and his real wish for the developement of his country and the improvement of his subjects' condition; but he does not point out the virtues of his very defects, caused though they were by family affection and sincere, if narrow, religious convictions. Copies of this vindication were sent to Barère, president of the Convention, and to Malesherbes, the King's counsel, and Louis, in his prison, was given this last proof of the duke's devotion. In the vain hope of stirring up sympathisers and advocates, it was also circulated publicly.

Louis XVI. was beheaded on January 21, 1793, and with his death were ended the hopes, the efforts, and the disappointments which had filled the best years of Liancourt's life.

The simple narration of his part in the Revolution, which is all that is possible in the space of this personal sketch, shows that Liancourt's position toward the Revolution was that of the constitutional reformer. His efforts were ineffectual partly from the overwhelming force of popular opinion and determination, partly from the inability of the King and Queen to grasp the truth of his dictum that they were faced by a revolution, to stay which the most drastic reforms and concessions were necessary. A constitutional reformer of Liancourt's type can never become a thoroughgoing revolutionist; revolution is scarcely less detestable to such a man than reaction, and the natural consequence ensued in his case. Unable to introduce peaceful reforms, he fell before the popular passion, and the enlightened reformer became a penniless émigré.

Liancourt was an exile for nearly seven years. Four of these were spent in America. Although a constitutional monarchy always remained his ideal, he was, like all liberal Frenchmen, an admirer of the Federal Government whose example had carried such weight in France. Had it been followed in its manner of organising a popular political body in the early stages of the Revolution, the difficult problem might, perhaps, have been worked out in the same peaceful manner. The treasonable plots of his compatriots in England were hateful to Liancourt, as was the interested policy of England. The émigrés in the United States were of an altogether different character; discriminating between the Reign of Terror and the Revolution, they followed, from

their distant refuge, the success of the Revolutionary arms with as great enthusiasm as was felt in Paris.

The First Consul, in his course of conciliation, immediately examined the petitions of the home-sick émigrés, which became daily more numerous and pressing, and the members of the Constituent Assembly were the first to be struck off the list of the proscribed. From Holland, whither he had drifted from across the Atlantic in his longing to be near the fatherland, and where he had remained unmolested after its conquest, Liancourt, as early as might be, demanded and obtained permission to re-enter France. The 'Moniteur' of November 28, 1799, announces his return: 'Le citoyen 'La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt, connu par sa philanthropie, 'et qui a passé à voyager dans les États-Unis le temps 'pendant lequel la Terreur le repoussait de son pays, vient 'd'obtenir la permission d'y entrer avec une surveillance.' The final erasure of his name soon followed and, with intervals of small persecutions, he lived at peace under Napoleon, Louis XVIII., and Charles X. For him, his country was still his country whatever form of government supervened.

To save something from the wreck of their fortunes, and to supply her husband the wherewithal to live upon, the Duchesse de Liancourt had recourse to a ruse by which she was enabled to preserve funds which would otherwise have been confiscated, and procured a divorce. Through the intermediary of Arthur Young the Duke received this touching, if paradoxical, proof of conjugal devotion. They never came together again. Assuming her maiden name, the Duchess found refuge in a house on the Swiss border whose garden, which extended into either country, offered ready means of escape in case of need. Here she continued, as of old, to help the poor out of her slender means. Of their three sons the third, Gaétan, who wrote his father's life, remained with his mother. The eldest, François, escaped to Holland and finally entered the English service under de Choiseul. His name was not cancelled until 1801. Alexandre, the second son, returned from San Domingo in 1797, pretending not to have emigrated.

The Duke was now a poor man. This seemed to trouble him little. 'Je commence par vous dire que je suis redevenu '"farmer," et même "English farmer,"' he wrote to Young, in 1802. 'Tous mes biens ont été vendus, aussi je suis un 'pauvre agriculteur.' He might, however, still have been in comfortable circumstances, an English admirer having left him a handsome legacy, but this, through delicacy,

he refused. He was, therefore, now obliged to turn his attention from the labourer to labour; from experiments on a large scale, unmindful of expense, to strict details of profit and loss. But, if he regretted his fortune, it would seem to be because he had less to give away.

Under the successive changes of government which France underwent after his return, Liancourt invariably played some part and held some public position. Napoleon wished to have his name among the number of his supporters. Finding him too liberal and independent for the Senate, which had been his design, he still accomplished his purpose by affixing to the Duke's numerous titles the device: 'Vaccinateur de S.M. le Roi de Rome,' the seal of Imperial endorsement; and the ribbon of the Legion of Honour was bestowed upon him in recognition of his industrial achievements. His three sons, the youngest of whom married a cousin of de Beauharnais, each had posts under the Empire.

Talleyrand selected Liancourt as ambassador of the Provisional Government to Louis XVIII. 'C'est l'homme du 'pays,' he said, 'il y fait du bien à tout le monde; il est 'placé pour en faire au roi, et je vous proteste qu'il sera bien 'reçu.' The King, however, declined to receive the liberal peer. Under the first and second Restorations he was a member of the Upper Chamber, and he was elected to the Chamber of Representatives during the Hundred Days. Despite inevitable reaction, despite the White Terror, despite the Court party, the issues of the Revolution were not wholly lost—a constitution of some sort was henceforth guaranteed.

We must now for a moment consider again the philanthropy for which Liancourt was distinguished. The eve of the French Revolution is the epoch of the first efforts for organised charity by individuals. The ideas of Rousseau had taken root in that stratum of society which, by reason of its position and means, is so powerful a factor for good or ill. Good works had even become the fashion. The Société de la Charité Maternelle was founded in 1784 under the protection of the Queen, and with a grant of two thousand livres a month from the King. This, one of the first charitable organisations effected by women, at once demonstrated its superiority over those under the direction of religious houses.

In 1789 the people had a naïve faith in the Revolution, believing they had only to ask in order to receive, and the cahiers were unanimous in calling for hospital and prison

reforms, the proper care of the insane, help for the poor, and the suppression of beggary. Paris, though the most civilised city in the world, still offered a wide field for improvement, as will be seen. Beggars attacked private houses and blocked the road to the Assembly. They were also a scourge in rural districts, and, were their demands refused, threatened to burn down farmers' houses over their heads. So crowded were the hospitals that the beds touched each other, end to end and side to side, and the convalescent and dying might occupy the same bed. Infectious and contagious diseases were not isolated or separated, but surgical cases took their chances with the contagious, and patients, before and after operation, were placed together. The insane, the foolish, the wounded, maternity cases, convalescents, fevers and infectious diseases, might all be found, not only under one roof, but in one room.* One common roof also served the purpose of a house of correction, an asylum for orphans, for the aged and infirm, and epileptics, and the inmates mingled together. By the practice of begging, so-called houses of charity were largely maintained by the very error for the correction of which they had been established. The horrors of the Bastille have, it is said, been exaggerated, but the dungeons of Bicêtre, then one of those unsavoury heterogeneous constructions of which we have spoken, less well known, on the outskirts of the capital, fifteen feet underground, three by five feet in circumference, ventilated by means of small holes cut in zigzag through walls twenty feet thick, were in common use. Entrance to Liancourt could nowhere be denied, and he made the rounds of these multiform institutions, whose condition he reported to the King and Assembly, and the chief result of which was the organisation of the Comité de Mendicité, founded under the Constituent Assembly in 1790, of which Liancourt was the first president. This was the most colossal scheme of social organisation and assistance ever attempted. Their aim was no less than to free society from its material ills. There were to be no homeless orphans, no sick denied health through want, or infirm in need of comfortable environment, no labourers who lacked work, or aged without means. The plan, undertaken on scientific principles, embraced the entire

* Mémoire by Tesson, 1786. Reports of the Académie des Sciences, September 7, 1787, and of the Académie de Chirurgie, July 11, 1788. Dénonciations des principaux abus de l'Hôtel-Dieu de Paris à l'Assemblée générale des citoyens, Paris, 1789.

span of man's life. No longer an isolated being, both patronage and charity flung aside, respected and self-respecting, and delivered from the nightmare of destitution and disgrace, he was to be protected and to protect.

The generous spirit of '89 had created the Comité de Mendicité; the ebb of the Revolution saw its fall. The National Assembly could pass admirable resolutions, decree sweeping reforms, and institute magnificent projects which, in the chaotic state of affairs, could not be realised and, with the establishment of the Directory, the Comité, which which had been legislated now for, and now against, throughout the intervening years, was finally abandoned by the government. Its work, however, was not altogether in vain. The idea of secular assistance had been evolved. Charity hitherto in its history had been exclusively controlled and jealously guarded by the Church, which kept fast hold of its vast clientèle of orphans and aged. The Revolution brought the campaign of kings against priestly aggression to a head, and one of its effects was the rescue of charity from the hands of the Church.

History is the great teacher. One would wish that Liancourt might have seen a more immediate and definite result of his labour, but if he suffered disappointment, he never lost faith in the ultimate success of his undertakings. He asked for fifty million francs; to-day two hundred and forty-three millions are annually spent by the Government on public assistance.

The constructive period ceased with the Revolution, expansion with the Empire. The great drama was at an end, and Liancourt's energies, henceforth, were bent toward preserving and directing those works which remained. The School of the Mountain of Liancourt, in the general reversal of things, had been taken from his control and transferred to Compiègne, where it became purely military, and from thence to Châlons, where, placed again under his direction, it regained its original technical character. It was his hope, by means of this and similar institutions, to build up a body of skilled workmen for the State, trained in the arts and trades. Appreciating the importance of the scientific movement, he seemed to be intuitively aware of the approaching developement of steam and electricity, and its results in the expansion of labour. The present industrial army of mechanics, electricians, engineers and metallurgists is the proof of the truth of his theories and of the wisdom of his foresight.

His last years were the most fully occupied of all. The haphazard charities of the old régime had been thrown aside by the men of '89 to give place to the scientific movement. This too had succumbed, and the poor found themselves everywhere abandoned. To meet the pressing need of the moment, soup kitchens were opened in 1800, and public dispensaries were established, modelled after those in the United States. Napoleon put down begging with an iron hand, his interest in charity was small, yet the societies which had sprung from the Revolution were gradually resuscitated.

During the Hundred Days Napoleon threw largess right royally to the people. Never was a time richer in projected social reforms, or wider legislation undertaken for education. Science was encouraged, inventors offered rewards, free education voted and normal schools were opened. Man of peace, Liancourt had endeavoured to reconcile the Restoration with the Revolution, as he had the Empire, but he was apprehensive of the unsettled conditions which the return of Napoleon promised, yet, believing it a duty to accept office in a legislative body, and elected by a large majority, though he had absented himself from the elections, he took his seat in the Chamber of Representatives, where he collaborated with Carnot, Chaptal, Delessert, Lanjuinais, Berthollet, Laborde and Cuvier in the elaboration of the proposed liberties, an assemblage of idealists, who calmly proceeded with their task of framing the laws under the cannon of the invaders.

Liancourt and his associates paved the way for the modern Exposition by the establishment of the Conseil de Perfectionnement in 1817, over which he presided. The next year he provided schools at Liancourt for young children, girls and boys, and working men. The first savings bank was founded in Paris in this year, of which Liancourt was elected president by the directors, Baron de Staël, Ducros, Delessert, Rothschild and Reiset. A general interest was felt in this enterprise, which it was hoped would increase thrift among the working class. Its administration was then entirely gratuitous, large numbers of employees of business houses, and of the government, offering their services.

The most religious of men, Liancourt detested dogma and sectarianism. Saint-Simon, who was looked upon by many as the Apostle of the Revolution, attracted him at first as the advocate of labour and of peace, but as his ideas

developed and assumed a concrete shape, many of them proved to be utterly distasteful to Liancourt, who was neither a free-thinker nor a free-lover, and he announced his withdrawal from the number of his subscribers in a private letter which proved the nature of his sentiments: *

'Quel est mon étonnement et ma peine, lorsque aujourd'hui, ouvrant les cahiers . . . que vous venez de faire paraître et que je n'avais pas encore eu le temps de couper, j'y trouve des principes assurément étrangers au titre de l'ouvrage, des principes que je ne me permets pas de qualifier ici; des principes, enfin, qui n'ont été, ne sont, ni ne seront jamais les miens . . . J'ai donc l'honneur de vous prier, monsieur, de ne plus me considérer comme souscripteur de votre ouvrage, titre que je désavouerai hautement, car il m'est profondément pénible de voir mon nom à la tête d'un ouvrage où sont énoncés des principes que je blâme de toute ma force comme désorganisateurs de tout ordre social, comme incompatibles avec la liberté telle que je la conçois et que je l'aime.'

The Société de Morale Chrétienne, founded in 1821, was the last body over which Liancourt presided. An attempt to eliminate dogma and to harmonise the different Christian communities, it had followers among both Roman Catholics and Protestants. The Duc d'Orléans and his son, the Duc de Chartres, were members, and it became an influential association, so much so, indeed, that it was feared and disliked both by the Restoration and the Church.

Unlike most men, Liancourt's convictions did not abate with years, and he was more democratic in old age than in youth. After the fall of Decazes, he joined de Broglie, Royer-Collard, La Fayette, Benjamin Constant and Camille Jordan in their struggle for civil rights and religious freedom. For this reason, perhaps, a final misfortune overtook him. At any rate, neither steady compliance with ancient forms nor advanced years saved him from the persistent malevolence of the Court party, and at the age of seventy-six he was deprived, in a single day, of the direction of seventeen public offices which he held gratuitously. Education, industry, philanthropy, all suffered alike. The spread of vaccination on the Continent, and a corresponding decrease in the death-rate, had been due to his efforts. The Comité de la Vaccination, of which he was president, was now suppressed. It was a disgrace which, like that of his grandfather, the Duc Alexandre, only called attention to his superiority. He retired to his château, where he

* Liancourt to Saint-Simon, Oct. 20, 1817.

lived tranquilly with his books in the wing which before the Revolution had been the servants' quarters. The property may be seen to-day much as it then was, shorn of its ancient grandeur, but put to a use which would have gratified the Duke, for the buildings which are left are occupied by a school modelled after the English public schools, with their vigorous sports, and healthy and practical views of life. The magnificent forest trees had been felled, by his orders, to give place to tilled fields where he carried on his agricultural studies and labours as if the astounding events of the Revolution and Empire had been mere episodes. A small garden, after the English style, was the only vestige which remained of the brilliant parterres, and a mimic lake alone of the fountains, cascades, and ornamental waters which formerly adorned the palace, whose right wing and stately façade he also had demolished. He returned to Paris early in March, 1827, to support a measure for the liberty of the press, and there his death occurred on the 23rd of the month.

The Duke was not permitted a peaceful burial. The students of Châlons had been granted permission to be his pall-bearers, and in a contest which arose between them and the troops whom the government, fearing a political demonstration, had ordered to be present, the coffin fell to the ground and was broken open. The scandal was great. The public and both Chambers denounced the Ministry, which, to satisfy the outcry, gave up the contention which had brought Liancourt to Paris. His tomb is to be seen in the park at Liancourt, and his statue in the village square. In 1880 the centenary of the School of the Mountain was celebrated and an inscription placed at its entrance, followed, two years later, by the erection of a monument at the bisection of the road which leads to it, commemorative of the school and its founder.

Liancourt had no literary pretensions, his writings having been undertaken solely to further utilitarian or philanthropical ends. 'Les Voyages dans les États-Unis d'Amérique,'* a journal of his travels, and containing observations on the structure of American society and institutions, is dedicated to his 'chère et malheureuse tante,' Madame d'Enville. The Duchess did not live to see it. The friend of every progressive measure, the admired companion of philosophers, the good angel of the poor, suffered imprisonment during

* Made in 1795, 1796 and 1797, in eight vols. Paris, 1800.

the Reign of Terror, was released in October 1794, and died soon after. 'Les Prisons de Philadelphie,' published in Philadelphia, Paris, and Amsterdam, went through several editions.* 'L'État des Pauvres,' being extracts from Sir Morton Eden's work, appeared in 1799, and was published by order of the Minister of the Interior. 'Le Système Anglais d'Instruction,' an abridgement of Lancaster's work, was brought out in 1815. These, with a multitude of reports, speeches, and official documents, make up the sum of his writings.

The life of the Duc de La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt is one of those which bind together ancient and modern times and weave them into an harmonious whole. Born under the old régime, and living well into the following century, he belonged to both periods, had an affinity with both, and in both took a prominent part. Courtier, soldier, economist, philanthropist, he was a many-sided man and, though a practical man of business, an enthusiast who, as is the fortune of such, often saw his idols shattered. An advocate of the Revolution which destroyed Louis XVI. and the monarchy, he was the sincere and affectionate friend of the King and a defender of his crown; duke and peer, he experienced the distress, and was treated with the ignominy, of an enemy to his own order. What an instance of the difficulties of life in France at that time!

Straightforward and supremely unselfish, his character is readily understood. Simple and clear, his was a mind which is easy to grasp; philosophical abstractions were nothing to him, and he was neither a romanticist nor a visionary; but he was a man of action, a zealous officer, a landholder who lived on his land, an incorruptible courtier, whose sense of justice led to the attempt of correcting the abuses he saw in his daily life among his soldiers, his peasants, and at Court. His life illustrates the most curious phase of history, for, as we have said, his is not a singular figure in his age. For the first time an aristocracy is seen engaged in the practical consideration of ameliorating the condition of the lower classes. Liancourt was a leading spirit in a considerable group of aristocrats whose political sympathies connected them with the reformers and the liberal party; in addition, Liancourt's mental bias drew him towards the scientists, and his benevolent disposition towards philanthropy. As his life neared its end

* 1796, 1799, 1800, 1819.

his advanced years, his illustrious birth, the consistent part he had played in the Revolution and in exile, his manufacturing and agricultural experiments, his popular schools and moralist propaganda, his charities, even his disgrace, and, above all, his patient and undaunted persistence in following out his practical ideals, combined to give him an unique place and influence in all grades of society.

Such is a brief sketch of the remarkable career of a great democratic duke, an ardent patriot and life-long reformer who willingly impoverished himself for his king and for his country. In sympathy with the fundamental ideas which produced the Revolution, his practical and reasonable temperament prevented him from becoming a partaker in its excesses; he stopped at constitutional measures, and his individual efforts at reform had the effect of causing him to be regarded with suspicion at Court whilst gaining no influence with the Revolutionary party. It has always been the same in great crises; the moderate reformer is crushed between the two millstones, and Liancourt is a signal example of this in his own age and country. The story of his memorable life is illustrative of the general historical axiom that the main trend of events is not to be controlled by a few eminent men, no matter how single-minded; for, after all, did Liancourt modify or alter in the slightest degree the course of the French Revolution?

Art. X.—THE PLAYS OF MR. BERNARD SHAW.

1. *Plays: Pleasant and Unpleasant.* London: Grant Richards. 1893.
2. *Three Plays for Puritans: The Devil's Disciple, Cæsar and Cleopatra, and Captain Brassbound's Conversion.* London: Grant Richards. 1901.
3. *Cashel Byron's Profession.* London: Grant Richards. 1901.
4. *Man and Superman.* A Comedy and a Philosophy. Westminster: Constable. 1903.
5. *John Bull's Other Island.* Court Theatre. 1904.

An occasional illumination is thrown on the humble position occupied in the world by British art from the discovery, in cities where art is seriously esteemed, of a reputation won by British artists who are almost without significance to the public of their own country. One is especially thinking in this connexion of artists in the more particular sense of the term—since it is through the arts of painting and sculpture that as a nation our meagre artistic influence is exerted—and of painters whose names were familiar in Paris, Munich and Vienna before they had begun to be looked for in London galleries. But of quite recent years the list of those of whom their own land had not learned to be worthy has been enlarged by the name of an architect of drama, an art which had seemed the least likely to furnish an example to the foreigner.

Of course, one is aware that British dramatists of our day have been acted in foreign capitals, and that British musical comedies may be met in their own adulterated tongue in the unlikeliest parts of Europe. But the fullest recognition of such exchanges does not affect one's vision of this country protected, so far as its theatrical industries are concerned, from the wit, the wisdom, the genius of other peoples by the tariff of an astounding stupidity, and with its manufactures regarded on foreign shores, until they have proved their competence, with the suspicions accorded to the destitute alien. Plays that have, abroad, so taken the fancy of the people as to be given as holiday attractions are here only to be discovered in the attenuated repertoire of some dramatic society; while, on the other hand, our great commercial successes are too defaced by their hall-mark of

insularity to be seriously considered by the Continental connoisseur.

These reflections explain one's surprise in finding a British dramatist honoured outside his own country, and explain, too, one's certainty of finding him considered of little account within it. Such a description, despite what has been done to expound him during the last two years, scarcely expresses the dark ignorance of the common playgoer—the person by whom successes are financed and eccentricities discouraged—regarding Mr. Bernard Shaw. His credit in other countries would naturally count for nothing, since in England the paying students of drama are about the most insular of its inhabitants, and know nothing dramatically of what happens in any country but their own. They remember him, if at all, as the author of two or three exasperations at which they had the ill-luck to be present, and in which they were continually mistaking the cues for tears and laughter, and on their ignorance or disaffection the efforts of Mr. Shaw's appreciators have so far been spent in vain. His appearances, with but few exceptions, have been short and sudden, like the flights of a night-bird by day—not an inappropriate simile for the apparition of a dramatist in the afternoon; and despite the approval which those flights have won, no manager has of late reckoned the intelligence of London sufficient to support them for a profitable period in an evening bill; and the common play-goer, who is a night-bird also, has thus been debarred from forming an opinion of Mr. Shaw's more recent work.

The misapprehension which at present separates the public of the theatre from Mr. Shaw has been by him variously and vivaciously accounted for; so variously, indeed, that the reader may be pardoned for failing to realise why 'a reasonable, patient, consistent, apologetic, 'laborious person,' as he describes himself, has gleaned so lean an armful from fields which have proved to other reasonable and laborious people a source of profit. It might seem ridiculous in dealing with a dramatist to preface an inquiry into the quality of his work by a question as to his social or political leanings, because the artist is commonly, and for the most part rightly, regarded as concerned rather with results than with causes, and as having no more constructive interest in morality than has a portrait painter in dressmaking. He is the chronicler of appearances, and though his production may be raw material for the moralist it is so only as authentic evidence to the fact.

But Mr. Shaw is an artist of the other type. He is a dramatist because he is a moralist. For art's sake he would have nothing to do with art. He ranges himself beside the men with a message—with Blake, with Bunyan, with Micah the Morasthite. That would appear a very promising position from which to interest a public that worries itself considerably about the moral intent of art. Unfortunately, however, the public and Mr. Shaw have different conceptions of morality. The dramatist's desire is to make things moral; the public's, to keep them so. The difference is disastrous when worked out in art. For while the public deems nothing needed by the social structure but the decencies of repair, Mr. Shaw's thoughts are in the basement bent on abolition. Not that he is a mere iconoclast; he has a constructive scheme of his own, but it is one that necessitates rebuilding from the foundations. And inevitably this preoccupation of the mind's eye with an architecture of the future makes it a somewhat unsympathetic critic of the fabrics at present occupying the ground.

That is, so far as the popular estimate is concerned, his most obvious dramatic disability as a Socialist. He is interested in a new order of things; his public, in the old; and though his very sense of the necessity for that new order makes his trenchant commentary intellectually acceptable, his moral attitude, or as the public, having a different one, would say, his immoral attitude, is a source of continual exacerbation, and his treatment of the emotions consequently suggests either a complete petrifaction of 'feeling' or a wanton and sardonic trifling with the susceptibilities of others. Not that Socialism as a constructive theory is directly responsible for more than the acute and humorous commentary which the plays offer on things as they are, since Mr. Shaw never puts his own seriousness—which is a very considerable affair—into direct conflict with that of the public. His touch is always lightest where his convictions are most involved.

But in his search for a system which shall reduce misgovernment to its least significant terms, and extend to civilisation the possibilities of progress, he has encountered the most serious discouragement from those self-constituted allies of the moral forces which finally usurp in common esteem the functions of morality itself; and it is his scorn of these, of their formalism and hypocrisy, that makes him seem to the ignorant in his most earnest moments an immoral trifler, and his treatment of their false conventions

estranges him integrally from sympathies which would consider him as an artist complacently enough.

The chief of these discouragements seems to have come from that romantic idealism which is worn as an excuse or a concealment by almost everything that is respectably wrong in the world. It serves as a cloak alike for religion and crime, and affords the deadliest opposition to the reformer from its plausible refutation of there being anything to reform. Mr. Shaw is in consequence its unrelenting enemy. He regards romance 'as the great heresy 'to be swept off from art and life—as the food of modern 'pessimism and the bane of modern self-respect,' and declares that 'idealism, which is only a flattering name for romance 'in politics and morals,' is as obnoxious to him as romance in ethics or religion.

Now, perverse as such views may seem to those who never have taken the road beside a reformer, they will be recognised as inevitable by those who have. The first sacrifice to be made to the new perfection is inexorably the old one. It is not the abomination of outworn systems that opens the way to the melting-pot, but their charm, their beauty, the esteem in which they have been held. So far one can sympathise with Mr. Shaw. A man's foes, when it comes to reform, must be those of his own household, his tenderest fancies, his dearest illusions, his most romantic faith. But with the optimism which would lead one to expect from Socialism, from 'Shavism,' or from any ethical system a cure for romantic hypocrisy it is not so easy to satisfy one's misgivings. It is perhaps hardly fair to charge such optimism to Mr. Shaw's account, except so far as optimism must inevitably be accredited to an ardour for reform. 'The 'Revolutionist's Handbook,' with which Mr. John Tanner insults the respectability of his friends, does not suggest, by its sage views of what has passed for progress, any grounds for palpitating expectancy of what the future may bring forth. But despite the sound sense and keen insight of that remarkable document, its vicarious author must by his very determination to abolish romantic ideals appear a romantic idealist to those who cherish them; just as, on the other hand, Leo Tolstoy is reckoned an idealist, and not a very sane one, because he has attempted to translate romantic theories of conduct into a practicable rule of life, after the two have been separated by the usage of centuries.

Thus Mr. Shaw, as the advocate of a system which has not yet suffered the disintegration of service, stands in the

position of the apostles of Christianity before the Pentecost, or the disciples of Mohammed before the Hegira. The separation of Socialism into profession and practice has not yet begun, its romantic ideals seem still realities because they have not yet been realised; and in dealing with the romantic theories of others he is protected from apology for the unsatisfactory developement of his own. But this security from the need for extenuation or defence leaves Mr. Shaw a little too obviously in the air when dealing as a dramatist of the unities with the Human Comedy. So that it is not surprising that those who live and love in an atmosphere of romantic ideals, and other interesting follies, should find irritation in the criticism of a creature so airily invulnerable, who can enjoy the fullest repute as a preacher without being under an obligation, until he convert the State, to endure the commonplace inconveniences of practice. They may, however, find consolation in the assurance that Mr. Shaw pays much more dearly in popularity for his contemptuous treatment of romance, whether it be the romance of sex, of polity, or of religion, than for any other of his intellectual persuasions.

And it is that derision of the romantic convention, latent in so many of his situations, that offends, rather than any direct assault upon it. 'Arms and the Man' is the most obvious and sustained affront he has perpetrated on the romance of sex. In Raina and her lover he puts romance on a pedestal in order to mock it the more effectively; and yet such treatment has probably alienated the sentimentalist far less than his ruthless ignoring of the romantic motive in many others of his plays. An attitude of amused acquiescence in the sweet conceit of sentiment is not the objective at which Mr. Shaw aims. He knows that the most romantic of us can laugh at romance without our allegiance thereto being in the least disturbed. But disturbance is his continual aim, the supplanting of complacent tolerance by disgust. He must be aware how much such an objective costs him in theatrical effect, how cold and lean all culminations seem which can make no appeal to inherent feeling. But theatrical effect is to him a very secondary consideration; his plays have 'all the modern improvements,' but not at the expense of their author's message. And so he is not content to let romance, that great grave goose, lay in its own way those golden eggs for him which are such treasures of humour, and posturing, and tender folly. That was Cervantes' way; and the fact that his lean

Knight is still, after three hundred years of errant absurdity, so romantic a figure might well condemn mere laughter as an instrument of execution. Mr. Shaw certainly seems so to consider it, and the humour which he extracts from romance gives too often the impression of being obtained by a surgical operation, which, however much it may be to his purpose as a reformer, does not assist him as a dramatist; and one is occasionally forced to regret before a play is ended that in his ardour to prove romance ridiculous he has too early sacrificed his golden goose.

Yet how dependent the playwright must be even on the emotions at which he mocks, when they are of almost universal distribution, is illustrated by the excuse by which in 'Arms and the Man' Bluntschli, that protagonist of the prosaic, is brought a second time on the scene. He describes himself, to explain his reappearance with the coat he might so much more easily have sent, as 'a man who has spoiled 'all his chances in life by an incurably romantic disposition.' It is possible that Mr. Shaw offers him Raina's hand and her fanciful heart as a punishment and final cure for that disposition. All things are possible to Mr. Shaw, and there are few things that are inconvenient. He has shown us, for instance, how tenderly he can treat romance when it serves his purpose. No more delicate or sympathetic rendering of character could be instanced than his portraits of Eugene Marchbanks and Peter Keegan, the dreamy timid poet and the mad Irish priest. It is true, of course, and makes an obvious retort, that one of the characters, so sympathetically drawn, is described by the sturdy Socialist parson as a 'little 'snivelling cowardly whelp,' and the other has been deprived, on the score of mental weakness, of his cure of souls; and it might be argued that Mr. Shaw is but showing his contempt for the romantic intellect by allotting it to men for whom one must feel rather pity than respect. Yet though neither poet nor priest is strong in a theatrical sense, being quite without capacity for heroic bluster, these quiet 'captains of their souls' have a way of making the strenuous forces of the world look foolish by sheer comparison with their independence; and it is rather a tribute to Mr. Shaw's impartiality than proof of his contempt for romance that he has endowed with such charm and drawn with such appreciation the most romantic figures that he has placed on the stage.

One other peculiarity of Mr. Shaw's work may be mentioned as affecting adversely the popularity of his writings

—his treatment of that attraction between the sexes which may be regarded as the tortoise on which the cosmic elephant of the drama stands. Here again we have to face a consequence of his Socialism, since such dreams as he permits himself to entertain about the future are founded on a very considerable readjustment of our views on the methods and possibilities of parentage. He sees that, unless the new conditions are concerned primarily with the production of new material, Socialism will suffer the disintegration which has overtaken all the systems of the past. And since superhumanity can only be evolved from the inclinations, wisely directed, which, left to haphazard, have been responsible for humanity, his eye is alert for such evidences of inclination as will foster the developements on which his dreams depend. In this way he has made acquaintance with the Life Force, alike the terror and admiration of John Tanner, and, realising the more important part that woman plays in its operations, has so magnified her instigation that he seems, to a public not inquisitive about 'forces,' to have endowed her with functions which, if they were ever hers, were hers in such rare cases and such insignificant proportions as not to justify any dramatist of judgement in stating a case.

Such a contention, however, could not be upheld by honest comparison. Even Shakespeare, who cannot be accused of insusceptiveness to woman's most feminine attraction, has left us quite a gallery of women who were wooers. Has not Juliet been called by a German critic 'the Moltke 'of love,' from the fashion in which she storms one after another of Romeo's positions? Did not Helena, 'out of 'breath in this fond chase,' follow Demetrius, despite his protest 'I love thee not, therefore pursue me not'? Was there any pretext for Miranda's cry, 'I would not wish any 'companion in the world but you. I am your wife if you 'will marry me'? Portia gives very unjudicial assistance to Bassanio's suit. Olivia vows to Viola that nothing 'can my 'passion hide.' Rosalind assures Orlando that by wrestling 'you have overthrown more than your enemies.' Even poor Desdemona is not too bashful to offer Othello a 'hint.' And had not the song of which Autolycus declared that 'there's scarce a maid westward but she sings it' the compromising title of 'Two maids wooing a man'?

Mr. Shaw can thus claim any support he requires from an admittedly competent observer; but where Shakespeare produced a sense of variety by his women wooers, Mr. Shaw's insistence on the tendency produces an effect of sameness.

'The men,' he tells us, 'to protect themselves against a 'too aggressive prosecution of the women's business, have 'set up a feeble romantic convention that the initiative in 'the sex business must always come from the man, . . . but 'the pretence is so shallow that even in the theatre, that last 'sanctuary of unreality, it imposes only on the inex-'perienced.' 'And so,' he explains further, in offering 'Man and Superman' to Mr. Walkley, 'your Don Juan has 'come to birth as a stage projection of the tragi-comic love-'chase of the man by the woman; and my Don Juan is the 'quarry instead of the huntsman.'

But his presentment of that love-chase had not to await the writing of a Don Juan play. We find Blanche Sartorius in pursuit of her unconscious quarry in the very earliest of the plays, running him to earth in a scene where, after they have stood 'face to face, quite close to one another, she 'provocative, taunting, half defying, half inviting him to 'advance, in a flush of undisguised animal excitement' she 'flings her arms round him, and crushes him in an ecstatic 'embrace . . . with furious tenderness.' It is in much the same spirit that Julia Craven, who has pursued the Philanderer almost literally with claws and teeth, shakes him 'in a paroxysm half of rage, half of tenderness, . . . 'growling over him like a tigress over her cub.' Nor was Charteris hunted by Julia only; as he explains plaintively to her father, Grace Tranfield is also determined to marry him, and to her he complains that 'at no time have I taken 'the initiative and persecuted women with my advances as 'women have persecuted me.'

Louka lays her snares unblushingly for the sentimental Sergius, and traps him under the very eyes of her mistress and his. Even Raina, while still engaged and romantically devoted to one man, slips her photograph into the coat she lends another, as a souvenir of the night on which he took refuge in her bedroom, and thereby eventually brings him to her feet. And, indeed, her fumes and furies and gratified 'How dare you's!' bring her methods very much into line with her maid's.

'The Man of Destiny' is confessedly 'only a bravura 'piece,' written rather to display virtuosity than character, yet it is here again from the lady that suggestion comes, when, the clash of conflict over, she asks, in reply to Napoleon's expressed faith in his star: 'Do you know that 'the English say that a man's star is not complete without 'a woman's garter?'

Gloria Clandon is in the direct succession from Julia Craven; a Julia several years younger and only just awakened, but with the same imperious and amusing qualities. She tries with clenched fists to strike her lover on the very day she meets him; has a scene with him much in the manner of Blanche Sartorius, in which she alternately repels him with her insolence and is 'appalled to see him slipping 'from her grasp'; and finally fixes on the panic-stricken and reluctant Valentine an imaginary offer of marriage by which she contrives he shall be bound.

Perhaps it would be hardly fair to count Judith Anderson among the huntresses. She was scarcely of the type, despite her bid for Richard Dudgeon, and she could at least plead a profound emotional disturbance in extenuation.

Cleopatra, one of the professional Dianas, may be disqualified historically from appearing as a proof of tendency, though Mr. Shaw's Cleopatra has very little to do with history, and her presence in his galley would still have to be explained.

After Cleopatra, there are only Ann Whitefield and Nora Reilly, since our knowledge of Violet Malone's methods of pursuit is limited to a painful suspicion, roused by her playing with the quarry she has already caught. The case against Nora rests almost entirely on the condition of trepidation to which her letters for eighteen years have reduced Larry Doyle. Their importunity must have been, one imagines, of the mildest; and though her victim would have given 50*l.* to escape it on every occasion, it produces no effect on his limply obdurate heart. Nora is one of the twenty-four hour victims, or perhaps one should say victors, of whom Mr. Shaw is somewhat fond; but if she took a conscious hand in the subjugation of Tom Broadbent its touch was too light to be counted against her.

Ann we may consider a summing-up of the heroines who have gone before, and as probably a forecast of those to come. She is frankly typical of feminine tendencies, supplying, as Everywoman, a pendant to the Everyman of the old Dutch morality. As such she tempers the vitality, the life force of Blanche, of Julia, and of Gloria, with a suavity and discretion with which they are not eminently endowed. She is unmistakeably a huntress, but she does not, as they, rattle ominously her quiver within earshot of the game. She tracks her prey as persistently as the merlin or the ferret, but she does so without making the pursuit remarkable, even though John Tanner, sure as the finch or the

rabbit of the doom behind him, almost advertises the chase by his attempts to escape. 'It is a woman's business,' he declares, 'to get married as soon as possible, and a man's 'to keep unmarried as long as he can. Marriage is to me 'apostasy, profanation of the sanctuary of my soul, violation 'of my manhood, sale of my birthright, shameful surrender, 'ignominious capitulation, acceptance of defeat. I shall 'decay like a thing that has served its purpose and is done 'with; I shall change from a man with a future to a man 'with a past.' These piteous arguments have, however, no effect on the intentions of the woman to whom they are presented. She is indifferent what John Tanner becomes, provided he becomes hers. She discloses to him, at the supreme moment, as a hunter paralyses his quarry with the fascination of despair, for how long and how widely her snares have been laid; but with all her pleading she cannot drag from him an offer of marriage, and only secures him by pretending to accept one publicly before she faints.

Now with Ann, or with any other of her attractive prototypes, one has no quarrel. In their way—and their way may seem sufficiently charming to those who do not suffer, as Mr. Shaw's heroes, from the terrors of feminine solicitude—they are undoubtedly representative, yet one cannot but feel that to such representation an undue prominence has been given. Mr. Shaw might plead the universality of the type to his understanding, but he is ready to admit that though in theory Ann is Everywoman, in dull practice there may be a good many women who are not Ann; and one realises in review that one would have liked to see something more of the other women, since, omitting the questionable characters already mentioned, there are only two marriageable women of importance in all his plays, Vivie Warren and Cicely Waynflete, who are not imitations or exaggerations of Ann. The consequence is not only a certain monotony of experience, but, since Ann is the symbol of creative vitality, an impression of feminine energy which the world affords only to the prophetic seer, the reproduction of which upon the stage gives to the mere sightseer a sense of being surrounded with powerful and unfamiliar creatures which only occasionally resemble his experience of women. But stage comparison in such a matter is scarcely a fair test. Mr. Shaw aims at blood and bones; the convention of the day at romantic beauty. He draws the figure under the frock; and the other draws the frock over the figure. Of course there is

a wide difference in the results, and Mr. Shaw's women seem, by contrast with the type to which the stage accustoms us, inconveniently and inconsiderately alive.

One complains not of that, but of their all being alive in the same way. Even if we must have the huntress in such profusion, might we not have her with more variety in her modes of sport? The direct method of pursuit is not the only means by which game is taken, and the clenched fist of Blanche, of Julia, and of Gloria is not a woman's commonest method of closing with her prey. The very fact that man is, as a rule, quite unconscious of being hunted is proof that woman uses a more subtle and ingenious enterprise than is suggested by the apprehensions and elusions of Mr. Shaw's young men. The comparison which Shakespeare's heroines afford, though it supports Mr. Shaw's conception of the Life Force, overrules, if his ladies be its representative agents to-day, any congratulations we might be disposed to offer to feminine developement in the past three hundred years. 'Vitality in a woman,' declares John Tanner, 'is a blind fury of creation.' And Mr. Shaw seems determined to demonstrate that it is a crude fury as well.

He is rather pledged by his convictions thus to represent it, since any fineness or delicacy in a woman's methods, which is not deliberately assumed to deceive, would have to be credited to what in our 'romanticist cant' we ascribe to love. 'A woman seeking a husband,' says Don Juan, 'is 'the most unscrupulous of all the beasts of prey;' and Mr. Shaw explains this unscrupulousness as 'the total disregard 'of masculine fastidiousness with which the woman pursues 'her purpose;' adding that it does not occur to those who object to his presentment of it that 'if women were as 'fastidious as men, morally and physically, there would be 'an end of the race.' With so dominant an idea, and the conviction that the woman's need of a man 'does not prevail 'against him until his resistance gathers her energy to a 'climax, at which she dares to throw away her customary 'exploitations of the conventional affectionate and dutiful 'poses, and claim him by natural right for a purpose that 'far transcends their mortal personal purposes,' any dalliance with the romantic ingenuities of affection would be trifling indeed; and it is clear that Mr. Shaw's conception of the relation between the sexes will debar him from ever using as serious material in a play the sentimental traditions of the past, and that his limitations in treating feminine character are thus stringently prescribed by philosophic

considerations. Our drama, he declares, 'with all its pre-'occupation with sex, is really devoid of sexual interest,' and that 'though we have plenty of dramas with heroes 'and heroines who are in love and must accordingly marry 'or perish at the end of the play, . . . we have no modern 'English plays in which the natural attraction of the sexes 'is made the mainspring of the action.'

The result of supplying such a deficiency is a considerable novelty in the handling of conventional situations, which might be hastily assumed to be all in its favour. But though novelty may theoretically favour the dramatist, the encouragement it can expect on the English stage is very grudgingly extended to the treatment of types. Mr. Shaw has not discovered a new kind of woman, but he has so insisted on certain qualities as to make her look, at all events, like the reported discovery of one. He has complained, with reason, that people who have been much to the theatre have lost all sense of the unreality and insincerity of the romantic drama. 'They take,' he says, 'stage human nature for real human nature, whereas of 'course real human nature is the bitterest satire on stage 'human nature. The result is that when I try to put 'real human nature on the stage they think I am laughing 'at them. . . . I am simply writing natural history very 'carefully and laboriously; and they are expecting some-'thing else.' This difficulty of meeting these expectations he has explained in the past as due to the normality of his mental vision, which put him at a disadvantage, or at least in a difficulty, when supplying mental pictures for the abnormal apprehension of the average man. 'My mind's 'eye,' he declares, 'saw things differently from other 'people's, and saw them better. . . . All I had to do was 'to open my normal eyes, and with my utmost literary 'skill put the case exactly as it struck me, or describe the 'thing exactly as I saw it, to be applauded as the most 'humorously extravagant paradoxer in London.'

This account of the matter may seem as freakish as the product it affects to explain; yet the attribution of work so searching and provocative to deliberate perversity is really far more fantastic than to credit its author with a particular gift of vision. When the consequences of that vision were revealed to him, and the barriers it imposed between himself and success, 'I was,' he says, 'so prodigiously self-'satisfied with my superiority, so flattered by my abnormal 'normality, that the resource of hypocrisy never occurred

'to me.' There seems no reason to mistrust so frank a statement; he determined to exploit his individuality for all it was worth, and to use the fortunate fact that he had 'no taste for what is called popular art, no respect for 'popular religion, no admiration for popular heroics,' to produce work on the simplest terms with himself which should not attempt to conceal how differently he understood life from the average respectable man. He has recently, as men do under the pressure of notability, given a somewhat more serious colour to his objective, and it is very possible that the colour has come, as colour does, with time; for in his two latest plays the 'intellectually 'conscious philosopher and skilled critic' has had a larger share in direction than the 'natural-born mountebank' with the cart and trumpet; but such a developement involves no incompatibility with his previous assertion, and however much he may differ from their conclusions and dislike their assumptions, no honest student of Mr. Shaw's plays can believe them to be the result of a mere desire to startle or miss the keen industry of thought and the strong flight of purpose which underlie the brilliancy of their surface or the apparent lightness of their themes.

Mr. Shaw, on the strength of some five stories, four of which are still, thanks to piratical America, 'insisting on 'their right to live,' must be reckoned among those who have turned from the novel to the play. These represent the lighter side of his literary energy from 1879 to 1883, and made their first appearance in propagandist magazines devoted to the circulation of Socialism. The last of them, 'An Unsocial Socialist,' was praised by William Morris, and its predecessor, 'Cashel Byron's Profession,' roused the interest of W. E. Henley and Louis Stevenson. More material sponsors no novice could desire, yet Mr. Shaw still shudders at the narrowness of his escape 'from becoming a successful 'novelist at the age of twenty-six.' Despite his tremors, it is difficult to believe that the escape was of much consequence. The escape which Mr. Shaw could not achieve was from himself; and whatever other company he might have kept would have probably made little difference to the ultimate delivery of his criticism of life or to his capacity for rendering experience intelligible, though it might have altered the opportunity or rearranged the mode.

His escape from the perils of success was, however, for the time a complete one, and nine years intervened between his exit as a novelist and his reappearance with a play. The

interval was occupied by several essays in Fabianism and much municipal and hard journalistic work as a critic of painting, music, and the stage. 'I once,' he tells us, 'dealt 'with music and pictures together in the spare time of an 'active young revolutionist, and wrote plays and books and 'other toilsome things into the bargain.' The work nearly killed him, but without it his view would have been less complete of man's romantic activities, those love-songs and paintings and poems of the artist with whom Don Juan tells us 'I had great delight for many years, and some profit: 'for I cultivated my senses for his sake; and his songs 'taught me to hear better, his paintings to see better, 'and his poems to feel more deeply.'

The fact is worth insistence, because since Mr. Shaw is so declared a foe of romanticism it is well to realise that he had a very exceptional opportunity of becoming acquainted with its exposition. In the meanwhile, that is in 1885, he had composed with Mr. William Archer two acts of a play, in which he tells us he had perversely distorted his collaborator's thoroughly planned scheme for a sympathetically romantic 'well-made play' into a grotesquely realistic 'exposure of slum landlordism, municipal jobbery, and the 'pecuniary and matrimonial ties between them and the 'pleasant people of "independent" incomes who imagine 'that such sordid matters do not touch their own lives.' To this, the distortion not having proved to Mr. Archer's taste, he added a third act, and offered it to Mr. Grein in 1892 for performance at his 'Independent Theatre,' an enterprise, following the presentation of Ibsen by the 'New 'Theatre,' to provide some intellectual food for playgoers, if any, in London who might require it. Under the title of 'Widowers' Houses' it was produced at the Royalty and made a sensation, the almost incredibleness of which to-day proves in what complacent somnolence the British stage of a dozen years ago was steeped. It had but just taken its dose of Ibsen, a small dose certainly, but enough, one would have thought, to save it from hysterics over Mr. Shaw. Hysterics were indeed about all the author reaped from the performance, but even for the renown of hysteria he was sufficiently grateful. The outraged playgoer hooted him frantically at the first performance, the newspapers abused his work for a fortnight in reviews, leading articles, and letters. On this encouragement he at once set to work, and produced 'The Philanderers' in the following year, a topical comedy owing its conception to the prominence of

Ibsenism and the reappearance of the 'New Woman.' But the play made histrionic demands exceeding Mr. Grein's resources, and Mr. Shaw, throwing it aside, reverted to that illumination of social abuses which had roused such an uproar round his first attempt, and produced in the same year 'Mrs. Warren's Profession.'

With 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' the censor refused absolutely to have anything to do. There is nothing that provides a finer irony of foolishness than the moral censorship of literature, whether it be exercised by the American custom house, by our own State officials, or the motherly and hurried 'readers' of lending libraries. No amount of good faith and business capacity seems able to save them from making fools of themselves, from certifying as sound the most impudent sensuality, and proving more damning than the devil to the intrepidity of virtue. A play with a finer moral determination than 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' has not been produced in Europe during the last twenty years; but its path to the conscience of the British public was at once blocked by the Reader of Plays, and not for eight years was a performance possible, and then only to the special audience provided by the Stage Society. But though there was no public to be piloted past its dangerous doors, the press howled at the production with an even more frenzied horror than had been evoked nine years earlier by 'Widowers' Houses.' 'Anyone,' says Mr. Shaw, 'can upset 'the theatre critics, in a turn of the wrist, by substituting 'for the romantic commonplaces of the stage the moral 'commonplaces of the pulpit, the platform, or the library.' Also it is easy to understand the objections of art critics to a play which must provoke either a sense or a pretence of shame. Sincere shame must plead for reform; but it was less embroiling to plead for the reform of Mr. Shaw than of Mrs. Warren's profession, so the critics chose the pretence and made the most of their outraged delicacy. It is obvious, too, that critics whose moral discrimination is kept in abeyance by the hall-mark of propriety affixed by the King's Reader of Plays to all the dramatic work they witness are not best fitted for the office of assessors in morality.

These events, however, carry us forward too many years. Failing a licence, 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' had, like 'The 'Philanderers,' to be laid aside, and there seemed every probability that the 'New Drama' would justify the forecast of the scoffers by coming to an end for lack of plays. That, Mr. Shaw decided, was not to be endured. He had

rashly taken up the case, and, rather than let it collapse, manufactured the evidence. The evidence took the shape of a comedy, 'Arms and the Man.' It 'passed for a success,' was produced in 1894, and ran from April 21 to July 7, not, however, to paying houses. The distance separating the new play from its predecessor may seem considerable, but the two only deal with idealism in different ways. Fictitious glory in the one is treated with a more cheerful contempt than fictitious morality in the other, but the difference is only in the method of attack; romanticism is in both the objective.

'Candida,' which followed in 1895, but was not performed till two years later, when, in the repertory of the Independent Theatre, and accompanied by 'A Doll's House,' it toured the provinces, does however mark what may be almost termed a fresh departure. For here we have romanticism raising its head high enough at least to deliver a retort to Christian Socialism, and the Socialist, though consoled by the final award, a very doubtful winner. It is, indeed, only Socialism of the simpler sort that believes in the possibilities of repairs while you wait, and sees the kingdom of Heaven on earth beyond a not too considerable vista of municipal reform. And the romanticism is only a boy's earnest unripeness, which probably led him from Candida and the quest for happiness on to the dark road of the ultimate destiny of man. But it is the fine mixture of science and 'heart' in the style of the fighters, the hard hitting of the half-truth, the shock of assured defence with an unlooked-for counter, and, throughout, the fairness with which the ring is kept, that give to the contest dramatically its sustaining interest. The difficulty of casting the part of Eugene Marchbanks seems the chief reason for the play having had to wait so long for that appreciation which made it last year's 'success of the season' in New York.

'The Man of Destiny,' written in the same year, and performed a few times in 1897, though designed avowedly as a histrionic display will probably have, for that very reason, to wait even longer for popularity.

'You Never Can Tell,' which dates from 1896, was an attempt to comply with 'the popular preference for fun, 'fashionable dresses, a little music, and even an exhibition 'of eating and drinking by people with an expensive air, 'attended by an if-possible-comic waiter,' and the wonder is that a preference so brilliantly consulted has not responded

with more avidity. Styled a comedy, it approaches in the last act very close to farce; the spirit moving it has throughout an air of farcical lightness sobered by an incisive certainty and determination in the sketches of character. But it is just this hovering on the border of exaggeration which commercially is in the play's favour, for Mr. Shaw permits himself to be most amusing when not forced seriously to consider the source of his fun, and the public is so accustomed to farcical tragedy that its discrimination in comedy is scarcely worth considering. With 'You Never 'Can Tell' the series of 'Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant' come to an end. They constitute the assurance of his ability as a dramatist which their author felt bound to offer to the future before he was forty.

They were followed in 1899 by 'The Devil's Disciple,' the first of the three 'Plays for Puritans,' published two years later, which include 'Cæsar and Cleopatra' and 'Captain 'Brassbound's Conversion,' neither of which has yet found a place upon the stage. None of the three, which are somewhat incongruously covered by a common title, can challenge comparison effectively with the best of those that had gone before. Mr. Shaw may, in planning them, have followed entirely the bent of his inclinations, but they give the impression of a divided purpose, of an eye to public requirement, or perhaps not that so much as a restraining sense of public stupidity. In 'The Devil's Disciple' a budding melodrama seems to be taking refuge from its self-consciousness in a third act of farce. Mr. Shaw has, referring to the popular conception of his frivolity, instanced as a pledge of seriousness the earnestness and labour which the writing and production of a play involve. Now, though no thoughtful critic would deny the seriousness, the pledge seems to operate somewhat after the fashion of Miss Proserpine Garnett's, which she indignantly explained, on having broken it, only applied to the drink by which she was not tempted. 'I'm only a beer teetotaller,' she declares, 'not a champagne teetotaller. I don't like beer.' So Mr. Shaw's pledge of seriousness only seems to protect him from the heavy sort of humour to which he is not inclined. It offers him no assistance in shaking his head at the sparkle of wit. The third act of 'The Devil's Disciple' cannot, however, plead the intoxication of wit as an excuse. It suggests the effervescence of reckless high spirits from the comparative restraint of the two previous acts, and, by its change of manner, tampers unreasonably with the mood

which has been induced in the spectator. There is a good faith in art, which, when broken for insufficient purpose, affects the credit of the artist, and 'The Devil's Disciple' would have done more honestly to have frankly fulfilled in its conclusion the expectations it had aroused.

'Cæsar and Cleopatra' is partly a challenge to another play that includes Cleopatra, partly an outburst in spectacle, partly an attempt to construct for the stage that most elusive of its characters, the man of action. The comparison with 'Antony and Cleopatra,' since it is offered to Puritans, may be left to their decision. As himself a Puritan, Mr. Shaw objects to the ennoblement of the tragedies of passion; he would leave them where he chiefly finds them—in the public-house. 'The pleasures of the senses,' he says, 'I can sympathize with and share; but the substitution 'of sensuous ecstasy for intellectual activity and honesty 'is the very devil.' As spectacle, the play has many good moments, the best being the moonrise in the desert, where the girl Cleopatra lies asleep in her silks on a heap of red poppies, between the paws of the Sphinx, with the sound of the horns of Cæsar's army in the dark distance, and Cæsar himself, standing before the Mother of Enigmas, lost in contemplation. The monologue in which he addresses it is the least successful touch in the attempt to picture him; for the typical man of action is, if he be a talker, not a talker to himself, and the note of conscious introspection, if characteristic of Cæsar, does not assist the portrait given of him here, which is of a man cool, shrewd, strong and good-hearted, not obviously a great man or a great soldier, but more convincing in either capacity than Shakespeare's Julius, and with a tolerant and attractive humanity. The sense of action, which is proceeding vigorously elsewhere throughout the play, is but indifferently conveyed, and in their relations to it the principal characters exhibit, as is so often the case in military drama, an ignorance and lethargy which are almost ludicrous. Mr. Shaw cannot resist having his jest with Britannus, by making his British origin suggest all the prejudices of our modern propriety. He implores Cæsar to regard life seriously, to imitate the Briton in treating the wearing of clothes as a moral question, to change his wet garments before letting himself be seen in the fashionable part of Alexandria, and is shocked at the arrival of Cleopatra during a battle 'without the companionship of 'some matron.' It is the failure of the beer pledge once more as a protection from champagne.

'Captain Brassbound's Conversion' is the least interesting of Mr. Shaw's plays; it is by turns serious, farcical, and almost burlesque, and even the ingenuity of the effects and the vivacity of the character-drawing do not make the mixture agreeable; really the most notable thing about it is its phonetic rendering of cockney speech. It was somewhere near this time that Mr. Shaw reduced his novel 'Cashel Byron's Profession' into a mock heroic travesty in blank verse called 'The Admirable Bashville: or Constancy Unrewarded.' In burlesquing his own performances, a process he has also applied to 'Candida,' Mr. Shaw has rather an air of taking them too seriously, and of seeming, at the same time, over-anxious to forestall a charge of seriousness before it should be formulated in a burlesque by someone else. However admirable may be an attitude of humorous depreciation of one's own activities, this accentuation of an ability to deride them produces an impression of sensitiveness to the derision of others; nor can Mr. Shaw reasonably object to the charge of writing with his tongue in his cheek, considering the fondness he thus occasionally avows for putting it out at us.

'Man and Superman,' published two years ago, the longest of the plays, is made specially significant by a brilliant exposition of late 'Shavian' philosophy, wrapped up in three acts of light comedy, with which it has a somewhat tenuous connexion. The argument between Don Juan and the Devil, in which the Romantic Illusion is opposed by the philosophy of the Life Force, is the most solid piece of thinking in a play that Mr. Shaw has given us. It can be read apart from the comedy with little loss of emphasis, and the comedy can be played, and probably will be played, apart from it. The conclusions which it represents had not been reached by the author of 'Widowers' Houses.' He had indeed come a long way in those ten years, a distance strewn with the wreckage of what had served him then as a working creed. And yet one has a better chance of understanding him if one begins with him in Hades, and works back to Robbins' Row. Proceeding in the other and more natural way, one is apt to carry over to the account of his later years many of the crudities from which he had escaped, and so fail to do justice to his ultimate wider, wiser, and more exhilarating argument. Though risking the invalidity of such transpositions, we may consider Don Juan as a responsible interpreter of his author's advance, or at least as furnishing a finger-post to his destination.

His hell Juan describes as 'the home of honour, duty, 'justice, and the rest of the seven deadly virtues. All the 'wickedness on earth is done in their name: where else but 'in hell should they have their reward? Have I not told 'you that the truly damned are those who are happy in 'hell?'

Don Juan is not of these, and his argument with Ana, with the Statue, and the Devil is an apology for that hope in the Life to Come which sends him heavenward to bridge the gulf between, which the Devil describes as 'the difference 'between the angelic and diabolic temperament.' 'Hell,' Juan explains, 'is the home of the unreal and of the seekers 'after happiness. . . . In heaven you live and work instead 'of playing and pretending.' The Devil retorts that the Life Force which he desires to help in its struggle upward is an illusion, and that 'the power which governs the earth 'is not the power of Life but of Death.' But in man's capacity to conquer his cowardice and die for an idea Juan sees a force stronger even than death. He explains the need of man being made 'something more than the mere 'instrument of woman's purpose,' of being lured to an interest in the race by the offer of 'love, beauty, romance, 'emotion, passion, without their wretched penalties, their 'expenses, their worries, their trials, their illnesses and 'agonies and risks of death. . . . The plain-spoken 'marriage services of the vernacular churches will no 'longer be abbreviated and half-suppressed as indelicate. 'The sober decency, earnestness, and authority of their 'declaration of the real purpose of marriage will be honoured 'and accepted, whilst their romantic vowings and pledgings 'and until-death-do-us-partings and the like will be expunged 'as unbearable frivolities.' The Devil assures him that what he takes for the advance of ideas is but the oscillation of a pendulum, that 'men get tired of everything, of heaven no 'less than of hell. . . . Where you now see reform, progress, 'fulfilment of upward tendency, continual ascent by man 'on the stepping-stones of his dead selves to higher things, 'you will see nothing but an infinite comedy of illusion.'

But Juan is not to be detained. 'As long,' he says, 'as 'I can see something better than myself, I cannot be easy 'unless I am striving to bring it into existence or clearing 'the way for it. That is the law of my life. That is the 'working within me of life's incessant aspiration to higher 'organisation, wider, deeper, intenser self-consciousness, 'and clearer self-understanding. . . . That is what has

'made this place of eternal pleasures so deadly to me. It 'is the absence of this instinct in you that makes you that 'strange monster called a devil. It is the success with 'which you have diverted the attention of men from their 'real purpose, which in one degree or another is the same 'as mine, to yours, that has earned you the name of the 'Tempter.'

Hampered as such extracts from a close argument must be, and robbed thus of all the illumination of personality, they are given here at what may seem a too considerable length to induce those who have regarded their author as a trifler to lend to his philosophy a less prejudiced ear.

The comedy itself, which has the best first act that Mr. Shaw has written, is a summing up of themes which he has handled before, as Ann Whitefield, its heroine, is his epitome of woman. Its subject is once more the duel of sex, and the Superman is a very doubtful incident from its conclusion, drawn in as a title rather to cover Don Juan's philosophy and John Tanner's pamphlet than the tendency of the play.

'John Bull's Other Island,' produced last year, and in an intermittent afternoon manner still upbraiding the timidity of managers, completes the list for the present, and very much enlarges one's expectation of what Mr. Shaw may do. It differs not only from his previous achievements, but from theatrical method—a difference which prompted in the daily press the most incredible stupidities of condemnation.

It is impossible to think of anyone in England—difficult to be sure of anyone out of it—who could have used the material to which Mr. Shaw has confined himself, and not been either trivial or dull, for its title exactly defines the play; it is Ireland and nothing but Ireland, just so far as Ireland is John Bull's other island. It is an Ireland, for the moment no longer in revolt, an appeased but still apprehensive creature, with a mouth full of well-meant and ill-considered remedies, trying to purr itself into detachment and content. The old tyrannies above it are dissolving and passing away; the new tyrannies which were the old are being born again within it, in the glamour of Irish melancholy, by the ineptitude of Irish husbandry, and to the sound of Irish laughter. That is the whole story. For romance there are just a few tears and a few smiles from Nora Reilly, and for relief Broadbent's monstrous, benevolent, immovable stupidity, working unawares with its practical superiority the destruction of all it sentimentally admires. 'It is quite possible,' Mr. Shaw has said, 'for a piece to

'enjoy the most sensational success on the basis of a complete 'misunderstanding of its philosophy'; and it appears likely that the skill with which Mr. Shaw has reduced the main factors of Irish politics into four acts of a comedy will count for less in its success than the mastery of characterisation which makes one feel, while seeing it, like an eavesdropper on life.

The power of producing an impression of life which seems, and which is, more real than reality, may be counted Mr. Shaw's supreme gift as a dramatist. He chooses the elements of his histories with such skill that the mere collision of character produces drama with the swiftness and certainty of a chemical reaction. And thus his plays have the disarming quality of seeming to write themselves. It is by this reaction also that he obtains the spontaneous freshness of his humour, which emanates as a natural issue of personality and position, and owes much of its effect to a combination of plausibility and unexpectedness.

He has, of course, an unusual gift for selecting the essence of speech, and contriving to pass it off as the most ordinary solution; so that his dialogue, in which there is scarcely an insignificant word, reads like any brightly trivial conversation, the simple outcome of the situation on the characters, and, for all its conciseness, its force, and often its brilliancy, hardly ever betrays a hint of the elaborate artifice, the telling intention. But behind the ability to write such dialogue is the far more important power of conceiving a theme possessing inherent energy of developement, and peopling it with the essential intelligences for its working out. It is this power that makes 'Mrs. Warren's Profession' so great a play, practically without dependence on a single theatrical device for heightening emotion. It is a play full of the common tragic possibilities, and they none of them 'come off.' Its intense interest is human, not histrionic. That is a simple explanation, but it is not one that can be offered for the effectiveness of one play in a hundred; and the only other plays of Mr. Shaw's to which it completely applies are 'Candida' and 'John Bull's Other Island.'

Problem has ever been at the root of his work. No drama without conflict; no conflict without something to decide. All life worthy the name is a problem; and every play that would reproduce life must be either a problem or a platitude. A people that is unconscious of having problems to solve, that has outlived its interest in the interpretation of life, is beginning to be at the end of its intellectual resources.

Senile decay is as surely indicated in a nation as in a man by a dull acquiescence in the immutability of things; and the literature of a waning race is almost always diverted from the great questions of conduct before it expires in æsthetic trivialities. Hence Mr. Shaw's determination 'to 'accept problem as the normal material of the drama,' and his understanding of drama as 'the presentation in parable 'of the conflict between man's will and his environment,' are a pledge at least of vitality in his ideas, and vitality working itself out as creative philosophy is the supreme necessity to the art of the stage.

Of Mr. Shaw's philosophy a good deal has been said. It is indeed a little too novel for the creation of popular drama. But years have already modified its novelty to himself, and, as he shortens sail, the years will bring the van of the public within more certain hail of him. The defiant assertiveness of the earlier plays has given place to tolerance.

'It was easy for Ruskin to lay down the rule of dying rather than doing unjustly; but death is a plain thing, justice a very obscure thing. How is an ordinary man to draw the line between right and wrong otherwise than by accepting public opinion on the subject; and what more conclusive expression of sincere public opinion can there be than market demand? Even when we repudiate that and fall back on our own judgement, the matter gathers doubt rather than clearness. The popular notion of morality and piety is to simply beg all the most important questions in life for other people; but when these questions come home to ourselves, we suddenly discover that the devil's advocate has a stronger case than we thought: we remember that the way of righteousness or death was the way of the Inquisition; that hell is paved, not with bad intentions, but with good ones.'

That is a sufficiently profound reflection for a reformer to ensure an eminent sanity in his treatment of affairs, and that sanity we find strikingly displayed in his latest work. The impartiality with which everyone's point of view is presented in 'John Bull's Other Island' proved distressing to the critics, whose ignorance, thus left without a clue, thought itself unfairly dealt with, and was revenged by adducing Mr. Shaw's knowledge of so many minds as evidence that he did not know his own—a curious deduction, but perhaps the most flattering that a dramatist could desire.

He is as fair to Broadbent's 'effective' stupidity as to Peter Keegan's idealism or to Larry Doyle's bitterness of disenchantment. If he permit his thought the luxury of incarnation in any of his characters, it is voiced by the mad

priest, who claims the donkey as Peter Keegan's brother, and the grasshopper as Peter Keegan's friend, and who, challenged by Broadbent's description of Heaven in his dream as 'a pale blue satin place, with all the pious old 'ladies in our congregation sitting as if they were at a 'service, and some awful sort of person in the study at the 'other side of the hall,' replies: 'In my dreams it is a 'country where the State is the Church, and the Church the 'people: three in one and one in three. It is a common-'wealth in which work is play and play is life: three in 'one and one in three. It is a temple in which the priest 'is the worshipper, and the worshipper the worshipped: 'three in one and one in three. It is a god-head in which 'all life is human and all humanity divine: three in one 'and one in three. . . . It is, in short, the dream of a 'madman.'

Peter Keegan the dreamer is the most charming study in character Mr. Shaw has done. There is a hint of him in Eugene Marchbanks, a more difficult piece of work, for the poet's queer shrinking figure flutters on the edge of the ridiculous; a faint trail of unlaughed laughter follows him through the play, an amused sense of patronising sympathy, made shy by a hint here and there of the sublime, but ready to overwhelm him with derision had the seemingly reckless vivacity with which he is drawn ever failed to carry him triumphantly forward. There is indeed a moment when he becomes melodramatic, one cannot believe with intention, and talks of the night growing impatient; but that moment only comes after Candida has soused us in anticlimax, before which one would have wished the play to end. Peter Keegan talking to the grasshopper, or gravely explaining the world as a place of horror and torment, may seem leagues apart from Eugene, but his spirit is that of the defiant young soldier of the soul which has been through its fights. His serene humility lifts him high above the men who pity him, and his dreams he knows now are for no man's use; yet his humility is but the proud meekness of the saints of God, and the vainest of all dreams to him is the dream of living. He has been through his fights, but he is the idealist still in spite of them, because of them; and so he joins hands with Eugene.

As a play may succeed on a complete misunderstanding of its philosophy, so one may hope for a popular appreciation of Mr. Shaw on a complete misunderstanding of his seriousness, since whatever he writes he contrives to make amusing.

Yet his humour is so woven in the stuff of his work that it is almost impossible to cut off a sample. Even Barney Doran's genial 'Well, we're not all foostherin oul doddherers like 'Matt. Are we, Matt?' misses its pungency without the personality of the men; and the point of Lexy Mill's reply to Prossy's challenge that he probably thought her dowdy and second-rate enough, 'Heaven forbid that I should 'think of any of God's creatures in such a way!' depends not only on our view and his view of Prossy, but on our understanding Prossy's view of herself and of him. Mr. Shaw contrives to make even his most serious work simmer with laughter, but the humour is evolved, not added; epigrams are not stuck on the outside of the talk like sugared almonds, and even his wit suffers, as it should suffer, when removed from the setting.

Considering the difficulty of seeing Mr. Shaw's plays on the stage, one must be grateful to his ingenuity in making them acceptable in the study. His reforming instinct, which does us no service in spelling and type-setting, works only for good in putting his scenes before us. His introductions and explanations often do more for us than the visible characters on the stage. Take this from a sketch of Mr. Burgess, too long to give in full: 'A man of sixty made coarse and 'sordid by the compulsory selfishness of petty commerce, 'and later on softened into sluggish bumptiousness by 'overfeeding and commercial success. A vulgar, ignorant, 'guzzling man, offensive and contemptuous to people whose 'labour is cheap, respectful to wealth and rank, and quite 'sincere and without rancour or envy in both attitudes.' Could a presence and a life-history be put in fewer words? How excellent too is this impression of Mrs. Whitefield as 'a little woman whose faded flaxen hair looks like straw on 'an egg. She has an expression of muddled shrewdness, a 'squeak of protest in her voice, and an odd air of continually 'elbowing away some larger person who is crushing her into 'a corner.' Even in seating his people Mr. Shaw gives us a helping of character, as in the contrast between Mrs. Dudgeon, 'who assaults her chair by sitting down,' and Titus Dudgeon, the man of gallantry, 'who sits down warmly between his 'own lady and his brother's.'

His stage directions, glorified into a gossiping Greek chorus, suggest how fine a novelist has been absorbed in the playwright; but drama is perhaps a safer harness for the reformer, since it keeps him all the way against the collar of effective expression, and saves him from that wayside

loitering in ideas, whereby so many a traveller to Atlantis has lain down with his load. It is as a reformer we have here considered him, a voice crying in the wilderness of trivial work and mean ambition, a voice still hoarse with exhortation, still a little forced from having had to carry over the heads of a crowd.

Greater work than he has done he may yet do; but it must be conceived by a less contentious spirit and wrought in a serener air. He has done for us a deal of much needed preaching; but while it needs but the understanding of what men should not be to equip the Preacher, to the Pardoner must be discovered the deeper mystery of what they are.

Art. XI.—THE UNIONIST PARTY AND THE SESSION.

1. *Parliamentary Debates.* February, March, and April, 1905.

It is not good for the country, or the Unionist Party, or even for the Prime Minister himself, that the life of the present Parliament should be further prolonged. It may in all probability be true that a dissolution would put an end to the existing Administration, but it is far better that the Government should meet its fate boldly and at once than that its continuance in office should be at the cost of its reputation with the people, and of its own self-respect.

Mr. Balfour has tried his hardest, recently at all events, to prevent the Fiscal Question becoming the turning-point of political controversy. But he has failed. To pretend that no issue of Free Trade versus Protection is 'before the 'country,' to urge that House of Commons debates upon Fiscal topics are merely 'academic,' is to beat the air with assurances that deceive no one. On this all-important subject the Unionist Party, other than that section of it which follows Mr. Chamberlain and Protection, is without leadership. And the natural consequences of weariness, of disintegration, and of despair are the result. The Prime Minister must make up his mind either to support in principle the projects of Mr. Chamberlain (and this, Mr. Chamberlain contends, is his real intention) or to oppose them. The choice, doubtless, is a momentous one; but it has to be made, and till it is made his followers will be drifting hither and thither, whilst many of the best of them, disheartened with the position of affairs, are already turning their backs on political life altogether.

Are we, a second time within the space of a single generation, to see a great Party bring ruin upon itself by adopting as the first 'plank in its platform' a policy utterly at variance with modern conditions of national prosperity? For nearly twenty years the Liberals have been excluded from power as the direct result of the policy adopted by their great leader in 1886. Mr. Gladstone proposed to build up a new Constitution for the United Kingdom on the theory that, politically, the people of Great Britain and of Ireland were two nations under one Sovereign, and that national authority ought to be divided between British and Irish Parliaments sitting at Westminster and Dublin. In the eyes of a great majority of thinking men the project was

retrograde to the last degree. The whole conditions of our modern life made it impossible of accomplishment. The Bills of 1886 and 1893, had they passed, could have brought nothing but the direst confusion, and the general opinion of the people has long ago ratified the summary rejection of those strange attempts at constitution-building. Even Mr. Gladstone's high character and transcendent abilities could not induce his practical-minded countrymen to disregard facts and surrender the government of one of the British Islands to Mr. Parnell and his friends. But the shock to the reputation of his party did not pass away with the defeat of the Home Rule Bills, or even with the withdrawal of Mr. Gladstone from public life. Even to-day Liberal prospects are occasionally clouded by the revival of a fear on the part of the public that the Liberal Party has not yet completely thrown off the millstone which has so long hung round its neck. And Protectionists still see their best chance with the electorate in urging upon it that the success of their own cause is the sole alternative to Home Rule!

In truth the Protectionists are repeating the mistake of the Home Rulers. To a State such as the United Kingdom in the early years of the twentieth century, a Protectionist policy would be an almost insane anachronism. It might have been possible a century and a half ago to have made ourselves or kept ourselves a self-contained and self-supporting country. By the rigid exclusion of such imported commodities as are capable of being produced, though at greater cost, at home, national growth and progress along commercial and industrial lines might have been checked. It is at least conceivable that the growing of corn and wool might have remained the chief occupation of the British people. But the path we have actually trodden has been the one that led to greatness and Empire. An enormous increase of population and of wealth, the growth of gigantic industries, of a world-wide commerce, have made us look for our supplies and depend for our very existence on the lands beyond the seas. Great Britain looks beyond herself, beyond even the British Empire, to the world at large. The whole earth is her farm and her estate, whence, in exchange for the products of her own industry, she draws—the more abundantly and the more easily, the better for her—the food of her toiling millions, the materials of her thousand manufactures, the comforts and the necessaries of the whole people.

It is difficult to foresee what will be the main outcome of a

General Election and a new Parliament. The personal rivalry of politicians, the jar of faction, the caucus-mongering and wirepulling inseparable from democratic electioneering, may achieve strange results. It is with many a favourite pastime to construct imaginary Ministries of the future. But the strong and abiding good sense of the British people may surely be trusted, whatever may be the composition of Ministries, to prevent either a return to Protection or the accomplishment of Home Rule! And statesmen, if they wish to enjoy more than the most temporary hold of power and office, had better at once lay their account with these firm resolves of the people. A new Government which should attempt to revive the Home Rule of Mr. Gladstone will find its days very quickly numbered. On the other hand, it is hardly possible to conceive a Ministry hardy enough to revive an import duty on corn. Unionism and Free Trade, instead of being opposed, go together, and no firm and lasting Administration can be constructed which refuses to recognize by its conduct political principles enforced, even more strongly by the actual conditions of our modern national life than by considerations of abstract reasoning.

For the present, however, it is Protection, not Home Rule, that is the imminent danger. The protective taxation of imports is the basis of Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Without the taxation of corn his plan of Colonial Preference falls to the ground. In his eyes the United Kingdom suffers from the abundance of foreign commerce that is floated (almost all of it in British ships) to our shores. Free Trade, he tells us, has been disastrous to British labour. Free Trade England, he thinks, should renounce her folly and take for her example the protective systems of Germany, of Russia, and of the United States. What we need, according to Mr. Chamberlain is a 'scientific tariff' for imported manufactures, and he has set a 'Commission' at work to develope in detail the measures of taxation that are required to better the position, apparently by raising the prices, of the home manufacturer. By the means which he recommends, and by these means alone, the commercial and industrial condition of the country can be saved from impending ruin. If in England men are out of employment, it is due to Free Trade; as if there was never any depression elsewhere. If men leave the country for the town, it is due to Free Trade; though both in Germany and in the United States a similar migration is taking place. Above all, Mr. Chamberlain insists that the Empire cannot be held together

unless, by taxing ourselves, we prevent the foreigner competing on even terms in the British markets with our Colonial fellow-subjects, who do not hesitate themselves to exclude us from their markets in the interest of their own manufacturers!

It is a great testimony to the respect in which Mr. Chamberlain was held, and to the power of his personality, that teaching such as this should have gained a hold upon the intelligence of any large number of his countrymen. The facts as well as the facts have been against him. The publications of the Board of Trade have been to his policy a series of deadly blows. It seems after all that we are better off, much better off (especially our working classes), than others. Moreover, it is shown that we are not declining, but growing steadily. Here and there Mr. Chamberlain has been able to point to depression and lack of employment; but with us the consequences of depression have been almost trifling as compared with those it has brought on other lands. It was the great Steel Trust of the United States which we were warned was to destroy the British iron and steel trade, and which itself in its last report furnishes an extraordinary example of depression. In 1904 that great Trust had to diminish the number of its employés by more than 20,000, and the amount paid in salaries and wages by 20,000,000 dollars, as compared with the preceding year! Little wonder that, as a result of two years' controversy, Mr. Chamberlain has lost ground. To whom has the ground been lost? Clearly to the Free Traders, who have opposed Mr. Chamberlain's policy. Do these include Mr. Balfour and the Government?

In September 1903, when Free Trade statesmen felt bound to leave Mr. Balfour's Ministry, they did so on the ground of their disagreement with Mr. Chamberlain's Fiscal Policy, which they believed—as they had every reason to believe—had the support of the Prime Minister. To them naturally rallied the Free Trade sentiment of the Unionist Party; Unionist Free Trade Members of Parliament became at once the special objects of attack by Mr. Chamberlain and his Tariff Reform Organisation. The Prime Minister on many occasions expressed his sympathy with Mr. Chamberlain's objects, scoffed at the doctrines of Cobden, expressed his disapproval of the theory that revenue was the sole purpose of taxation, and regarded with entire unconcern the attempt to drive Free Traders out of public life. In his public deliverances in and out of the House of Commons it was apparently Mr. Balfour's greatest anxiety to avoid

discussing the merits of the fiscal controversy at all; and it is by his conduct and his actions rather than by his speeches that he has rendered wittingly or unwittingly, such powerful assistance to the Protectionist cause. Two years ago, had he really been in earnest, the Prime Minister could have stopped the mischief at the beginning. At that time he had, as he said, formed no definite opinions. But he sent Mr. Austen Chamberlain to the Exchequer; he spoke at Sheffield in such a way as to compel the resignation of the Duke of Devonshire; and he allowed, without the slightest public remonstrance, Mr. Chamberlain to pose as an interpreter of the principles of the Conservative Party. At Mr. Chamberlain's great meetings it was his custom to praise the statesmanship of the Prime Minister. At Mr. Balfour's meetings it was usual to praise the patriotism of Mr. Chamberlain. So for many a long day the public were led to believe that no vital difference of policy existed between the two statesmen, though for reasons of expediency it was thought undesirable that the Prime Minister should endeavour to advance as far or as quickly in the direction of Protection as his crusading late Secretary for the Colonies.

As time went on, and by-election succeeded by-election, it became clear that the electorate, North and South, East and West, town and country, would have nothing to say to the policy of Mr. Chamberlain and the Tariff Reform League. Mr. Balfour spoke at Edinburgh last autumn with the apparent intention of freeing himself from complete identification with the Chamberlain policy, and again at Manchester last January with the object of more clearly defending his own position. In the famous half-sheet of note-paper the Prime Minister declared 'the essence and 'outline of his views on Fiscal Reform.' These were a rejection of the maxim that no taxation should be imposed except for revenue, so as to enable us, he said, by means of negotiations 'to lower foreign hostile tariffs,' to protect the fiscal independence of our Colonies against foreign attack, and to check 'dumping'; and the adoption of closer commercial union with our Colonies in order to bring about freer trade between them and the Mother Country. Lastly, he advocated a free conference with the Colonies to which, amongst other things, the whole subject of fiscal relations should be referred. These, with an expression of his desire not to raise home prices for the purpose of aiding home production, completed his statement of fiscal policy.

When, therefore, some three weeks later, the present

Session began, it seemed probable that the fiscal controversy might enter on fresh developments. Mr. Chamberlain's policy had been explained in detail in many speeches. His very definite proposals were fully before the country. A great organisation was endeavouring to obtain for them electoral support. And notwithstanding the Edinburgh and the Manchester speeches he claimed the Prime Minister as in principle in agreement with himself—though they were not perhaps quite *ad idem* as to the best means of carrying their policy into effect. The view taken by Mr. Chamberlain was, it must be said, entirely consistent with the public action of Mr. Balfour from the beginning of the controversy in May 1903, down to a very recent date. Was Mr. Balfour now going to repudiate Mr. Chamberlain's policy in clear language, or to ignore it altogether, or to allow himself to be dragged along by the impetuous member for Birmingham into the fatal morass of Protectionism? Surely at last the Prime Minister would give a definite lead in Parliament to his bemused and trembling followers whose constituents were becoming impatient with representatives who could not explain their views further than by reiterating their determination 'to follow Mr. Balfour.'

In these circumstances began on February 14 the sixth Session of the first Parliament of King Edward VII. No one who knows the House of Commons or has much acquaintance with English history will expect smooth and satisfactory working from a Parliament in which the representative assembly has in the universal opinion ceased to represent the prevailing views of the nation. Party votes may still keep a Ministry in office, but it is almost impossible that a Minister should enjoy real power and make good use of it for any length of time, after it has become clear that public confidence has been withdrawn. Six months ago we had difficulty in believing that the Prime Minister would not be guided by that deference to the spirit rather than to the mere letter of the Constitution generally characteristic of English statesmen. As a matter of course, a party likes to hang on to office as long as the law enables it to do so; and considerations of party must always be present to the mind of the Prime Minister. But they are not everything, and it would have been better for Mr. Balfour and for his party to have asked boldly for a renewal of public confidence, whatever the result, than to have exposed themselves to the humiliating experiences of the present Session. It is true that Mr. Asquith's amendment to the Address, urging that

after two years of discussion the Fiscal Question ought now to be submitted to the judgement of the people, was defeated by a majority rather larger than the modest calculations of Ministerialists had led them to expect. But a dozen votes more or less either way makes no difference in the view men take of these transactions. That Mr. Chamberlain, speaking in the presence of Mr. Balfour, should have repeated and justified his assertion that the Prime Minister and he himself were agreed in principle and were engaged in furthering the same policy, whilst Mr. Balfour made not even a gesture of dissent, amounted to a victory scored for the Tariff Reform League. On the merits of the fiscal controversy Mr. Balfour, as usual, purposely refrained from speaking, beyond making a few remarks on the policy of retaliation, or 'liberty 'of negotiation' as he likes to call it, to authorise which he proposes to ask 'a mandate' from the country. The Government can of course at present negotiate as much as it pleases with other Governments so long as it has the support of Parliament; and it is hardly conceivable that the Prime Minister means to ask for a 'mandate' which would enable him to impose taxes, in the shape of import duties, on Englishmen, without the direct approval in every case of the House of Commons. But on this point, as on many others in this fiscal controversy, Mr. Balfour has been purposely obscure.

Poor as was the appearance of the Government in the debate on the Address, it was as nothing to the figure it cut a few weeks later in the Session. It is indeed a novel experience to find Ministers of the Crown, who are in office because they are supposed to enjoy the support of Parliament, resorting to every sort of manœuvre to prevent the House of Commons from debating and dividing on the main political issue of the day. We are in truth living under a Ministry governed by its fears. It is afraid of the House of Commons. It is afraid, mortally afraid, of Mr. Chamberlain. It is afraid of the electorate. The only thing it is not afraid of is a vote of censure in the House of Commons; for there the remains of its once huge majority, the irresponsibility towards the electorate of Conservative members who have determined not to stand again, and the pressure of the party whips, may be trusted to ensure it at least some preponderance in the Lobby, and this may be represented as a great party victory.

The great policy for which Mr. Chamberlain is asking the support of the country at the now not distant general election

includes, as we all know, Colonial Preference founded on the taxation of foreign imports of food, and the imposition of protective duties on manufactures, intended to benefit our home producers. The Ministry, under the modern system of procedure in the House of Commons, has for nearly two years succeeded in avoiding in that House all serious and detailed debating of these proposals, whilst the Prime Minister's language with regard to both of them has been such as to enable Mr. Chamberlain on the one side and many Free Trade Unionists on the other, to claim his support for their diametrically opposed policies. A vote of the House of Commons on the merits of Mr. Chamberlain's projects would be highly dangerous. That a fiscal debate should be treated as one declaring no confidence was essential, for this would change the issue, and the followers of Mr. Balfour and the followers of Mr. Chamberlain would then unite without any explanation of their attitude; whilst only such determined Unionist Free Traders as put the cause of Free Trade above the party interest of the moment would go into the Lobby against the Ministry. And so the game—it can be called nothing else—has gone on; and in the eyes of some politicians the genius of Mr. Balfour has been revealed as it had never been before, for here, they tell us, is a statesman who knows how to manage the House of Commons!

On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, however, in the earlier part of every Session, there is reserved for private members the short space of three hours during which the House of Commons may discuss any motion it pleases. In these debates and in the consequent divisions the Government can at its own discretion take part as a Government, putting on Government tellers, or it may leave the question open, its supporters and Ministers themselves taking different sides in debate and in the Lobby. These opportunities, then, appeared to give the only chance to the House of Commons of debating on their merits proposals which have been for the last two years the subject of discussion at every Chamber of Commerce, on every election platform, and in every newspaper in the country.

Accordingly, on March 8, Mr. Winston Churchill, in a speech of much ability and concentration and studiously moderate in tone, asked the House of Commons to declare its disapproval of Colonial Preference founded on the taxation of food. On the merits there could be no doubt whatever as to the opinion of the great majority of the House of Commons. Why, then, should it not have been left an open

question, unless indeed the Government as a Government took a different view? And if the Government held a different view—that is, favoured Colonial Preference and Food Taxation—was it not time that it should say so openly? The course that the Ministry did take was, as usual, dictated by its fears, this time the fear of Mr. Chamberlain. The policy which, if left free, the House of Commons would have condemned, was Mr. Chamberlain's 'first plank.' Only very few members would have supported it in the Lobby, and the exposure of his weakness would have been disastrous to him. But, according to Mr. Chamberlain's statements, he and Mr. Balfour are really united, an assertion the latter never ventures to deny. Had Mr. Balfour on this occasion left Mr. Chamberlain in the lurch, it would have put an end to any semblance of union between them. The Government would have been at direct issue with the Tariff Reform League. In this difficulty Mr. Balfour had recourse to the remarkable expedient, unprecedented, we believe, with reference to a motion on a private members' day, of moving the previous question, *i.e.* declaring that the House of Commons would come to no decision at all; and this was grounded on the alleged necessity of keeping the promised Colonial Conference unfettered as to any policy which it might recommend. Accordingly the whole pressure of the Government was brought to bear to prevent the question being put from the Chair; *that* question which in the eyes of the British electorate is the great political issue of the day!

Still more remarkable was the conduct of the Government on Wednesday, March 22, again a private members' evening, when Mr. Ainsworth from the Opposition side of the House, and Mr. Richard Cavendish from the Ministerial side, brought forward a motion condemning Mr. Chamberlain's nostrum of a 'scientific tariff' to be imposed on imported manufactures.

The Prime Minister, if anything definite as to his opinions can be learnt from his speeches and writing, is himself opposed to a scientific tariff. But here, as before, the policy in question is a principal plank of the Tariff Reform League. Not only so. Mr. Chamberlain has appointed a 'Commission' to work out in detail the policy which he has sketched for us in general outline, suggesting an average 10 per cent. duty, varying inversely with the amount of work requiring to be done in this country to bring completion to the manufacture. Were the members of the Government to

vote against this policy, it would be a declaration of war against the tariff reform of Mr. Chamberlain, with whom Mr. Balfour has so long expressed his sympathy. Yet how could they vote for it without tearing away every pretence that they still hold dear the principles and the name of Free Traders? The motion undoubtedly placed the Prime Minister and the Government in a dilemma, if they wished to retain amongst their supporters both Free Traders and Tariff Reformers. Accordingly the Prime Minister had recourse to new tactics. On this occasion there was no possibility of invoking the Colonial Conference. It would have covered him with ridicule again to have had recourse to the previous question against a private member's motion. This time, as soon as the seconder of the resolution had resumed his seat, the Prime Minister rose and declared that the motion was 'a trap' set to turn out the Government, that he knew better than to fall into it, that he and all the members of the Government would leave the House during the debate and division, and he advised all his supporters to do the same. Accordingly the debate was continued, and the division ultimately taken, in the almost complete absence of Fiscal Reformers who follow Mr. Balfour and of Tariff Reformers who follow Mr. Chamberlain.

Only six days later the unhappy Ministry was face to face with a still more formidable motion. This time there was no doubt about it; the motion on the paper conveyed a distinct censure upon the Government. 'In view of the 'declarations of the Prime Minister,' so it ran, 'this House 'thinks it necessary to record its condemnation of his policy 'of fiscal retaliation.' This, it will be remembered, is the policy of the Sheffield speech, and of the half-sheet of note-paper at Manchester, the policy upon which Mr. Balfour intends to consult the country, and the setting forth of which was to prove to all the world that whilst he remained leader of the Conservative Party he intended to lead. Mr. Balfour saw before him only a choice of evils. It was unpleasant, no doubt, to incur the censure of the House of Commons; but, on the other hand, were he to resist the motion he would offend Mr. Chamberlain and the Tariff Reform League. He had declined to oppose the condemnation of the Chamberlain programme of reform. Mr. Chamberlain's friends would take good care that the Balfour programme should not receive greater favour. They cared little what censure might fall upon the Prime Minister.

Thus it was that the strange scene was witnessed of a

House of Commons debating for three hours a motion censuring the Ministry, and ultimately carrying that censure *nemine contradicente* in a House of several hundred members, without a single representative of the Government venturing to put in an appearance! Mr. Balfour's advice to his supporters had been taken. They had deliberately absented themselves. The Government and the Party had chosen what they considered the lesser of two evils. It was at least safer for the present to be censured by the House of Commons than to defend by speech and vote the fiscal policy of the Prime Minister. With no little sacrifice of dignity and self-respect they preferred to take what appeared to be the less dangerous course, and fled incontinently from the battle!

The next day (Wednesday, March 29) was again a private members' day, and once more there stood on the order paper of the House of Commons a motion dealing with the fiscal question—viz. that 'in the opinion of this House grave 'injury would be caused to the shipping industry and to 'other industries dependent thereon by the adoption of 'changes in the existing fiscal system proposed by the right 'honourable gentleman the Member for West Birmingham.' Of all the trades of the United Kingdom, the shipbuilding trade and the shipping industry most truly deserve the name of 'Imperial.' The merchant marine of England does the ocean carriage of half the world. In every port and on every sea the Union Jack has left its rivals far behind—rivals who have in vain tried every process of protection and of State subsidy to buttress their trade against the free and open and unaided competition of Englishmen.

Those who took part in the debate were no mere theorists. They spoke as the representatives of the great industry to which they belong. There was little or no partisanship in the speeches of Colonel Denny, Mr. Russell Rea, and Mr. Runciman. Colonel Denny, indeed, is as staunch a Conservative as any in the House of Commons. These men, it was clear, knew what they were talking about; and they adjured the House, by the light of their own experience, and by the light of the experience of other countries which had tried Protection, for the sake of the great shipping trade of our country, to stand by the cause of Free Trade. What has been the growth of the United States in population and in wealth since 1870, and what since then has happened to its mercantile marine? Whilst in that period Great Britain has, roughly speaking, doubled her over-sea

tonnage, that of the United States has almost disappeared. No wonder the American representatives of a once flourishing business have been clamouring for State help, and that a United States Commission has been inquiring into the reasons for its decay. 'We have got beyond,' says one of the witnesses before the Commission, 'the theoretical 'question as to the downfall of our mercantile marine. The 'merchant marine is gone.' And why is it gone? Because, says another witness, 'there is a difference of about 40 per 'cent. on account of the tariff. Because everything in the 'way of material entering into the construction of a ship is 'highly protected here. It is not only the steel that forms 'the hull of the vessel that is affected in price. It is every 'conceivable item that goes into a ship.' True there is a drawback of duty for the supposed benefit of the American shipbuilder. But practically, as he says, he does not get from it the benefit of Free Trade; and he finds himself driven off a 'Free Trade ocean' by the competition of his Free Trade rivals. It was feebly argued in the House of Commons on the Protectionist side that the United States had lost its mercantile marine in consequence of the change from wooden to iron ships; the great forests of America having in former days given them advantages in shipbuilding over every other nation. As if, forsooth, in iron, in steel, in coal, the United States comes second to any country in the world!

Throughout this debate not one Minister of the Crown was present in the House of Commons. The Prime Minister has come to the conclusion that fiscal discussions in the existing Parliament are merely 'academic,' and he has advised his friends to keep away from them, lest perchance they should 'fall into a trap.' The real reason, of course, is that attendance at the debate would have necessitated a declaration as to whether the Ministry agreed with or differed from the policy of Mr. Chamberlain. As before, Mr. Balfour's advice was taken, and with a similar result, for a unanimous censure was passed by the House of Commons on the proposals of the Tariff Reformers so far as the shipping industry was concerned.

What is the value of Mr. Balfour's excuse for treating in a manner absolutely without precedent the deliberate action of the House of Commons? If this was an 'academic 'debate,' the House of Commons is an 'academy' in which even the Board of Trade might study with advantage. It is little less than a scandal that, in a discussion in Parliament

amongst the most eminent practical men in the country upon the way in which the proposed fiscal changes would affect one of the greatest and the most characteristic trades of the nation, no representative of the Board of Trade was present. It is, we venture to think, the duty of the Parliamentary representative of that Department to be present and take part in such debates. And the Prime Minister has grievously erred against the spirit of our Parliamentary institutions in directing his colleagues to turn their backs in this fashion upon the House of Commons. Mr. Bonar Law is Secretary to the Board of Trade in order that he may represent the views of that Department in the House of Commons. That is his *raison d'être*. Even supposing there was little that he might have wished to say, there was much said that it would have been good for him to hear. Only four or five days previously he had been speaking at Warrington in favour of the fiscal policy of Mr. Chamberlain. It is only in the House of Commons, it seems, that fiscal debate is to be treated as 'academic.' Ministers spend much time in making electioneering speeches in the country. They are eloquent on the platform. They are earnest, though not very successful, with the electors. In Parliament they are not even earnest. Electioneering is, according to modern lights, practical business, more worthy of statesmen than bearing their part in national debate on that antiquated arena the floor of the House of Commons.

The Prime Minister did not improve matters, but made them far worse, by the flippant answer he gave to Mr. Winston Churchill, who questioned him as to the absence of himself and other Ministers from debate. No Minister is powerful enough to dismiss as no concern of his, and as of no importance in itself, the action of the House of Commons, of which he is privileged to be the Leader. Once again, on April 4, the same tactics were pursued. In the absence of every member of the Administration, the House condemned the protective taxation of imported food. Sir Henry Fowler did well to use language of the severest condemnation of the unprecedented conduct of Ministers, and he spoke no more than the truth when he declared that 'the people were proud of the House of Commons, and they 'would neither forget nor forgive any treason to Parlia-'mentary government.'

The past six weeks have proved to demonstration that the existing Ministry and the existing Parliament will not be able to work permanently together much longer. Mr. Balfour

has still behind him in the House of Commons a majority which is ever dwindling; but the growing minority has behind *it* the great majority of the people. Under such conditions no Minister can be strong, no Minister can really lead, and no self-respecting Minister can wish to cling to office. Mr. Balfour's difficulties have been great; for he failed to realise at the beginning how inevitably Mr. Chamberlain's reckless policy would take precedence of every other political issue, and how inevitably it would wreck the prospects of the Unionist Party. He must see it all now. No one supposes that Mr. Balfour himself sets any undue value upon the retention of office; yet it is difficult to discover what benefit he can suppose is derived by the country from the continuance of the present state of things.

Whilst these strange proceedings have been taking place within the House of Commons, the divided state of the Unionist Party in the country has become more and more apparent. Mr. Chamberlain and his Tariff Reform League have taken overt action in the constituencies in order to drive out of Parliament Unionist members who refuse to accept his fiscal policy. We see no reason to blame the Tariff Reformers for so acting. They and their leaders have advisedly made their plan of Tariff Reform the first object of their political existence. Their organisation has been framed for the special purpose of influencing the electorate and returning to the House of Commons members of their way of thinking. No blame attached to the old Anti-Corn-Law League for running Free-Trade candidates; and no blame need attach now to the Tariff Reform League for running Protectionist candidates. Mr. Chamberlain left office in order to be free to take independent action, and this was the action which everyone expected him to take.

Mr. Chamberlain and the Tariff Reform League have, however, gone a step further than this, and have claimed that *their* candidates are the representatives of the orthodox Unionist party, that Free-Trade Unionists are 'dissentients,' and that, in the interest of party loyalty to Mr. Balfour, the followers of Mr. Chamberlain must be returned! At all this the Prime Minister long looked on with every appearance of acquiescence, and Mr. Chamberlain has naturally made the best of his opportunities. The indirect pressure which the Protectionists could bring to bear was in truth more formidable than the lately developed direct assault of the Tariff Reform League. Men like Lord

George Hamilton, Mr. Ritchie, and Mr. Goschen, whose Conservatism was beyond all reproach and whose political lives had been spent in the service of their party, were marked down for political extinction. Their adherence to Free Trade was their only fault. For this, and this only, they were to be driven from public life. And the Prime Minister looked on! It was not his business to interfere in local elections!

But time moved on. Free Trade was evidently becoming a power in the land. The Duke of Devonshire, who could not be described, even by Mr. Chamberlain, as a Little Englander, a Home Ruler, or a Pro-Boer, had in his own direct fashion declared that where an election in which the Union was not compromised was turning on the fiscal issue, Unionist Free-Traders might well vote for Free Trade. Indeed, it had become quite clear that unless Free-Trade Unionists were prepared to bite as well as bark they would count for nothing in the coming struggle. The Unionist Free Food League had numbered nearly sixty members of Parliament, who, if united in action and strongly led, might long ago have forced the Prime Minister to declare whether or not he was in favour of the Chamberlain policy. More recently, a much stronger organisation of Unionists has grown up representing the views of earnest Free-Traders in every part of the country. The Duke of Devonshire is its head. It is evident that a time is coming when Free-Traders, who are quite as much attached to the Union as Mr. Balfour himself, will be able and willing to strike a vigorous blow for the Free Trade cause.

Mr. Chamberlain, very naturally, has begun to grow impatient. His crusade has quite lost its freshness. His figures have been exposed. His arguments have been answered again and again. It has not suited either him or the Prime Minister that his policy should be discussed in the House of Commons. It was by the instrumentality of his great organisation and by the aid of the Press, not by open debate, that he hoped to prevail. The leader of an agitation can never afford to stand still. Not to make way is to lose ground. The time had come for Mr. Chamberlain, as a party chief, to run his own candidates against Free-Trade Unionists.

Lincoln and Durham and Greenwich were the constituencies first selected. In each case the candidate put forward by the Tariff Reform League claimed to be the orthodox exponent of Unionism. Nevertheless, Sir A.

Acland-Hood, as the Whip of the Conservative Party, declared that Lord Hugh Cecil, the Free-Trade and Conservative member for Greenwich, was entitled to the support of Conservative electors. Mr. Balfour, though with some hesitation, appeared to take a similar view. As regards the other two seats, which are represented by Liberal Unionists, no sort of remonstrance was made. The prospective contest at Greenwich greatly interests the public, both on account of the strong individuality and exceptional brilliancy of Lord Hugh Cecil, and because it has served to draw from Mr. Chamberlain his theory of party orthodoxy.

Lord Salisbury, says Mr. Chamberlain, approved his fiscal opinions—a statement denied point-blank by several members of Lord Salisbury's family, and by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who certainly ought to be able to speak on such a point with authority. But this is not all; for in a letter to Mr. Rowland Hill (published in the 'Times' of March 24 last), Mr. Chamberlain himself claims to be the true exponent of Unionism on the fiscal question.

> 'The National Union of Conservative Associations, the only organisation authorised to speak for Conservative opinion as a whole, has again and again passed resolutions strongly in favour of tariff reform, and last year the great meeting of the Liberal Unionist Federation followed its example and passed, almost unanimously, a resolution in support of a change in our fiscal system, and an attempt to arrange with our own Colonies for increased commercial intercourse on a preferential basis. In these circumstances, it is for the minority who reject this policy to justify their refusal to abide by the decision of their representative organisations. . . .'

We hear of Lord Salisbury, but nothing now of Mr. Balfour! The fiscal policy of Unionists has been declared by the two caucuses. That business was all carefully arranged some little time ago, quite to Mr. Chamberlain's satisfaction; and hence the conclusion is arrived at that Conservatives are no longer loyal members of the party who oppose the Tariff Reform League, and that Liberal Unionists are Unionists no longer if they remain fervently attached to the cause of Free Trade. It would certainly simplify Mr. Chamberlain's political machinery if the Conservative and Liberal Unionist Associations declared themselves henceforth branches of the great Birmingham League.

Thus, inside and outside Parliament, the Fiscal Question has dominated, and dominates, the whole political situation. In other respects the Government has had difficulties to contend against; and apart from foreign policy, which

has been admirably managed by Lord Lansdowne, no one can assert that the Ministry has achieved conspicuous success during the present Session. We have not reached any solution of the military problem; and as regards Ireland the public dissatisfaction has risen to such a pitch as to necessitate the resignation of the Chief Secretary, whose aim it has been for years to improve the material condition of the people of that country, and to diminish the hostility of classes and creeds. The Cabinet is not rich enough in ability and power to lose a man of Mr. Wyndham's calibre without suffering in general reputation. Mr. Wyndham has done good and great work during his tenure of the Irish Office, and we do not doubt that some day he will have his reward.

Should the universal anticipation be realised that the appeal to the people will entail the fall of the party which, with only a short interval, has held power for twenty years, is there no prospect for the country but that boundless confusion which Mr. Chamberlain foresees in the accession to power of a Liberal Ministry? Few Englishmen, outside the ranks of disappointed officials, will desire that the next Ministry should so mismanage the national business as to deserve within a few months to be 'hissed off the stage.' The British people, we have no doubt, will be ready to give a fair trial to any Ministry which its representatives have placed in office. But whatever may be the shifting of parties and the rivalry of statesmen, we shall be greatly mistaken if the views of those men do not prevail who, be they many or few, have fixed their feet firmly on the bed-rock principles of Unionism and Free Trade.

Towards the existing Administration it is quite impossible to mistake the feeling of the people. When Conservative Ministers on promotion lose to the Liberals two such seats as Bute and Brighton, there is hardly a supporter, or indeed a member of the Government in the House of Commons, who can feel himself safe. Many causes, undoubtedly, have contributed to their unpopularity. Not the least of these is the latest—the attitude of Ministers towards the House of Commons. The pretence of not treating that Assembly seriously, unless it is doing what the Prime Minister appears to regard as its sole proper business, *i.e.* voting the supplies and passing the measures his Administration has put before it, is in the present day simply ridiculous. Mr. Balfour may think the House of Commons shows to little advantage when

discussing questions of political economy. The representatives of the people have been told before now that they should 'not meddle with matters neither pertaining to them, nor 'within the capacity of their understanding.' But we are in the twentieth not in the sixteenth or the seventeenth century, and it is absurd to suppose that the House of Commons can be limited to-day in a fashion which Queen Elizabeth or the Great Protector might approve. The average elector knows perfectly well the real meaning of 'the game' which Ministers are playing; but they at least are in earnest, and will show it in unmistakeable fashion at the polls.

No. CCCCXIII. will be published in July.

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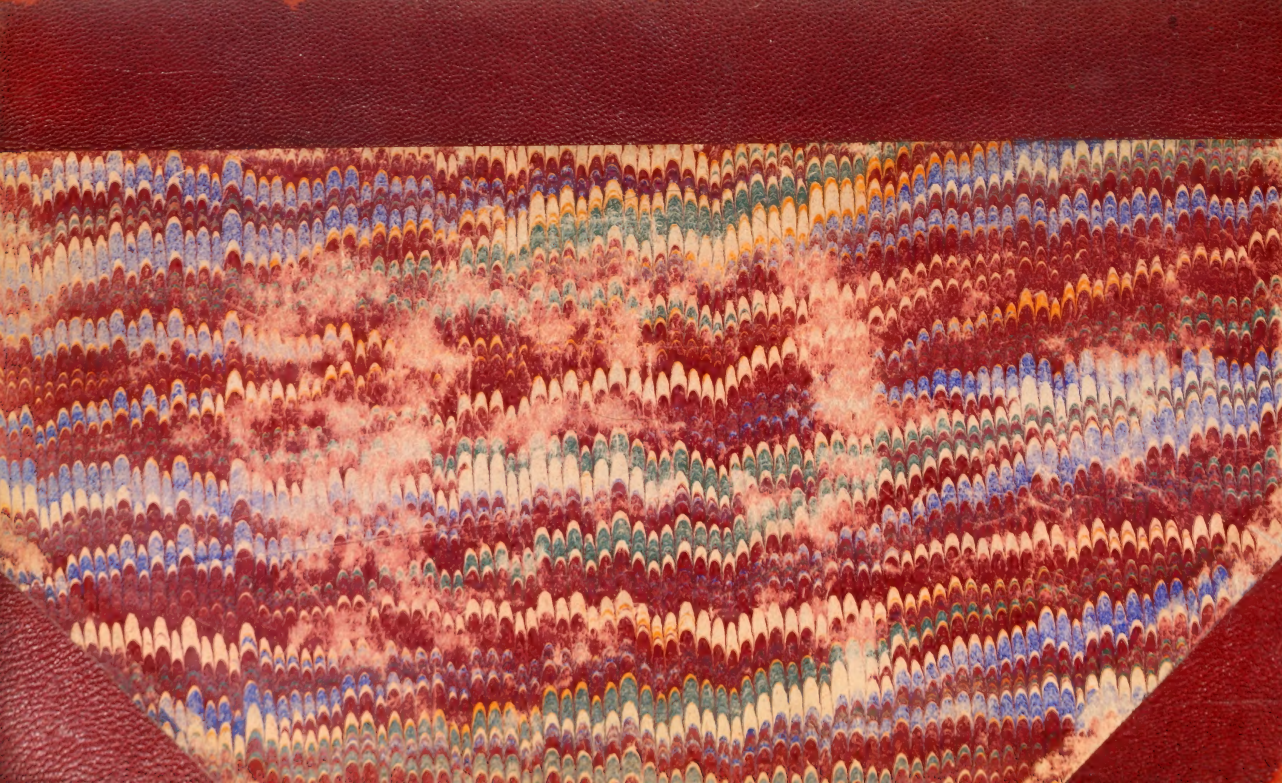
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